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NEW LETTERS & MEMORIALS OF
JANE WELSH CARLYLE. VOL. I

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Ever affectionately yours
Jane W. Carlyle

NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS of JANE WELSH CARLYLE

ANNOTATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE AND EDITED BY ALEXANDER CARLYLE, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS. IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I

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ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Mrs. Carlyle, *ætat.* 48. (*From a water-colour Sketch by C. Hartmann, now in the possession of the Editor*) . *Frontispiece*

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INTRODUCTION

The New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, which Mr. Alexander Carlyle has with pious care arranged and annotated, will give pleasure to those who are capable of appreciating the brilliant epistolary powers of that remarkable woman, and satisfaction to those who have made acquaintance with the works of her husband, and who desire to revere the man as well as admire the writer. They sparkle with wit; they afford delightful glimpses of the meagre fireside in Cheyne Row, around which the great ones of the greatest epoch of a great age were glad to gather; they throw illuminative side-lights on memorable events, and above all smooth out the dints and brush away the stains and blurs with which negligent usage and venomous breathings have blemished and tarnished the most massive and shining literary reputation of the last century. The letters are residual in character, for they are those which Mr. James Anthony Froude mutilated or put aside, and he of course selected from Mrs. Carlyle's writings whatever was of most literary merit or popular interest; but they are still intrinsically worthy of publication, for even her "notekins," as her husband called them, contain pungent particles and happy turns of expression, while adscititiously they deserve attention, because they clear up

some obscure points in a complicated controversy and help towards a just judgment of two prominent figures in our English Pantheon. Like the letters published in 1883 they are open to the objection that they are overloaded with domestic details about spring-cleanings and other housewiferies, trivial incidents of travel, intricate itinerary arrangements and complaints of postal irregularities; but as Froude who had a free hand with Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence introduced such superfluities while he omitted much that was essential to the understanding of her story, it is undesirable that there should be any avoidable elisions in the letters that are intended to refute his errors. Had Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence as a whole to be edited *de novo* a very different method of dealing with it from that adopted would have been followed, but Froude's indiscretions have made complete candour necessary, and it has been felt that the text of Mrs. Carlyle's letters which have been preserved, set forth with all practicable fulness would best serve to dissipate the cloud of disparagement which Froude has succeeded in gathering around her husband's memory. The letters are not studied compositions, but free-flowing unpremeditated missives, written mainly to bring letters in return.

The vicissitudes of the fame of Thomas Carlyle have been strange; one might say unparalleled. Late in life in securing the recognition of his claims as a writer, for it was not until his forty-second year that the British public really took note of him, he rose rapidly thereafter, in reputation and popularity, and after his Rectorial Address at the University of Edinburgh in 1866—"a perfect triumph," Tyndall called it—he was the object

of general and enthusiastic national regard, and of European and American adulation. For the rest of his days he remained dictator amongst English men of letters, as Voltaire had been in France and Goethe in Germany; tokens of esteem flowed in upon him; pilgrims of no mean order came from afar to do him reverence, and in 1874 the Prime Minister of England in offering to him the Grand Cross of the Bath and a pension from the Civil List told him that his of living names was one—there were but two—that would be remembered and stand out in uncontested superiority. In the same year the German Emperor conferred on him the Order of Merit, a distinction that must be earned even by Princes of the Blood. When his eyes closed in 1881, there went up a flare of apotheosis, but it proved but a flare, and died out almost at once. In his obituary notices the best and highest of his contemporaries vied with each other in doing him honour, in lauding his literary achievements, his quietly heroic and unspotted life. But he was scarcely cold in his grave when there sprang up a breeze of detraction, rising in the following years into a whirlwind of condemnation that threatened to sweep away his name and his works into a limbo of contempt, a breeze that, although it has subsided since, is still brought to mind by occasionally angry puffs and gusts here and there.

What is the meaning of this extraordinary collapse in the public estimation of Carlyle? What induced so sudden a revulsion of feeling? Undoubtedly it was his own familiar friend who did all the mischief. Within a month of Carlyle's death the 'Reminiscences,' in two volumes, edited by Froude, appeared; these were followed in a year by 'The Early Life,' in two volumes; in 1883

came 'The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' in three volumes; and within another two years came 'The Life in London,' in two volumes. These nine volumes, defying all Carlyle's wishes and requirements, were the cause of the rising against him. Obviously very hurriedly prepared, full of the most slovenly press errors—Professor Eliot Norton found one hundred and thirty-six corrections necessary in the first five pages of the 'Reminiscences'—they depicted Carlyle in his darkest and least amiable moods, ignoring the bright and genial side of his nature, and gave prominence not merely to the biting judgments he had passed on public men, but to the sharp and wounding things he had said about a few private individuals still living. They opened the flood-gates of malevolence, supplied all the shams, and quacks, and fools—twenty-seven millions in number—and sects and coteries whom Carlyle had scourged in his lifetime with nasty missiles with which to pelt his memory, and shocked even fair-minded people by the contrast they suggested between the nobility of his teaching and the seemingly crabbed and selfish temper of his life. Froude first shattered Carlyle's reputation in the 'Reminiscences,' and continued through the subsequent volumes, although it must be admitted with a diminuendo movement in the last two, to grind it to powder. He succeeded in producing a false and forbidding presentment of the man he was under a solemn obligation to limn faithfully.

It is impossible to believe that Froude contemplated or foresaw the evil he wrought. He was, in his later days, Carlyle's closest friend. Powerfully affected by the reading of the 'French Revolution' in 1841, he obtained

an introduction to its author through James Spedding in 1849, and that event was, he declared, a landmark in his career. He became Carlyle's most effusive disciple, literally sat at his feet in Cheyne Row for years, and was so submissive to his authority that at one time when he wrote anything he fancied himself writing to Carlyle, reflecting at each word what he would think of it as a check on affectation. This wholesome discipline was, unhappily, not maintained when he came to write Carlyle's Memoirs, but even then he was unstinted in expressing his admiration of the extraordinary personality he was engaged in portraying. Now and again he burst out into fervid eulogy of the greatest and best man he had ever known, in whose life was no guile, whose lips no insincerity ever passed, in whose heart no dishonest or impure thought ever lodged, in whom malice would search in vain for one single blemish. And yet while from time to time giving vent to spasmodic praises, he was systematically holding up to obloquy the man he extolled. He began with Hero-worship and ended in a study of Demoniacal possession. At first he abjectly prostrated himself before Carlyle as before one immeasurably his superior; at last he constructed a patched and repulsive mosaic representing him as a gruff and grotesque monster.

To understand Froude's treatment of Carlyle it is necessary to look into the character of Froude; and an examination of that reveals that his intellect, capacious and well polished as it was, had the trick of distorting the impressions made on it. He rarely saw the true meaning and intent of any matter that he studied, but wrested facts from their exact shape and nature, and made them

conform to his prepossessions and fancies, while he coloured them beyond recognition. His judgment was built askew, and he had a positive genius for going wrong. In private life an honourable and straightforward man, the moment he took pen in hand he became untrustworthy. There has never, I suppose, been a prominent English author who has been as frequently and as flatly contradicted, or who has taken his critical chastisement more meekly. It would not be fair to argue that the study in his first book of Edward Fowler, a boy driven by ill-treatment into falsehood and deceit — autobiographical although it undoubtedly is in many particulars —betrays a consciousness of his own tendency to stray from the strictly veracious, but it is fair to remember that he passed rapidly from one phase of belief to another, and soon after taking deacon's orders had himself unfrocked. His history has owed the vogue it has enjoyed to its dramatic splendour, and to the ease and gracefulness of its style, not, certainly, to its fidelity to fact or to the justice of his conclusions, while all his other works have been discredited, more or less, some of them having been even more widely injurious than his 'Life of Carlyle.' Of his article on South Africa, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, Sir Bartle Frere said that it was "an essay in which, for whole pages, a truth expressed in brilliant epigrams regularly alternates with mistakes and misstatements which would scarcely be pardoned in a special war correspondent writing against time." In 'Oceana; or, England and Her Colonies,' he was shown to have egregiously misrepresented the views of many persons with whom he had had conversations. His book on 'The English in the West Indies; or, the

Bow of Ulysses' (the long bow of Ulysses it should have been), provoked numerous damaging replies, the most effective of which was 'Mr. Froude's Negrophobia; or, Don Quixote as a Cook's Tourist,' by Mr. N. D. Davis. His 'Life and Letters of Erasmus' was subjected to fierce attacks for its blatant inaccuracy. Whatever he touched he twisted and transmogrified, and his 'Life of Carlyle,' which he considered of more permanent value than any other of his books, was his biggest blunder. His father bought up and burnt the greater part of the edition of his 'Shadows of the Clouds.' His 'Nemesis of Faith' was publicly burnt by William Sewell at Exeter College. It would have been well for all concerned had his Carlyle manuscripts been burnt before reaching the printer.

The wonder is that Carlyle, with his quick discernment and passion for truth, should have made Froude his principal literary executor. When he did so he was old, and had but few friends, though many worshippers. He was touched by Froude's personal devotion, and especially by his sympathetic reverence for the memory of Mrs. Carlyle, "that Heroine and truly gifted woman," and so, forgetting his instability, entrusted him with a weighty and precious burden, under which he staggered and fell. Those who had any knowledge of the Carlyle circle when it was nigh extinction, and had contracted to a mere circlet round the still glowing, but less radiant, centre, must for ever regret that the custody and disposal of the Carlyle papers were not given to Miss Mary Aitken —afterwards Mrs. Alexander Carlyle—Carlyle's niece, and most tactful and faithful companion from his wife's death to the end, who had a fine literary taste, a clear insight

into affairs and family idiosyncrasies, and who would have made out of them not, perhaps, a polished ivory gate of delusive dreams, but one of homely horn, through which true visions might be seen. The trust, alas! was confided not to her but to Froude, and sadly did he abuse the confidence reposed in him.

The innate tendency to aberration which I have noted in Froude, and his admittedly treacherous memory, were the primary causes of his impeachment of Carlyle; and tracing these in operation, it becomes clear that they landed him in a preconceived notion of Carlyle's relations with his wife, which was radically wrong, but to which, in spite of correction, he persistently adhered. Regardless of the full scope of the written evidence before him, oblivious of all that he must have seen and heard during the many years that he was admitted to the privacy of the little home in Chelsea, deaf to the testimony of friends, he got it into his head that Carlyle had ill-treated his wife, and that his life after her death was one long drawn-out remorse. "There broke upon him," says Froude, "in his late years, like a flash of lightning from heaven, the terrible revelation that he had sacrificed his wife's health and happiness in his absorption in his work, that he had been oblivious of his most obvious obligations, and had been negligent, inconsiderate and selfish. The fault was grave and the remorse agonising." "His faults rose up in remorseless judgment. . . . For such faults an atonement was due." "He had never properly understood until her death how much she had suffered, how much he had to answer for." "I could not tell him there was nothing in his conduct to be repented of, for there was much, and more than he had guessed."

From the moment that this idea got possession of Froude's mind, he set himself, with the narrow assiduity of a special pleader, to bolster it up. He overlooked the solemn injunctions which were the condition of his trust, he abandoned the reasonable reticence which is incumbent on every biographer, dragging into the light of day what modesty and kindly consideration would fain have kept concealed, and he exceeded all editorial license in his manipulation of the documents placed in his hands, suppressing what seemed incompatible with his own views, and even sometimes, it is difficult to believe inadvertently, altering the text in a manner favourable to them. These are grave charges to bring against Froude, and must be substantiated in detail.

It has been suggested as an excuse for Froude's indiscretions, which his warmest defenders cannot deny, that Carlyle's instructions were somewhat contradictory, and perhaps they were so, as recounted by Froude. But if, as regards the publication of any biographical records of himself—and it is a remarkable fact that Froude's commission to write a Life of him rested entirely on his own recollection, unsupported by any documentary evidence—Carlyle's expressed wishes varied from time to time, his directions as to the Bit of Writing entitled *Jane Welsh Carlyle* and as to his Wife's 'Letters and Memorials,' were explicit enough and ought to have been obeyed. Whether he was well advised in collecting his Wife's Letters and other Literary remains and preparing them for publication, may to some seem questionable—he himself at first had doubts on the subject—but that he was animated by the purest and noblest intentions in undertaking the task,

and that he had definite ideas as to the way in which the fruits of his labours should be utilised, if utilised at all, is beyond dispute, and may be established by a few quotations from his notes and Journal while he had the work in hand. The idea that her letters were worthy of preservation seems to have first occurred to him while he was writing the 'Reminiscences' in July, 1866, three months after her death, when he had re-perused an old letter which was as sunlight to him, proudly acknowledging and applauding the proof-sheets of the first two volumes of his 'Frederick,' which she received when visiting at Haddington. But no steps were taken in the matter for some time, for in his Journal, under date of November 30th, 1867, he wrote: "Two mornings ago, while I lay preparing to front the frosts of baths, etc., I recalled a merry phrase in one of her Letters long ago. How *she* said to herself (in parody of the vain French Phantasm St. Simon, Père de l'Humanité, etc., etc., then getting to his foolish brief zenith), *she* meaning merely some household duties, '*Levez-vous, M. le Comte; vous avez de grandes choses à faire!*' Her letters are full of such things, graceful, sportive, witty, which are intelligible mostly to myself alone. . . . Of late, in my total lameness and impotency for work (which is a chief evil to me), I have sometimes thought 'One thing you *could* do, write some record of Her, make some selection of her Letters (which you think justly, among the cleverest ever written and which none but yourself can *quite* understand). But no, but no: ho wspeak of Her to such an audience? What can *it* do for Her or for me?'"

Three months later, the purpose of collecting the letters is still entertained but without any attempt at

fulfilment, for in the Journal of 27th February, 1868, the following entry occurs: "I have again got into some notion of preparing a *selection* from her *Letters*, etc., and am silently considering from time to time where I could get an amanuensis, etc., and whether the enterprise is worthy and permissible in a brute of a world (especially 'literary world') such as we now have. Certainly not for the brute of a world's sake nor for etc., etc.—but there are silently heroic souls in it too, to whom the genuine image of a Heroine and truly gifted woman might have some real value? Consider it maturely, and not too long while the Night is so near."

In April, 1868, he wrote that "the thought of a selection from her letters (to be printed after twenty years)" had not left him, and in the December following we find that the work is actually under weigh, for he then wrote: "My hour or two of available day I study to employ as much as possible on her Letters which Niece Mary, too is copying—our rate of progress miserably slow. In my tumultuous, wakeful nights, it seems to me sometimes I shall never get it done, but have to depart with a new pang of regret; *it*, at least the finishing of *it*, is to be the effort of my life so long as life abides with me. These seem to me about the cleverest Letters I ever read; but none except *me* can interpret their allusions, their coterie speech (which are often the most ingenious part of the rapid, bright-flowing style), or give them a chance even of far-off intelligibility to readers. Stand to it with whatever capability thou hast. To be kept unprinted for ten for twenty years after my death, if indeed printed at all, should there be any babbling of memory still afloat about me or her? that is at present my notion. At any

rate they *should be left legible* to such as they do concern; and shall be if I live. To Her, alas! it is no service, absolutely none; tho' my poor imagination represents it as one, and I go on with it as something pious, sacred and indubitably *right*, that some memory and image of One so beautiful and noble should not *fail* to survive by my blame—unworthy as I was of her, yet loving her far more than I could ever show, or even than I myself knew till it was too late, *too late*."

The subject is next mentioned in the Journal for 29th April, 1869: "I have been dreadfully tormented [by illness and sleeplessness] again (and ever again since September last!)—busy too at all available moments with *Her Letters*, my one consolation in the worst days that I do something *there*—lest it be left at last *un*done and none alive able to do it! *Unless* this sleepless new misery leave me, it is my last task here below. To Her of no use,—none, alas *none!* nevertheless it must if I live be done. Perhaps that mournful but pious and ever interesting task, escorted by such miseries night after night and month after month—perhaps all this may be wholesome punishment, purification and monition; and again a blessing in disguise? I have had many such in my life." Five months later, on 28th September, 1869, he was able to say "The *Task* is in a sort *done*. Mary finishing my Notes (of 1866) this day, I shrinking for weeks past from revisal or interference there, as a thing evidently *hurtful* (evidently anti-somnial even!) in my present state of nerves. Essentially however Her Letters and Memorials are saved; thank God—and I hope to settle the details calmly too."

The final reference to the work was in these words,

written on 11th November, 1869: "Busy looking over some new Letters of Hers, eighty-two mostly short notes all addressed to Forster or his Wife, 1840–1865, very beautiful, cheery, graceful, true: in some of the dates he (Forster) had fallen wrong: I had to correct as I best could. A mournful fascination to me the reading of them! I felt bereaved, as if I had lost *Her again* when they ended. My feeling on that side is I think never likely to abate at all. Sorrow not so lacerating, poignant, but almost deeper and tenderer than ever. Interwoven, incorporated (I might say) with all of *Religion*, of Love, devoutness that is in me. Let it accompany my now lonesome steps till I die."

When in February, 1873, Carlyle came to make his Will, the Selection of Letters, meanwhile laid aside, is thus referred to:

"My Manuscript entitled 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' is to me naturally in my now bereaved state, of endless value, though of what value to others I cannot in the least clearly judge: and indeed for the last four years, am imperatively forbidden to write farther on it or even to look farther into it. Of that manuscript my kind considerate and ever faithful friend James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me) takes precious charge in my stead; to him therefore I give it with whatever other furtherances and elucidations may be possible; and I solemnly request of him to do his best and wisest in the matter, as I feel assured he will. There is incidentally a quantity of Autobiographic Record in my Notes to this Manuscript, but except as subsidiary and elucidative of the Text, I put no value on such: express Biography of me, I had really rather that there

should be none. James Anthony Froude, John Forster and my Brother John will make earnest survey of the Manuscript and its Subsidiaries there or elsewhere, in respect to this as well as to its other bearings; their united utmost candour and impartiality (taking always James Anthony Froude's practicality along with it) will evidently furnish a better judgment than mine can be. The Manuscript is by no means ready for publication; nay, the questions, How, When (after what delay, seven, ten years) it or any portion of it should be published are still dark to me; but on all such points James Anthony Froude's practical summing up and decision is to be taken as mine. The imperfect copy of the said Manuscript which is among my papers with the original Letters I give to my Niece Mary Carlyle Aitken."

The quotations given make abundantly clear what Carlyle's wishes were with reference to the 'Letters and Memorials.' The revisal and annotation of them had been a labour of love, a pathetic pilgrimage through the land that he and she had traversed hand-in-hand; and the precise and vivid way in which this old and way-worn man of seventy-three recalls the most trivial incidents of the journey, and all the lights and shades of it, is in itself evidence of supreme, almost unique, mental power. Every step he took was poignant with grief, but soothing with dulcet memories; and, as he neared the end, he grieved that his grief was over. "Ah! me, we are getting done with this sacred task, and now there is at times a sharp pang as if this were a second parting with her; sad, sad this too." It was borne in on him as he went along that, discounting the enchantment shed round them by his own exultant love

and cherished sorrow, there remained in the Letters charm and witchery enough to justify their preservation in permanent form; and to make them of value to "silently heroic and worthy souls," amidst "the roaring myriads of profane unworthy." He desired, therefore, their publication; but, mistrusting his own impartiality, he left it to the trustees he named to determine the how and the when of publication and whether there should be any publication at all. As two of the trustees named pre-deceased him, the delicate and responsible duty of deciding on these points devolved upon his "kind, considerate, and ever-faithful friend," James Anthony Froude, who promptly laid sacrilegious hands on the holy of holies, and pulled down and "restored" it beyond recognition. One thing is certain; and that is that Carlyle, appreciating the explosive elements in the Letters, did not contemplate their immediate publication. He well knew that the coruscations which, in an empty environment would be harmless and amusing, might in a still thickly tenanted neighbourhood scorch and scar cruelly; and so he did not want the Letters let off too soon. He spoke of ten or twenty years; and seven years after his death was the minimum time he mentioned. Within two years of that event, Froude had them out singeing and blistering in all directions. Another thing may be taken for granted; and that is, that Carlyle would have insisted that, in any issue that took place, the extent and limit of his own handiwork in it should be clearly defined; but Froude made him answerable for much that he would have repudiated with indignation. The 'Letters and Memorials' bear on the title-page that they were "prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle," which con-

veys the impression that Froude had simply edited what Carlyle had prepared; but that impression is entirely misleading, for Froude's three volumes differ most materially from Carlyle's selection. Not only did Froude omit more than half the Letters which Carlyle had collected, but he substituted, with disastrous consequences, for that portion of Mrs. Carlyle's Journal, sheaved by Carlyle, another portion of a very different complexion gleaned by himself. He cut off from Carlyle's selection all the letters bearing date prior to 1834, the eighth year of his married life, and used them in his 'Life of Carlyle'; and he took unwonted and unwarrantable liberties with the letters which he did publish, subjecting them to amputation or disembowelment as suited his purpose, and sprinkling them as usual with typographical mistakes. He said not one word to indicate that the letters he printed were in reality only a fraction of what Carlyle had made ready; and it was not until 1884 that he confessed that the collection of letters sent to him by Carlyle was "almost twice as voluminous as that which has since been printed." Surely this significant admission should have been made in the proper place in the preface to the 'Letters and Memorials,' and not reserved for the middle of a chapter near the end of a volume published two years later. It is characteristic of the looseness of Froude's methods that he states in the 'Life in London' (vol. ii. p. 408) that the manuscript of the 'Letters and Memorials' was placed in his hands in June, 1871, whereas Carlyle, in February, 1873, speaks of it in his Will as being still in his possession; and, indeed, a number of his notes to it actually bear date in that year.

No one can dispute Froude's legal right to do what he

did with the manuscript of the 'Letters and Memorials.' It might have been prudent, seeing that the two other executors of the Will (John Carlyle and John Forster)—who were charged with him to give it, the manuscript in all its bearings with their "united utmost candour and impartiality" an earnest survey—were dead, had he consulted about it with one of two or three members of Carlyle's family, who in the Sage's declining years of life had become known to him, not only for their affectionate watchfulness but for their good sense and intellectual capacity. But he was clearly within his rights in proceeding independently in the matter, and no one could have blamed him had he merely abbreviated the manuscript, indicating his omissions. But the accusation is, that forgetting "his loving promise" and failing to exercise candour and impartiality he jerrymandered it and made it, conformable to his own conceptions no doubt, but a travesty of the truth.

Of Froude's misportraiture of Carlyle generally I have suggested that the explanation is to be found in his constitutional inaccuracy, flamboyant tendencies, and proneness to preconceived ideas. These adequately account for the incongruities of the original sketch, but as time went on other disturbing forces came into play and still further marred the likeness. The first study in the 'Reminiscences' was received with execration. The artist was declared hopelessly incompetent or actuated by private spite; from all parts of the world indignant protests poured in. From that moment Froude had to vindicate his good name as a biographer, his good faith as a friend. His own consistency became to him of more moment than Carlyle's fair fame,

and so he laid on with a liberal brush the harsh and sombre colours that had already proved painful and repellent. A little later, too, he was goaded to wrath by a newspaper controversy, and in retaliation as it were for the slight put upon him made still more unsightly the effigy he was elaborating.

It is obvious that until a short time after the publication of the 'Reminiscences' Froude entertained an exalted opinion of Carlyle. His letters to Carlyle which have been preserved and the appreciation in his 'Short Studies of Great Subjects' attest this. Less than a year before Carlyle's death he wrote to Carlyle's Niece: "You know well that there is no man on earth that I love and honour as I do your Uncle, and in that spirit I hope to work." But after the appearance of the 'Reminiscences,' including the article on Jane Welsh Carlyle—the publication of which Carlyle had expressly prohibited—and the tumult of censure that these provoked, his loyalty to Carlyle showed signs of wavering. He felt acutely the imputations of indiscretion and betrayal levelled at him. "I know personally," writes Mr. Alexander Carlyle, "that this was the case, for I met him frequently at the time. He confessed that the reception the 'Reminiscences' had met with was altogether unexpected by him. I believed and believe that in publishing these private papers he simply made a mistake in judgment and was not actuated by any ill-feeling against Carlyle. For some time after the appearance of the 'Reminiscences' and the reviews of the book, he was in a state of deep dejection and apparent contrition; so much so that meeting him as I did more than once, I could not but feel sorry for him."

But Froude's contrition was suddenly transmuted into

virulence when Mrs. Alexander Carlyle published in the *Times* of 5th May, 1881, her uncle's solemn injunction (which Froude had suppressed) against the publication of that paper in the 'Reminiscences' entitled 'Jane Welsh Carlyle.' Into the newspaper correspondence which followed, it is not necessary to enter, but in his letter of the 9th of May, Froude made a magnanimous offer which, had he acted up to it, must have resulted in the immediate abandonment of his proposed 'Life of Carlyle.' "The remaining papers," he wrote, "which I was directed to return to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle as soon as I had done with them, I will restore at once to any responsible person whom she will empower to receive them from me." These remaining papers included the whole of Carlyle's correspondence, journals, and manuscripts, except a small packet of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters to her husband and the 'Reminiscences,' the manuscript of which he had already sent back. The offer was straight, unequivocal and unconditional, and was at once accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle felt that Froude had demonstrated his unfitness to be Carlyle's biographer. A responsible person was appointed to receive the papers, but on application being made the following day, Froude had changed his mind and declined to give them up. Could there be a more convincing proof of his shiftiness? It is but rarely that an English gentleman recedes in twenty-four hours from a definite offer volunteered in the columns of the *Times*.

What really induced Froude on second thoughts to retract his offer and decline to deliver up the papers can only be matter of conjecture. Perhaps it was his "practicality," which Carlyle emphasised in his testa-

mentary disposition. The reasons given in a correspondence with Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's solicitor, Dr. J. B. Benson, were three in number.

Firstly, it was stated that Mr. Froude, though willing, if not anxious, to carry out his offer, was unable to do so because of a possible claim on the part of the executors on behalf of Carlyle's residuary legatees.

This reason was met by an undertaking to procure the written consent of the residuary legatees or, failing that, to provide a substantial and approved indemnity against any claim of the kind which might be raised.

Secondly, it was suggested that if Mr. Froude were to act upon his public offer he would remain unremunerated for considerable labour already expended on the papers.

This reason was met by the offer on Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's part to relinquish her right to the profits of the 'Reminiscences,' which at that time amounted to £1500, with more to follow.

Thirdly, it was urged that if Mr. Froude were to act on his public offer it would place him in the humiliating position of bowing to an adverse verdict on his literary taste in the publication of the 'Reminiscences.'

This reason was met by the argument that any humiliation thus incurred could not be greater than the humiliation already submitted to by Mr. Froude in his letter to the *Times* of 9th May, and that nothing could be more humiliating to a public man than to recede from a pledge, to which, by publishing it in the *Times*, he had called on the civilised world to bear witness.

But argument, guarantees, exhortations, were thrown away on Froude. He had spoken in haste and repented at leisure, and his repentance was less creditable to him

than his precipitancy. It became evident that he could not be induced to give back the manuscripts unused, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle had to content themselves with an undertaking from him to restore them when he had done with them, that is to say, when he had finished his 'Life of Carlyle.'

Their failure to secure the fulfilment of Froude's offer was not only a great disappointment to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, but filled them with anxiety, for they foresaw that a Life of Carlyle produced under the circumstances by a man of Froude's temperament was not likely to redress the wrong the 'Reminiscences' had done. They had only too good reason to expect that the proposed Biography of Carlyle might be not so much a history of his life as a vindication of his biographer in his dealings with the papers which had been entrusted to him. This apprehension was shared by many outside observers. The editor of a leading northern newspaper of that date shrewdly remarked: "Mr. Froude comes badly out of his encounter with Carlyle's niece. His letters have been in bad temper, and they have been wanting in straightforwardness . . . After what Mr. Froude has done, all men who knew Mr. Carlyle must await the publication of his Biography and Correspondence with terror . . . He will do what he likes, and if in the process he injures his own reputation even more than he will injure that of Carlyle, nobody who has read the 'Reminiscences,' and his correspondence with Mrs. A. Carlyle, will be surprised."

In April, 1882, Froude's two volumes, entitled 'Thomas Carlyle: a History of the First Forty Years of his Life,' were published, and at first produced the effect

that had been anticipated. In the sight of many they absolved Froude from culpability in connection with the publication of the 'Reminiscences,' and would have rightly done so had they been a faithful record; but a critical examination of them convinces that they are packed full of misquotations, garbled extracts from letters, and fallacious statements of fact, with a running accompaniment of calumny, detraction and malicious insinuation. Subjected to analysis by Professor Norton, Professor Ritchie and Mr. David Wilson, they have been shown to be compounded of the most adulterated materials. They aggravate the fault of the 'Reminiscences,' and represent Carlyle in an even worse light than that in which he there stands flecked and shadowed.

Final exoneration, as some thought, came to Froude when the 'Letters and Memorials' were issued from the press in 1883, but they too were tainted with inaccuracy and prejudice, and conjured up a grossly deceptive and ungainly phantasm, which it is hoped these present volumes, by filling up the gaps left in Froude's selection, and by a few interpretative words may remove, leaving some true image of the man.

Whatever secondary influences may have contributed to embitter or exasperate Froude while chronicling the 'Life of Carlyle,' it is always to be borne in mind that it was the preconceived idea that was the primary source of all his errors. It was deeply rooted in his mind that Carlyle had, throughout their whole union, behaved badly to his wife, and had deputed him, as a sort of literary undertaker, to superintend a posthumous penance in the publication of his confessions. No wonder that Froude has been described, in his editorial capacity in relation to

Carlyle as, like a man driving a hearse. He had been captivated by the prismatic wit and charm of Mrs. Carlyle; he held her in affectionate remembrance, and he was horrified to discover, as he imagined, that her days had been darkened by the harshness and neglect of the man he had been accustomed to venerate. He would not baulk that man, toweringly great though he had become, in his expiatory abasement, and so he proceeded to represent him as an infirm and lachrymose transgressor. Carlyle's mortification was, in Froude's opinion, but justice to the memory of his oppressed wife —and so the whole truth must be told. It never occurred to him that if the publication of the papers was an act of penance, it ought to have been performed in the lifetime of the penitent, and that Carlyle, who had admired Johnson's self-imposed pillory in Uttoxeter market, was not likely to desire the postponement of his own discipline until after his retirement to Ecclefechan kirkyard. No! The preconceived idea was dominant, and he was blind to everything that did not harmonise with it. The shriving of the guilty Carlyle by the virtuous Froude, as described by that spiritual director in the 'Life in London,' would be ludicrous if it were not so mischievously wrong.

But even preconceived ideas have their starting point; and the starting point of Froude's in the case of Carlyle, seems to have been Carlyle's use of the word remorse. It was a word that appealed to him, connoting, as it does, a black immensity; and throughout his life he habitually used it in a sense of his own, meaning by it, not the compunction of guilt, but a gnawing sorrow, and sometimes only mere chagrin. He speaks of remorse

for not succeeding better in his work, remorse for idleness when he was resting: of his lecturing he says: "my sorrow in delivery was less, my remorse after delivery was much greater"; and when writing the 'Jane Welsh Carlyle' paper, being interrupted by Froude, he says: "Froude is now coming, and with remorse I must put this away." In these and hundreds of other cases he uses remorse almost as promiscuously as the adjective "awful" is now often popularly used where a much milder word would do, and in his employment of it in relation to his dead wife, it is his sense of profound and unavailing sorrow that he desires to convey by it or his despairing consciousness of his own unworthiness of the woman he had beatified. Even had he, in the plainest terms, professed remorse and set forth the grounds of it, Froude should have been chary in accepting the statement. It is characteristic of men of fine intellect, that, when nipt by the autumnal frosts, they manifest excessive testiness on the one hand, and excessive self-reproach on the other, and that when bereaved they arraign themselves without a jot of justification of high crimes and misdemeanours against the lost one. I have seen an eminent but aged man of science in a fever of distress until he had written a letter of apology to a servant maid, to whom he had, not without warrant, said a sharp word; and I have had to listen to an exemplary husband vaguely, but piteously, recounting imaginary atrocities to his departed spouse. It is noble altruistic natures that thus torment themselves, and Carlyle, being amongst the noblest and most generous, was of a peculiarly self-accusatory type. He was often haunted by the feeling that he had done something wrong or omitted to do

something that he ought to have done. His wife noticed this trait and tried to laugh him out of it. In describing what he called remorse for imaginary failure in lecturing, she says: "He remains under applause that would turn the head of most lecturers, haunted by the pale ghost of last day's lecture, 'shaking its gory locks at him' till next day's arrives to take its place and torment him in its turn. Very absurd." These supposed sins of omission and commission, when calmly investigated, vanished like clothes-horse spectres of the night. But the written record of them does not vanish so easily, and it is apt to be misunderstood. This almost morbid conviction of some indefinable personal wickedness, was, Carlyle's relations testify, characteristic of him all his life, and it obviously reached its maximum while he was writing his 'Reminiscences,' and preparing his wife's 'Letters and Memorials.' Many instances of Petty-Sessional self-condemnation may be quoted from his writings. In a letter to John Forster, in 1859, he says: "We are greatly shocked and surprised to hear of the bad turn of health you have had, and proportionately thankful to Heaven, and the other Helps, that it is over again; I had intended every day for about a week before leaving town to call at Montague Square [where Forster lived], and there is a mad feeling in me (always till I reflect again) as if that omission had been the cause of what followed. For the human conscience is sensitive, on some points, beyond what you perhaps suppose." There was as much connection between Forster's illness and Carlyle's neglect in not calling as between Tenterden steeple and the Goodwin Sands, and when he reflected he saw this, and realised that the call itself, rather than

default in making it would have been likely to have proved detrimental to Forster's health; but his comprehensive and sensitive conscience quivering like the aspen when all was still, blamed him, when he was innocent as a child. That was Petty-Sessional condemnation, but the heavy sentence came when he sat in judgment on himself at the Great Assize, and reviewed his conduct to his wife. He did not bear false witness—that was not in him—but —without any evidence of an admissible kind he pronounced himself guilty, of what? of inappreciation of her gifts and of want of commiseration with her in her sufferings, for that is what it all amounts to. He canonised the woman, and looking back at her in her saintly transfiguration, he felt conscience-stricken because he had not spent all his days on his knees in worshipping her. He saw her as a woman far "too great and good for human nature's daily food," and felt that to consume such an one in the common cares of womankind in these days was an outrage on her divinity. He spent months in the confessional. He ransacked his memory, he hunted up every scrap of paper for confirmation of the gifts and graces of his paragon, and of his own delinquencies, and it is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding his introspective diligence and self-denunciatory mood, he has not succeeded in adducing a single instance of what could by any stretch of censoriousness be designated cruelty to his wife. Apostrophic railings at himself are abundant, so are lamentations over his blindness and ingratitude, but he is unable to recall any specific act of unkindness to his wife more serious than his refusal to accede to her wish that he should alight from the brougham, and go into Madame Elise's shop to shake

hands with the dressmaker. He was half-dead with nervous exhaustion at the time, having just ended his thirteen years' labour on 'Frederick;' he had had more than enough of hand-shaking with tuft-hunters in his day; and yet this trivial incident is magnified in his sorrowful remembrance into a grave offence: "Oh, cruel, cruel! . . . I have thought of that Elise cruelty more than once."

With all his perverse ingenuity Froude has failed to discover in any of Carlyle's copious and latterly most dejected writings one tangible proof of ill-treatment of his wife. The so-called "remorse" which he experienced on losing her, and nursed until his dying day, was assuredly nothing more than profound sorrow agitating a nature of rare depth and mobility, mingled with vain regrets (what loving generous soul bereaved has not felt them?) for his powerlessness to shelter her from the "cauld blast" of worldly troubles, and to make her path smoother and pleasanter than it was. The sorrow in all its breadth and intensity was inevitable to one of his temperament, but the vain regrets were aggravated for himself by his wretched state of health when his sorrow came to him, and were thrown out of all focus for others by the sphericity of his language. "Where was my Jeannie's peer in the world? and she fell to me and I could not screen her from the bitterest distresses!" That is the burden of his dirge; his inability under the limitations of his own lot to protect her from care and sickness and misfortune while she lived with him. But that was not remorse, but a generous feeling that will most haunt those who have least with which to reproach themselves for any personal default. The 'Letters and Memorials' were undertaken not as a futile atonement (a

cowardly atonement as Froude would have it) to be made when he was beyond the reach of punishment, but as a solace to him in his grief, the only communion with her that remained possible, and the best tribute he could offer to her memory. The one ever-recurring pang of heartache was that he had not told her fully "how much he had at all times loved and admired her," and then he adds: "No telling of her now!" "Five minutes more," he goes on, "of your dear company in this world; oh, that I had you yet for five minutes to tell you all! this is often my thought since April 21st." Any one with moral discrimination and unbiased by Froude's commentaries, reading Carlyle's Letters to his wife and his writings about her, and her own letters which will be presently appraised, will find in them no grain of cruelty or neglect, no trace of anything of the sort but rich veins of tenderness and affection and will probably rise from the perusal of them exclaiming: "Was ever woman so loved and mourned?"

Unable to quote from Carlyle's writings, voluminous and unrestrained as they are, anything warranting his assertion that he was the victim of remorse in the true sense, Froude endeavours to show that he betrayed it in his demeanour. If he did not expressly admit his guilt, he behaved like a guilty person. "For many years after she had left him," he writes, "when we passed the spot in our walks where she was last seen alive, he would bare his grey head in the wind and rain—his features wrung with unavailing sorrow." This simple and reverent act Froude has the audacity to construe into a manifestation of "agonising remorse." If so, Carlyle must have felt "agonising remorse" as regards

every relative he lost. It was his invariable custom (a good old pious Scotch custom) when visiting the graves of his relations to bare his head "in wind and rain," or in any other weather that might prevail, and stand for a little wrapt in solemn thought, and the spot in Hyde Park where his wife's life silently and suddenly went out, he regarded, like the green mound in Haddington Churchyard, as dimly, ineffably yet veritably hallowed to him for evermore. Reporting a visit to Ecclefechan in a letter to his brother Alick in 1856, he says: "Yes, there they all lay: father, mother and Margaret's grave between them: silent now, they that were wont to be so speechful, when one came among them after an absence. I stood silent, with bared head, as in the sacredest place of all the world, for a few moments; and I daresay tears again wetted these hard eyes, which are now unused to weeping." Again addressing the same brother in 1859, he says: "We [brother Jamie and I] went to Ecclefechan Kirkyard one day and spent a few silent minutes there, which could not be other than solemn. There they lay so still and dumb, those that were once so blythe and quick at sight of us; gathered to their sleep under the long grass. I could not forbear a kind of sob like a child's out of my old worn heart at first sight of all this." The hard, cross-grained, callous selfish man of Froude's conception was truly a well-spring of fond emotion. There was in the heart of him, as he himself said, a feeling unspeakable for those he loved, and those he loved knew that feeling although it remained unspoken. It was no shallow bubbling affection, but deep calling unto deep. And the feeling for those he loved survived them, and it is monstrous to represent its unspoken and controlled

expression in obeisance and gesture as a sign of "agonising remorse." What, it is to be wondered, would Froude have said of other more decisive exhibitions of Carlyle's pent-up feelings than that which he witnessed in Hyde Park, such for instance as his outburst of grief for the death of his sister Margaret—a quiet intelligent lucent creature who died of consumption in 1830, making the first break in the family? He had never wronged her by word or deed, but riding home alone from Dumfries to Craigenputtock on the evening of her death, he says: "on getting into the quite solitary woods of Irongray, I burst into loud weeping, lifted up my voice and wept for perhaps ten or twenty minutes."

If Froude had wanted a genuine study of remorse, of the psychological characteristics of which he has evidently no notion, he should have turned to Mrs. Carlyle instead of to her husband. She undoubtedly suffered from it more or less. I do not mean that her visit to her father's grave, when she hopped over the wall and, standing amongst the nettles, scraped the moss out of the letters of the inscription on his tombstone "with his own button-hook with the mother-of-pearl handle," was any indication of it, but I do affirm that her reluctance to revisit Thornhill after her mother's death revealed its existence. There was in Mrs. Carlyle's heart now and then a vehement self-reproach for her shortcomings as a daughter. She and her mother loved each other sincerely, but they were both excitable women, and could not jog on together in the common humdrum. They quarrelled smartly, and when the mother was no more the daughter recalled with sharp twinges her breaches of the fifth commandment, and could not

bring herself to gaze on the scene of its infringement. In this connection Carlyle for once employs the word remorse in its ordinary acceptation, and it is probably because he employs it in the plural that he is obliged to do so. "My darling," he writes, "after her mother's death had many remorses, and indeed had been obliged to have manifold little collisions with her fine, high-minded, but often fanciful and fitful mother, who was always a beauty too, and had whims and thin-skinned ways, distasteful enough to such a daughter. All which in cruel aggravation (for all were really small and had been ridiculous rather than deep or important) now came *remorsefully* to mind and many of them I doubt not *staid*."

Having convinced himself that Carlyle was corroded with remorse, that he had, according to his (Froude's) preconceived idea, maltreated his wife, who was a *femme incomprise* and sadly injured woman, Froude set himself to trace out the maltreatment and to display for the edification of mankind, the origins of that grisly sentiment that clouded Carlyle's declining years. And an extraordinary tissue of provocations he trumps up.

According to Froude, Carlyle's initial injustice to his wife was in marrying her. Froude had had two wives himself but grudged his friend one. Carlyle was, he thought, too austere and self-involved for matrimony, and least of all did he deserve a sylph-like, sensitive, magnetic, delicately organised being like Jane Welsh. Was it not his mother's oft-repeated formula that he was "gie ill to deal wi"? which Froude adroitly alters to "gie ill to *live* wi." Undoubtedly he was; but when we come to think of it so are most men except the nincompoops. The Kaffir's wife, one of several, who has to dig the fields

and taste of stick and shambok, now and then finds her lord and master "gie ill to deal wi," and the wife of the man of genius has her toils and trials too, but with richer compensations. "Dante himself was wedded," says Carlyle, "but it seems not happily, far from happily. I fancy" he adds, obviously recalling his mother's idiom, "the rigorous, earnest man with his keen susceptibilities was not altogether easy to make happy." And Thomas Carlyle, a rigorous, earnest man with keen susceptibilities, not easy to make happy, was wedded too, and was happy, and made his wife happy in as full measure as the vials of their felicity would allow. Differences from time to time arose between them, mutual accommodations were necessary, cross questions and crooked answers hurtled about, but in the hearts of both of them was for long years contentment with each other. Married life is not at its best without its little asperities. Ginger is hot in the mouth, but it adds piquancy to cakes and ale. "Perfect Peace" is all very well as a tombstone inscription, but it is not practical politics, and I suspect that the *pax domestica* is not rarely founded on sheer indifference. It is those who love intensely who are intolerant, and brisk affections are scarcely less apt to clash than quick tempers. When in wedlock, brisk affections and quick tempers are arrayed on both sides, collisions with evolution of heat are inevitable, but no harm is done, and indeed closer union is furthered.

Froude misunderstands the whole situation as regards Carlyle's marriage. He actually alleges that Carlyle dragged Miss Welsh down from her own rank in life and made "a menial servant" of a woman "who had never known a wish ungratified for any object that money could buy, who had seen the rich of the land at her feet and might

have chosen amongst them at pleasure," and one can only marvel where he got his ideas as to the social life of Scotland in the beginning of the last century. Writing in the sixties, Carlyle says, "It is inconceivable (till you have seen the documents) what the pecuniary poverty of Scotland was a hundred years ago, and again (of which I also have the documents) its spiritual opulence." If Froude believed that fifty years later a Scottish country doctor's house was a home of ease and luxury, he is strangely mistaken, and as regards that particular Scottish country doctor's house, in which Jane Welsh was brought up, he is refuted by Dr. Welsh's account books, now brought to light. Dr. Welsh was the leading medical man in Haddington, but the income he made was small and was largely absorbed in paying by instalments the purchase-money of Craigenputtock, and so his household was conducted on economical principles. One servant was kept at wages of £8 per annum, and Mrs. Welsh, and her daughter when old enough, took part in the household work. Nothing was spared on Jeannie's education, but in all other matters thrift reigned supreme and sank into Jeannie's soul as all her subsequent history shows. There was comfort and some scholarly refinement, but no pampering, no spoiling, no luxury; and to say that the girl had "never known a wish ungratified for any object that money could buy" is sheer nonsense. Not less nonsensical is the vision of rich lovers at her feet. She had sweethearts no doubt,—vivacious and lovely girl that she was—an office-boy, a dominie, a stickit minister, a young doctor, and a potential M.P.—but, in marrying Carlyle, she did the best that was possible in a mundane as well as in a spiritual sense, although in its immediate prospect

the match was scarcely a prudent one, for he was living on his wits, and she had no tocher, Carlyle having insisted with his usual magnanimity that she should divest herself of her property in favour of her mother, who was otherwise but poorly provided for. "This foolish feeling" [a dislike to speak to her lawyer on business affairs], she wrote to her mother fifteen months before her marriage, "which has prevented me hitherto from carrying my intention into effect" [of making over the life rent of Craigenputtock], "might have prevented me, I believe, still longer, had I not promised Mr. Carlyle when he was last here that before we met again he should be delivered from the thought of loving an heiress, a thought which is actually painful to his proud and generous nature."

Miss Welsh knew well what she did when she married Carlyle and there is no pretext for Froude's contention—on which he harps again and again—that she lowered her station in doing so; or for his allegations that her mother was violently opposed to the marriage on account of Carlyle's inferior worldly situation; and that Carlyle himself felt remorse for having entangled in an engagement one so much above him. As a small tenant farmer's son he was on a level with the daughter of a country doctor, and as a highly-educated man with a university training and with some kind of professional career before him he might, in erudition-loving Scotland, have claimed admission to the highest social order next to the landed gentry. He had already made his mark as a writer and earned his living and helped others by his pen. Miss Welsh had known him for five years, had visited at Hoddam Hill, made the acquaintance of various members

of his family, had had insight into their strength and angularities, and had seen, apparently without shock or disillusionment, the bald realities of their mode of life. Her position at Haddington was anything but the delectable one that Froude depicts. Haddington was in those days a dull, stupid, sedate little town, and she had to seek relief and enjoyment in visits to Edinburgh and in correspondence with intelligent friends out in the big world beyond; she did not get on well with her mother who was "gie ill to deal wi." "To her," says Carlyle, referring to 1825, "the Haddington, &c., element had grown dreary and unfruitful, no genialty of life possible there, and I doubt not many petty frets and contradictions." She was glad to escape from it. Her letters at the time of her marriage breathe a beautiful tenderness and trustful devotion, and it is fair to say that neither then nor at any other time did she utter a word that could be construed into a justification of Froude's absurd statement that she married beneath her. She loved Carlyle, not passionately, but with depth and endurance; she recognised his originality and sterling worth and felt his power, and she linked her lot with his, ready for hardships if such should come, but anticipating with faith and foresight the glory that should be revealed thereafter. She was vastly more ambitious for Carlyle than he was for himself. Her ambition was, as she acknowledged, more than fulfilled, and if the fulfilment of it brought not the satisfaction that was hoped for, her experience in that respect was not singular.

Of the first year of the Carlyles' married life Froude has little to say. It was too bright and joyous for him to dwell on, but he has a passing glance at Carlyle's

agitated and splenetic state, due to biliousness during it, although the bilious one was at the same time announcing himself as "the happiest man alive." She too was buoyant, for in her letters at this time there is no atom of bitterness. Delightful banter lurks in them, but they are sweetly tender and exquisitely expressed. Froude says that "the eighteen months of his new existence Carlyle afterwards looked back upon as the happiest he had ever known"; and in saying so he is, as usual, wrong; for richly joyous as the Comley Bank period was in retrospect, Carlyle distinctly says that his happiest years, and those of his wife, were the ones spent at Craigenputtock in retirement and fruitful industry. His words in the 'Reminiscences' are: "Perhaps these were our happiest days [the Craigenputtock days]. Useful, continual labour, essentially successful; that makes even the moor green." But that would not have suited Froude, for over Craigenputtock he is in his most lugubrious mood. Carlyle, having dragged his wife down in the world next dragged her to "the dreariest spot in all the British Dominions," and there subjected her to merciless drudgery and privation by which her health was permanently broken. Not a statement did he make about Craigenputtock and Mrs. Carlyle's avocations there that is not open to correction. "The house," he says, "is gaunt and hungry-looking." It is a substantial and comfortable dwelling, quite as cheerful and commodious as any school-house or manse in which Mrs. Carlyle might have found herself had she married any one else than Carlyle. "The landscape," he says, "is unredeemed by grace or grandeur," and one can but pity his defective artistic perceptions, for it is wildly beautiful with none of

the shaggy sternness or desolation of a highland strath, expansive, sun-swept with far off hill shapes and rolling and variegated moorland around. "Mrs. Carlyle," he says, "shuddered at the thought of making her home in so stern a solitude, delicate as she was with a weak chest and with the fatal nervous disorder of which she eventually died, beginning to show itself." The fact is she went there with cheerful acquiescence. "Both Jane and I," wrote Carlyle, "are very fond of the project." "To her," he writes, "it" [the retirement to Craigenputtock] "was a great sacrifice, to me it was the reverse, but at no moment by a look did she ever say so. Indeed, I think, she never felt so at all; she would have gone to Nova Zembla with me and found it the right place, had benefit to me or set purpose of mine lain there."

Instead of suffering in health Mrs. Carlyle benefited immensely by the sojourn at Craigenputtock, not as regards her weak chest, for she never had one, but as regards her nervous system. It was a perfect sanatorium for a case like hers—mild and yet bracing, with pure air and water, abundant sunshine and new milk, and affording repose and freedom from excitement. Never, at any later period of her life, was she as well and vigorous as when cooped up in that "desert," as in her exaggerative way she called it. Her only illnesses, at this period, were when she went away from it. She appreciated its merits, and when paying visits generally longed to return to it. "Dearest, I do love you; I am wearying to be back at Craigenputtock," she wrote from Templand.

The alleged drudgery undergone by Mrs. Carlyle at Craigenputtock is as mythical as the injury to her health. "She baked the bread, she dressed the dinner, or saw it

dressed, she cleaned the rooms, she had charge of the dairy and poultry." Probably, in a dilettante way, Mrs. Carlyle meddled in all these matters, for the rôle of the housewife was agreeable to her, and she had been brought up to use her hands, and then occupation must have been a relief in this desert, which she made blossom like the rose; but there was a servant, and assistance from the farm. But Froude makes too much of her servile activities. "Amongst her other accomplishments she had to learn to milk the cows." Hear Carlyle on this point! "That of milking with her own little hand, I think, could never have been *necessary* (plenty of milk-maids within call) and I conclude must have had a spice of frolic or adventure in it, for which she had abundant spirit." She baked her first loaf, brought it triumphantly, although somewhat burnt in the crust, to her husband, and compared herself to Cellini and his *Perseus*. Very pretty and pleasing all this, surely better than novels and the tambour, not at all pitiable as Froude would have us think. "The saving charm of the life at Craigenputtock, which to a young lady of her years might have been so gloomy and vacant, was that of conquering the innumerable practical problems, that had arisen for her there." And besides the conquering of practical problems there were lighter pursuits and theoretical considerations. She rode with her husband every fine morning: they read 'Don Quixote' and 'Tasso' together in the evenings, she gathered flowers, galloped about the country on her own account, entertained illustrious visitors, like Emerson and Lord Jeffery—who did not disdain the accommodation and came twice bringing his wife and daughter with him—neighbours like the Laird of

Stroquhan, and members of the family who were frequent guests. She sums up Craigenputtock thus: "For my part I am very content, I have everything here my heart desires. My husband is as good company as I could desire." And this is the husband whom Froude described as at Craigenputtock, "a lonely dyspeptic."

Halcyon days those at Craigenputtock, when Carlyle was "nourishing his mighty soul" even in that "lone house" and building up his reputation in huge blocks. 'Sartor Resartus' was written there, so was his 'Essay on Burns,' and many of the finest of his reviews and miscellaneous pieces. But the time came when migration to London seemed advisable for the bettering of his condition and prospects, and of that step his wife cordially approved. Finishing the last page of the manuscript of 'Sartor,' she, so chary of praise, exclaimed, "It is a work of genius, dear," and from that hour she realised that her dear genius required a more stimulating, intellectual atmosphere, than Dumfriesshire could afford him. Of the movement to London she wrote to her mother, "I am sure it is for his good and for all our goods," and to her husband she was hearty for it. "Burn our ships," she gaily said one day, "*i.e.* dismantle our house; carry all our furniture with us."

In face of such testimony it would not have been feasible for Froude to have said that Mrs. Carlyle was "dragged" to London, but having once got her there he pursues her with commiseration through every phase of the thirty-two years of her metropolitan existence. It would be a tedious work of supererogation to follow him chapter and verse through all his unerring inaccuracies and flagrant incomprehensions, as he delineates her slow

martyrdom by incessant stabs in non-vital places, inflicted by her maleficent and heedless helpmate. One or two illustrations of his methods must suffice.

When Carlyle was working at the 'French Revolution' his nervous system was ablaze. "At such times," these are Froude's words, "he could think of nothing but the matter which he had in hand, and a sick wife was a bad companion for him. She escaped to Scotland to her mother." The plain inference from this is that Mrs. Carlyle when an invalid was driven away from home by Carlyle's ebullitions of temper. The true reading is that it was solely her own state of health that took her to the north, and that she had no peace of mind till she got home again. On this occasion she writes: "The feeling of calm safety and liberty which came over me on re-entering my own home" [this cave of the restless hyena as Froude would have us believe] "was really the most blessed I had felt for a great while." "The house in Cheyne Row," says Froude in another place, "requiring paint and readjustments, Carlyle had gone to Wales, leaving his wife to endure the confusion and superintend the workmen alone with her maid." Thus Froude insinuates that Carlyle selfishly went off to enjoy himself, leaving his poor wife to drudgery and discomfort. But the facts are that Mrs. Carlyle was a house-proud woman and took her pastime in domestic lustrations and upheavals, and that while Carlyle was in Wales at this time on one of those excursions which were essential to the maintenance of his bread-earning power, she went off amidst all the cleanings for a holiday on her own account in the Isle of Wight, from which, however, she speedily returned, as she could not bear to be separated from her dismantled home.

The most serious injury done to Carlyle by Froude was not, however, by the cumulative effect of venial oversights and selfish indulgences such as are thus subtly ascribed to him, but by the immediate coup administered by the gross wickedness which was openly laid at his door in connection with the "Ashburton episode," as it is called. Froude's manner of treating that episode created a wide-spread impression that Carlyle had given his wife grave ground for jealousy. "Carlyle," says Froude, "was to blame," he was "wilful and impatient of contradiction," and persisted in his "Gloriana worship," notwithstanding the pain it caused his wife, thus inflicting on her a wound that fretted inwardly and would not heal. "Once," he says, "Mrs. Carlyle returned from Addiscombe with a mind all churned to froth." "At last things went utterly awry. She set off alone to the Paulets . . . there was a violent scene when they parted," and the only ground he has for averment as to this *violent scene* is to be found in an expression in a kind letter of Carlyle written to his wife next day: "We never parted so before." Froude says, ultimately, in the 'Life in London,' that Carlyle was "innocent of any thought of wrong" in this matter, but he had meanwhile succeeded in persuading the world that he was anything but innocent, indeed highly culpable. His halting language, coupled with his selection from Mrs. Carlyle's 'Letters and Journal,' undoubtedly set agoing a suspicion which soon swelled into a scandal. Society came to think that the Apostle of Hero-Worship had engaged in a discreditable intrigue, and utterly false and demeaning notions as to the relations of Carlyle and his wife got into currency, and for these, when disputed, Froude was invariably

quoted as an authority. When in Society at this hour, one presses for an explanation of the dislike of Carlyle that is often freely expressed by worthy women who know nothing of him or his works, the answer invariably is that Mr. Froude proved him to be a bad man who was cruel to his wife and compelled her to go in an omnibus while he was himself riding an expensive horse.

The only extra-mural witness summoned by Froude in support of his theory as to the relations of Carlyle and his wife is Miss Geraldine Jewsbury. She was for five and twenty years Mrs. Carlyle's familiar friend and constant correspondent, and might be supposed to know something of her secluded if not of her innermost thoughts and feelings, and it was natural therefore that, when Froude came upon cryptic passages in Mrs. Carlyle's Journal, he should turn to her for an explanation; but he would scarcely have done so had he at the time given due weight to Carlyle's estimate of her, or had he had even a glimpse of the revelations of her temperament and tendencies given in Mrs. Carlyle's letters. Carlyle in the first bewilderment of his grief, groping for links to connect him with his lost one, conned with emotion some biographical anecdotes which Miss Jewsbury remembered having heard from Mrs. Carlyle's lips and had jotted down at the request of Lady Lothian. The anecdotes reached him at a time when he was in his softest mood, and when a halo of sanctity shone round everything relating to his late wife, and yet in acknowledging them he was constrained to write: "Few or none of these Narratives are correct in all the details; some of them in almost all the details, are *in*correct." Miss Jewsbury's encomium on Mrs. Carlyle was genuine and just, but her

statement of facts was unveracious, and Carlyle afterwards stigmatised it as "mythical," and distinctly stipulated that no one but Lady Lothian should ever see the Narratives, which were just what might have been expected from the "flimsy tatter of a creature" he knew Miss Jewsbury to be. In violation of Carlyle's solemn interdict, Froude, of course, published them in the 'Reminiscences.' It ought surely to have occurred to Froude that a lady who was incapable of accurately reporting conversations about surface incidents was scarcely likely to be equal to the interpretation of subterranean thrills. And the doubt with which Carlyle's comments ought to have inspired him as to Miss Jewsbury's competency to clear up the mystery he thought he had discovered, would have been converted into a conviction of her incompetency had he turned to Mrs. Carlyle's letters.

Mrs. Carlyle had a sincere regard for Miss Jewsbury, and speaks with warm gratitude of her considerate attentions during her visits to her at Manchester, but she was not blind to her faults and failings. The friendship was all along a lop-sided one. On the part of Miss Jewsbury, who was eleven years younger than Mrs. Carlyle, it was the unreasonable passionate devotion of a weak, unstable but gifted woman to a nature stronger than her own; on Mrs. Carlyle's part it was a sober affection for a bright impulsive being who clung to her, and it had always in it an element of patronage. It was not until they had been three years acquainted that Mrs. Carlyle really gauged the nature of Miss Jewsbury's feelings towards her, and the discovery filled her with consternation. The manifestation by Mrs. Carlyle of some preference, or supposed preference, for another lady

led to a wild outburst of what Miss Jewsbury herself designated "tiger jealousy," which says Mrs. Carlyle "on the part of one woman to another it had never entered my heart to conceive. I am not at all sure she is not going mad." From that time onwards there are scattered through Mrs. Carlyle's letters, amongst kindly references to Miss Jewsbury, many derogatory observations on her discretion and good sense, and it is certainly curious that the letters containing these observations, which would have discredited his sole witness, are amongst those suppressed by Froude.

It is not necessary to quote Mrs. Carlyle's candid and caustic criticisms on Miss Jewsbury, further than to show how unsuited she was for the duty assigned to her by Froude. One criticism alone ought to have satisfied him on this point, and it is in these words:—"It is her besetting weakness by nature, aggravated by her trade of novelist, the desire of feeling and producing violent emotions." It is certain that of all her friends and acquaintances, Miss Jewsbury was the last whom Mrs. Carlyle would have selected to perform an autopsy on her heart. And yet it was to this "most gossiping and romancing person," after she had become—what Mrs. Carlyle finally describes her as—"an ill-natured old maid," that Froude appealed to undertake this delicate operation. He gave her her opportunity of producing violent emotions, and she availed herself of it with a vengeance. It is not necessary to suppose that Miss Jewsbury indulged in deliberate invention. The tragic utterances of the Journal were truly as unintelligible to her as they were to Froude, but having as her biographer, Mrs. Alexander Ireland says, her brain

teeming "with half-formed plots and novels," she proceeded to adapt one of these to what she supposed to be Mrs. Carlyle's situation disclosed by these utterances, and wove a touching romance around her dead friend. Dissociating these utterances from all else she knew of Mrs. Carlyle, accepting them, as a sentimentalist would be likely to do, as the insuppressible exclamations of a soul struggling to conceal a cruel wrong, shutting her eyes to all other solutions of the enigma they presented, she set agoing a calumnious hypothesis, which has proved highly injurious to the fair fame of a man to whom she was beholden for much help and encouragement, and which has necessitated the laying bare of whatever was ignoble in the woman she professed to idolise. She had not a scrap of evidence, documentary or in her own recollection, to support her hypothesis, but it could be hung on to the torture-hooks of the Journal and was well calculated to produce violent emotion, and so she advanced it. It was greedily adopted by Froude.

Miss Jewsbury's exegesis of the Journal was contained in a letter to Froude dated 22nd November, 1876, and it appears therefore that Froude, who had all Mrs. Carlyle's papers in his hands in June 1871, waited for five-and-a-half years before seeking to clear up the penumbra of the Journal, and thus sacrificed the best evidence for its elucidation. Mr. John Forster, who was so unceremoniously intimate with the Carlyles, died in February 1876, and Dr. Carlyle, their trusted and well-beloved brother, who had been in close communion with them throughout their whole married life, was disabled by illness soon afterwards, and died in 1879. These two men were associated, as we have seen, with Froude

in the custody of Carlyle's papers, but they were past interference with him when he consulted Miss Jewsbury and bowed to her judgment. There were alive in 1876 many who had been on intimate terms with Mrs. Carlyle, several physicians who had treated her, but their assistance was not sought, and so it stands recorded that a man of singularly heroic and unsullied life, who was described by Goethe as "a new moral force," who had preached uncompromisingly the categorical imperative of duty and the eternal distinction between right and wrong, who had shown unceasingly the tenderest solicitude for kith and kin, at the mature age of fifty entered on the "primrose path of dalliance" (so Geraldine Jewsbury phrases it) for the sake of a great lady—"a frank, rattling woman," he calls her, and for ten years thereafter neglected his wife, "laid waste her love and her life," and remained insensible to the anguish he was causing her. Here, according to Froude, was the meaning of his "passionate remorse," when, after her death, he discovered how "much he had to answer for."

Miss Jewsbury's contention that Mrs. Carlyle was forced into an unwilling intimacy with Lady Ashburton, and driven against her wishes to visit that lady, and even allowed to visit nowhere else, is disposed of by the letters now published. They give a correct account of Mrs. Carlyle's traffickings with Lady Harriet Ashburton; show that it was not Carlyle but Monckton Milnes who introduced them to each other; and prove that Mrs. Carlyle went repeatedly to the Grange and Addiscombe while Carlyle was absent in Scotland or elsewhere. When Carlyle was directly appealed to by his wife about her going to the Grange, his answer was: "Nor can I

advise you any way, certainly, as to accepting the Grange invitation—except so far as this consideration will go, that you should follow your own authentic wish in regard to it." The letters further reveal that Mrs. Carlyle derived benefit—yes, and pleasure, too—in her own absinthine way from her visits to Lady Ashburton's great houses, where she became so much at home that on one occasion she spent a day in the kitchen making marmalade, an accomplishment to be proud of in that pre-Keiller age. "A very clever woman, very lovable, whom it is very pleasant to live with," she says of Lady Harriet.

The true story of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle's transactions with Lady Harriet Ashburton, and of the misunderstanding which arose out of it, is simple enough, and is brought out in the letters, now published, which were withheld by Mr. Froude. Lady Harriet was one of the most brilliant women of the day, and Mrs. Carlyle herself wrote of her on her first visit: "The cleverest woman out of sight that I ever saw in my life; moreover, she is full of energy and sincerity, and has, I am sure, an excellent heart." Was it reprehensible that Carlyle admired this vivacious and fascinating woman, and took pleasure in her society, and in that of her noble and accomplished husband, and of the men of wit and genius she gathered round her? She opened to this reserved, fastidious man and to his wife the highest literary circles, where he could meet on equal terms those most distinguished in rank and learning. Was it flagitious in him to avail himself of the opportunities thus offered? She provided for him and his wife a luxurious convalescent home when they felt need of change of

scene and air, or required to recruit after illness. Was it heinous to accept such kindness? She and her husband lavished on him and his wife delicate attentions. He would have been more than ungrateful had he, at a woman's caprice, thrown over such generous benefactors.

Even Miss Jewsbury allows that Mrs. Carlyle never had an iota of a cause for real jealousy; but, says she, Mrs. Carlyle was sensitive and exacting beyond other women, and the consciousness that she who had been her hero's mainstay through the long days of obscurity was now when the sun of prosperity shone to be superseded in his supreme regard by any other woman, was gall and wormwood to her soul. That she was so superseded for an instant there is not a jot or tittle of evidence to show; in fact, all the documents available go to prove not only that she never had a rival in her husband's heart, but that his fealty to "that most queen-like woman," as he called Lady Ashburton after her death, was not incompatible with a far deeper devotion to the intellectual sovereignty of his wife. "Any other wife," says Miss Jewsbury, "would have laughed at Carlyle's bewitchment with Lady Ashburton," but her it made "more intensely and abidingly miserable than words can utter."

Mrs. Carlyle's primary grievance against Lady Ashburton arose out of chagrin at what she regarded as her superior cleverness. Highly educated, well read, quick-witted, sharpened by intercourse with her husband, Mrs. Carlyle, until she met Lady Ashburton, had been always able in society to hold her own amongst the men and to be peerless amongst the women. "Dined at Monckton Milnes'," she enters in her journal, "a pleasant party, which means that I myself was appreciated." But at Lady Ashburton's

table she encountered one who was, she felt, more than a match for her, and she was accordingly vexed and envious of the adulation which her rival received. To be overcome in a wit-combat by another woman is a festering wound to a clever woman, to be permanently deposed from the leadership of a coterie is a consuming canker. I do not believe that Lady Ashburton with all her sprightliness and culture was intellectually equal to Mrs. Carlyle, but she had social prestige and confidence, and as hostess she occupied the coign of vantage, and so Mrs. Carlyle came to feel at her visits at the Grange and Addiscombe that she was not the sole centre of attraction that she liked to be. The unjustifiable sense of humiliation thus engendered, at first general, after a time concentrated itself on her husband, and she came to fear that she had dwindled in his estimation, and that he thought more of the aristocratic and richly-gifted dame than he did of his own eclipsed and somewhat faded spouse. She is discovered sighing over a little compliment he had paid her "when there was no Lady A. to take the shine out of me in *his* eyes." This was jealousy, and, as jealousy is a malignant and metastatic growth, we need not be surprised to find her soon giving way to more unworthy suspicions, and to bitterness and despondency.

But the true key to Mrs. Carlyle's frame of mind at the time of the Ashburton episode is to be found in her state of health. It seems clear that she then passed through a mild, but protracted attack of mental disturbance, which would be technically called on its psychical side climacteric melancholia, and on its physical side neurasthenia.

Mrs. Carlyle was hereditarily disposed to nervous

disease. Her father, an able and vigorous man, died of typhus fever at forty-three years of age. Of his family history, from a medical point of view, we know little, but that there was defective viability in the family we may infer, for although Dr. Welsh had twelve brothers and sisters, most of whom married, there was, at the time of Mrs. Carlyle's death, no heir left living in any branch of the family to inherit Craigenputtock. Her father's death, which happened when she was eighteen years old, cast a long dark shadow on Mrs. Carlyle's life. Her mother died of an apoplectic seizure, and a maternal uncle was paralysed, and it was from her mother's side that she derived her temperament. Mrs. Welsh is said to have been in fifteen different humours in the course of an evening, and was decidedly hot tempered; and such fragments of her letters as have come down to us, display the same fluency and power of racy off-hand description which distinguish the letters of her daughter. Mrs. Carlyle, as she became older, grew more and more into the likeness of her mother, and all her friends remarked this. She boasted of a strain of gipsy blood in her veins, derived from one Baillie who suffered (*i.e.*, was hanged) at Lanark, and she was, according to Forster, "a cross between John Knox and a gipsy"; having in her constitution, therefore, warring and irreconcilable elements, the clash of which was often audible in her bitter-sweet and paradoxical utterances. She was a seventh month child, and entered on her race, therefore, handicapped with that tenuity of fibre which prematurity so often entails, and she was an only child and lacked, therefore, the democratic inculcations which membership of the little commonwealth of the nursery confers. Of

intensely nervous temperament, from her cradle, quick to feel and to react to feeling, she was, although her father was a doctor and a wise one in his generation, brought up under hot-bed conditions, her naturally eager brain being stimulated by praise, by emulation, by scholastic incitements, to put forth precociously its budding powers. She learnt Latin like a boy, and read Virgil at nine years of age; she would sit up half the night over a mathematical problem when a girl of twelve and wrote a tragedy at fourteen. As the inevitable consequence of all this she grew up a highly neurotic woman—the flame of life in her brilliant, but ever-flickering and flaring; and that she was herself able to trace much of her debility in after life to having been educated "not wisely but too well" is clear; for after a bad nervous breakdown she wrote, "Too much of schooling hadst thou, poor Ophelia."

When she was a mere girl, long before she had met Carlyle, she had developed her mordant—one might almost say, having regard to her age and circumstances—morbid wit, for a girl in her teens should not pique herself on her quick perception of analogies between things apparently heterogeneous, or on the use of strong language. A friend said of her at this time that her shrewdness and incisive speech would have made her detestable but for her beauty and charm of manner. When still a girl too her pathological tendencies had begun to show themselves, for there are complaints of sick headaches, and before her marriage these had got a firm hold of her. In the spring of 1826 she writes to Carlyle's mother: "I have been unfitted for working at anything lately but by starts, owing to an almost

continual severe pain in my head." Throughout her married life these sick headaches continued to recur, often with prostrating severity, generally lasting for three days, sometimes longer. They were brought on by worry or excitement, even by the effort of talking, always by bodily vibration, as by travelling in a railway train, and were sometimes instantly arrested by a strong mental impression, their dependence on nerve-storm being thus evinced. Besides the sick headaches she suffered from many, indeed innumerable, attacks of influenza; Harriet Martineau said she had "eight influenzas annually." And besides the influenza she had frequent catarrhs or colds, as she calls them, which were periodical in character, occurring almost invariably in spring and autumn. The influenzas and the colds in Mrs. Carlyle's case may have been due to micro-organisms or local conditions in the air passages, but these maladies, as we now know, both depend to some extent on a special predisposition in the sufferer, having its root in the nervous system, and both leave their stamp on that system and gradually undermine it. That the nervous system in Mrs. Carlyle was all along unstable and excitable is indicated by her intolerance of noise of all kinds, which was as great as that of her husband, and by her sleeplessness, which was even worse than his. Within a year of her marriage she is writing to her husband from Templand that she was "demolished" by a sleepless night, and from that time the demon insomnia never ceased to haunt her with more or less persistency. In 1848, she wrote, "I sleep three hours a night, and that in small pieces." When with the sleeplessness one of what she called her "patent head-

aches" was combined, she sometimes passed into a state of unconsciousness. In July, 1846, she wrote to her husband, "I lay the greater part of the day in a sort of trance, neither asleep nor awake." For several years before the date which I would fix as that of the climax of her mental trouble she had been occasionally taking henbane or hyoscyamus to allay pain and excitability and pretty frequently morphia to compel sleep, and it is a secondary action of the latter drug to induce unfounded suspicions and even delusions of persecution in those who habitually indulge in it. She was, like her husband, addicted to excessive tea-bibbing, and smoked cigarettes at a time when that practice was less common amongst English ladies than it is to-day. She was in short the very woman in whom the physician would expect a nervous breakdown at a critical epoch of life. The drawback to her writings, it must be allowed, is the sick-room flavour that pervades them and the frequent invocations of castor-oil. They are of scientific interest as presenting an instructive series of studies in neurotics, but they are perhaps a little too bulletinish for the general taste.

As early as 1841, Mrs. Carlyle complains of low spirits, due, as she then correctly surmised, to some sort of nervous ailment, and after that there were from time to time periods of gloom, which, as nervous people are apt to do, she attributed to the pressure of some passing event; but it was not until 1846, when she was forty-five years of age, that her despondency assumed a morbid complexion. Then, however, there enveloped her a cloud of wretchedness, an emanation of her own vapour-breeding brain, which deepened and darkened until 1855, when that

excruciating 'Journal' was written. It was all but completely dispelled in 1857, leaving behind it, however, impaired bodily health and the seeds of serious evils in the nervous system, which afterwards sprouted and brought renewed depression of a very different nature from that previously experienced.

Mrs. Carlyle's mental malady was emotional throughout, and did not in any appreciable degree involve her intellectual powers. Her letters written during its continuance are, I think, less sprightly and discursive than those written before its invasion; but advancing years might account for that, and at their feeblest they are of more intellectual value than are most other women's letters at their strongest and best. Her marvellous will-power enabled her to a great degree to suppress the outward manifestation of the gnawing mind-cancer within, but not altogether, for some of her friends condoled with her on her haggard and careworn look; the dressmaker remarked how emaciated she had become, and she herself refers more than once to her withered appearance. But what she could conceal when abroad flowed forth freely in the privacy of her own room, and her Journal bears unmistakably the stigmata of mental disorder—not insanity in the crude sense of the word, but a derangement of the feelings, with consequent delusional beliefs, having no rational foundation, and irremovable by demonstrative proof of their untenability, all due to a disease of the brain and nervous system which it is customary to call functional, because of the invisibility of the changes that accompany it and their remediable character. "My constant and pressing anxiety," she wrote, "is to keep out of Bedlam." "That eternal Bath

House!" she exclaims. "I wonder how many thousand miles Mr. C. has walked between there and here, setting up always another milestone and another between him and me." "Alone this evening," she complains, "Lady A. in town again, and Mr. C. of course at Bath House." "Dear, dear!" she goes on, "what a sick day this has been! Oh, my mother, nobody sees what I am suffering now!" "Much movement under the free sky is needful for me to keep my heart from throbbing up into my head and maddening it." "It was with a feeling like the ghost of a dead dog that I rose and dressed and took my coffee." "Weak as water. To-day I walked with effort one little mile, and thought it a great feat." "How I keep on my legs and in my senses with such little snatches of sleep is a wonder to myself." "*O me miseram*, not one wink of sleep the whole night through." "My heart is very sore to-night, but I have promised not to make this Journal a *miserere*, and so I will take a dose of morphia and do the impossible to sleep."

In these, and many other passages that might be quoted, the alienist will readily recognise the cerebral neurasthenia that is so often accompanied by profound dejection and mad fancies. And many collateral proofs of the existence of that condition might be quoted. While borne down by her own sorrows, Mrs. Carlyle developed some of that hunger for the horrible, which is morbid when it appears in a woman on her mental level. She searched the evening papers for thrilling incidents, and noted in her private journal the cases of a workman suffocated in a sewer by the falling in of earth, of a boy who was killed by a great waggon crashing over his head, and, with great minuteness, that of a woman

who threw her three children into the Thames, drowning one of them—from jealousy of a pretty apple woman, as Mrs. Carlyle was fain to believe, although she was judicially found insane. She actually at this time procured photographs of a number of noted murderers and placed them in her album, where they remain to this day. Mrs. Carlyle came herself rightly to understand her own frame of mind at the time of the anguish that burst forth in the Journal. The plaintive and tortured expressions cited were written in 1855 and 1856; but in 1857, she had largely recovered her equanimity and adopted a very different strain. Writing to her husband from Haddington in July that year, she said: "I never saw the country about here look so lovely, but I viewed it all with a calm about as morbid as my excitement was last year." A little later she tells him: "And so I have made up my mind to turn over a new leaf, and no more give words to the impatient or desponding thoughts that rise in my mind about myself. It is not a natural vice of mine, that sort of egotistic babblement, that has been fastened in me by the patience and sympathy shown me in my late long illness." Again: "So long as I had a noisy bedroom or miscooked food, even I had something to attribute my sleeplessness to; now I can only attribute it to my diseased nerves."

Had the symptoms at the time left any doubt as to the real meaning of the terrible despondency from which Mrs. Carlyle suffered, her subsequent history must have removed it. In 1863 she suffered from violent neuralgia which deprived her of the use of her left hand and arm, and two years later the same malady, after internal complications, rendered her right hand and arm powerless, at

the same time partially paralysing the muscles of the jaw and causing difficulty in speech. Along with the neuralgia, as it was then labelled—the more advanced neuro-pathology of to-day would probably give it another name—phrenalgia or mind pain returned, very acutely, but this time it did not become delusional, but was connected with her bodily sufferings. So far was there from being any jealousy of her husband at this time, that her affections went forth towards him with bounteous confidence. From St. Leonards, she writes to him, "Oh! my darling, God have pity on us." "Oh, my husband I am suffering torments; each day I suffer more horribly. Oh I would like you beside me! But I wish to live for you if only I could live out of torment." But with all her gushing love for her husband there were strong suicidal promptings. Direct admissions and allusions show this. In September, 1864, she wrote: "After all those nights that I lay meditating on self-destruction as my only escape from insanity." "White lace and red roses," she remarks in another letter, "don't become a woman who has been looking both death and insanity in the face for a year." With her great load of misery there came to her—who shall say whence or how?—a revival of religious sentiment. She who had so long stood at the Centre of Indifference, became profuse in ejaculatory prayer and echoes of the creed of her childhood. "God knows if we shall ever meet again," she wrote to her Aunt Miss Welsh, "and His will be done. I commit you to the Lord's keeping, whether I live or die." "Oh, if God would only lift my trouble from off me," she cried, "so far that I could bear it all in silence and not add to the trouble of others." "God can raise me up, but will He? Oh, I am weary,

weary." "Nobody can help me! Only God, and can I wonder if God take no heed of me when I have all my life taken no heed of Him?" Mrs. Carlyle died in 1866 from failure of the heart's action caused by the shock of seeing her little dog run over and injured by a carriage in Hyde Park.

Up till the date I have fixed for the incursion of her illness, Mrs. Carlyle's letters to her husband are like those of one still in love's young dream, ardent and playful. "God keep you, my own dear husband, and bring you safe back. The house looks very empty without you, and I feel empty too." "She (your wife) loves you and is ready to do anything on earth that you wish, to fly over the moon if you bade her." And so on until 1844, when we read, "Oh, my darling, I want to give you an emphatic kiss rather than to write. But you are at Chelsea and I am at Seaforth, so the thing is clearly impossible for the moment. But I must keep it for you till I come, for it is not with words that I can thank you for that kindest of birthday letters and its small enclosure—the little key." And so on indeed, until 1846, when the glimmerings of distrust appear "Yes," she then writes, "I have kissed the dear little card case (another birthday gift) and now I will lie down awhile and try to sleep. At least to quiet myself I will try to believe, Oh! why cannot I believe once for all? that with all my faults and follies I am still dearer to you than any other earthly creature." But after this the correspondence cools. The letters have no amatory introduction, are subscribed "faithfully yours" or "yours ever," and contain sometimes sharp taunts and querulous reproaches, sometimes acknowledgments of her own infirmity. "God knows," she tells him in 1850,

"how gladly I would be sweet-tempered and cheerful-hearted and all that sort of thing for your single sake, if my temper were not soured and my heart saddened beyond my power to amend them." It was not until the lapse of years had brought healing, and convinced her that his strange humours had never arisen from any real indifference towards her that the old tenderness returned: but it is pleasant to know that it did return, for in 1864 we find her beginning her letters with all a girl's effusive fondness: "Oh, my own Darling Husband."

Throughout the whole of Mrs. Carlyle's illness, covering the Ashburton episode, Carlyle's attitude towards his wife was singularly noble. These slighter forms of masked insanity — mental dyspepsias they might be called—such as I maintain Mrs. Carlyle suffered from, are really much more trying to those who have to deal with them than downright madness, and few positions more distressing and difficult can be conceived than that of Carlyle who, while wrestling with a heavy and brawny task and himself harassed by hypochondria, had to bear the incessant pin-pricks, aye! and stiletto plunges too, of an ailing unreasonable and hot-tempered wife, possessed by groundless jealousy. "She had," he had once said, "when she was angry a tongue like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch." He must have been nearly flayed alive during her mental derangement. But, whatever he may have had to endure, no harsh word or impatient protest escaped his pen. We have no trustworthy record of his personal intercourse with his wife at this time. Froude asserts that he "mismanaged the affair" and that his irritation broke forth from time to time, but the value to be attached to Froude's observa-

tions on the affair may be estimated by putting in juxtaposition his two statements that Carlyle knew, as he undoubtedly did, that his wife's jealousy was "a preposterous creation of a disordered fancy," and that "on a few hearty words, a simple laugh and the nightmare would have vanished." Preposterous creations of disordered fancies are not so easily disposed of. It took long years to rid the wife of her nightmare, and during these years the husband seems to have exercised commendable self-restraint. When it was all over his right-minded wife wrote: "I cannot tell you how gentle and good Mr. Carlyle is." He may have been wrathful and too free of indignant metaphors in speech now and then, but his letters are uniformly gentle and compassionate, full of encouragement and consolation. He knew she was the victim of a "freak of diseased fancy," and told her so, and set himself amidst countless impediments and distractions, undismayed by failure and disappointment, to compose and cheer her. A sweet charity and loving forbearance are indeed characteristic of all his communications to and about his wife, not only at this period, but throughout their whole married life. The portrait he has painted of her is a masterpiece of its kind, abounding in bold and harmonious colour, pre-Raphaelite in the truthfulness of its minute details, and so suffused by reverent devotion that all harsh features are subordinated. No Madonna was ever painted with more delicate touch or genuine inspiration. It speaks volumes, I think, for Carlyle's magnanimity that there is not to be ferreted out of his most private lucubrations one word reflecting unfavourably on his wife. From first to last he had nothing but praise and blessing to bestow on her. Choleric and

arbitrary he may have been in discourse with her, overwhelming objurgations may perhaps have rolled from his tongue, but the moment he took pen in hand he did her more than justice. There is in the world no conjugal correspondence displaying on the man's side half as much affectionate dedication as that of Carlyle and his wife. Unsparing in his self-reproaches for irritability or wilfulness, he was indulgent to her beyond measure, and never set down aught in accusatory condemnation of the trials and vexations she caused him. His gratitude for the protection and help she gave him was unbounded, and during the fifteen years he survived her his main occupation was to arrange the materials for what would have been, had it been erected as he wished and left undefaced, the most impressive and sorrowful cenotaph ever uplifted to mortal woman.

Apart from the Ashburton misunderstanding, which was, as I have endeavoured to show, a mere figment of a perverted imagination, the offspring of an excited brain, Carlyle's critics and Mrs. Carlyle's women friends have still grave fault to find with him. In their view she had a craving for little marks of attention for caresses and loving words which were denied her by the cold hard man she had married. I do not believe a word of it, and I think those who advance such a theory have strangely misconceived Mrs. Carlyle's character and Scottish customs. She was the last woman to desire or tolerate public exhibitions of uxoriousness or to measure the depth of a husband's love by the froth on the surface, and she was reared in a school in which effusiveness is not approved. The Scotch are a dour race. A mask of gruffness is as characteristic of a Scotchman as is a

veneer of politeness of a Frenchman. Scotchmen dissemble their love without actually kicking their relations downstairs, but with lowering looks that a stranger might mistake for an intention to do so. With them the family affections and conjugal fidelity are at the highest. But the temper of the people, saturated with Calvinism, is severe and self-restraining, and they rarely give voice to those terms of endearment which are so constantly pirouetting on Southern lips. The head of a Scottish household is rarely heard addressing his wife as "love," or "dear," or "darling," or "sweetheart"; "Gude wife," he calls her, or "mither," or "Maggie," "Jeannie," or "Elsie," as the case may be. To the children he speaks in kindly diminutives, but to his wife his address might, to the uninitiated, sound somewhat harsh, while her replies might savour of snappishness. And yet are they united in life-lasting, storm-defying love—love too well assured to need proclamation, at least in company, in which, indeed, they have a secret satisfaction in demeaning themselves in a circumspect and distant fashion. A Scotchman would immediately suspect there was something wrong if he saw a husband and wife fondling in public or heard them "Joeing" and "dearieing" each other. Mrs. Carlyle was too sensible a woman and knew her husband's upbringing and severe turn of mind too well to expect or desire of him blandishments or pettings. She must have remembered that his intercourse with his mother for whom, as Froude admits, his love was profound, consisted mainly in sitting with her silently by the fireside and enjoying a tranquillising pipe of tobacco, and curiously enough she has anticipated and disallowed the plea of her apologists that he gave her cause of offence by his negligence in small matters. "In great

matters," she wrote of him, "he is always kind and considerate, but now the desire to replace to me the irreplaceable" [her mother who had died recently] "makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great." "I wish he would growl a bit," she once wrote. On another occasion, she speaks of her husband's "little well-timed flatteries," which roused her from inactivity.

But whatever his lip-service, Mrs. Carlyle had overwhelming written testimony of her husband's attachment. "Oh, my love, my dearest, always love me; I am richer with thee than the whole world could make me otherwise." "The Herzen Goody must not fret herself and torment her poor sick head. I will be back to her, not an hour will I lose. Heaven knows the sun shines not on the spot that could be pleasant to me were she not there, so be of comfort, my Jeannie!" "Adieu, dearest, for that is, and if madness prevail not, may for ever be your authentic title." This is the strain that with quaint and beautiful modulations runs through his letters to her for forty years of their wedded life, and with it reverberating in her heart she could scarcely hanker after loud-mouthed endearments or punctilious courtesies. She rejoiced rather in their wit-combats and the banter and bickerings they exchanged in the little drawing-room in Cheyne Row. There the shuttle of persiflage sped merrily to and fro. Dull guests with no sense of humour (and Froude was barren of humour) may have seen animosity in these encounters, but they were tournaments of intellectual fence in which a clever thrust or parry gave equal pleasure to both opponents. Tennyson, with his poet's insight discerned better than some others their true relations, for he said as reported

in his Biography: "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle on the whole enjoyed life together, else they would not have chaffed one another so heartily." Browning, too, saw beneath the surface, and while expressing his affectionate reverence for Carlyle never ceased to defend him against the charge of unkindness to his wife. He went too far in describing her as a hard, unlovable woman; but he was right in holding that for any domestic disquietude they experienced she was the more to blame of the two. Mrs. Carlyle, no less than her husband, was "gie ill to deal wi'." The letters written in her girlhood to Eliza Stodart display a somewhat headstrong disposition and biting sarcasm, remarkable in one still in the bright and genial morning of youth, who had suffered no hardships or disappointments, and are couched in language so frank and strong as to make it certain she did not derive from her husband the expletives she used in later life. "Do you know, Mrs. Carlyle," the elder Stirling once said to her, "you would be a vast deal more amiable if you were not so damnably clever." "It must be admitted," says even her champion, Froude, "Mrs. Carlyle knew how to administer a shrewing"; but much of his blundering arose out of his inability to distinguish between her shrewing and croaking and cooing covertly. Preconceived idea again uppermost, he took literally many of her sallies and allusions to her husband, which were purposely Brobdignagian in their dimensions. He failed to realise that hyperbole was her favourite figure. Had he taken her jocose descriptions of her negotiations with her domestic servants as seriously as he does some of her denunciations of her husband, he must have written her down the veriest termagant. Had he listened

gravely to her anathemas on bugs, he must have regarded her as an Entomological mono-maniac.

Carlyle, when his wife was away from him, wrote to her almost daily; not hurried, excusive scribbles, but voluminous letters in his best style; keeping her acquainted with the current of events without, and of thoughts and feelings within; and this he did in the midst of his most strenuous toil, when his brain must have been fagged, and his wrist cramped with pen-driving. And outside his letters, many glimpses of Carlyle's incessant solicitude about his wife are still recoverable. Up till quite late in life Carlyle was a poor man, often hard pressed to make both ends meet. In 1845, Mrs. Carlyle wrote: "I defy those people to live as we do on thirty shillings a week"; and yet he never failed out of his scanty store to make his wife some little birthday present, some trifling article—an umbrella, card-case, or locket—trifling, but costly in proportion to his slender means. He never required to be reminded of the day; and, notwithstanding his repugnance to shopping, always went and bought the gift himself. Out of the first money earned by lecturing on German literature, in May, 1837, he handed, immediately on returning to dinner, a sovereign each to his wife and her mother to buy something with as a handsel of the novelty. When she got into arrears in her house accounts, and found her allowance insufficient, she wrote him a long letter on the state of the exchequer, which, had it stood alone, Froude would assuredly have quoted as evidence of her husband's stinginess, and of her timidity in approaching her hard task-master; but happily at the foot of the page, in Carlyle's writing, are these words: "Excellent, my dear

clever Goody, thriftiest, wittiest, and cleverest of women. I will set thee up again to a certainty, and thy £30 more shall be granted, thy bits of debts paid, and thy will be done." As soon as his income allowed, he pressed her to have a brougham, instead of driving in hired flies; but as she seemed reluctant to take steps to choose one herself, he ultimately stirred in the matter and the brougham was bought—the brougham in which she died, her hands resting in her lap, passing gently into the imperturbable sleep so often longed for in hours of suffering, so little coveted when it came in the supreme moment of triumph. "She had infinite satisfaction in this poor gift; was boundlessly proud of it 'as her husband's testimony to her.'" "The noble little soul. . . . Oh, when she was taken from me, and I used in my gloomy walks to pass that door where the carriage-maker first brought it out for her approval, the feeling in me was (and at times still is) deeper than tears; and my heart wept tragically loving tears, though my gloomy eyes were dry."

Mrs. Carlyle had boundless respect and love for her husband, but still there was a void in her existence. The childless woman lavished her pent-up affections on many pets, horses, dogs, cats, canaries, hedgehogs, and even a leech; but unsatisfied longing still harassed her, and combining with her keen sagacity made her cynical beyond the common standard of her sex. "An infant crying in the night" at Cheyne Row, would not have been "cheap," might have vexed Carlyle's soul worse than his neighbour's cocks and hens, and would not have been so easily got rid of; but it would in all likelihood, paradoxical though it may sound to say so, have brought peace, hope and contentment to the household.

To allege as Froude does, that Carlyle neglected his wife, is to libel him. He had his work to do, laborious work which he could only carry on in solitude, and so he was compelled to separate himself from her during his working hours, but surely most working men, whether of trades or professions, have to do the same. On the whole he spent much more time with her than the average husband is wont to spend with his wife. He did not dine at his Club on dainty dishes and leave her to fare on cold mutton at home. He had no amusement or pursuits apart from her, except his horse exercise, which was a medical prescription, and he only left her on those visits to the Ashburtons in which it was generally her own fault if she did not participate, or for those visits to his kindred in Scotland, which were at once a duty and a necessity of health. He did his best to provide her with small pleasures and assisted her in her charities. How monstrously he has been misrepresented in these respects I may illustrate by one example. Miss Gully writes: "In his richest days he would never have more than one servant. . . . I don't see myself that he had any right to indulge in the luxury of having a witty wife and yet indulge in his idiosyncrasy of only having one cheap servant." Will it be believed that it was by Mrs. Carlyle's express wish that only one servant was kept and that after two had been employed in deference to his earnest representations, she lay awake at night regretting the time when she had only one little maid? Such matters are insignificant enough but they merit notice, because it is such misrepresentations that have been piled up to damage Carlyle's good name.

And yet this man who has been held up to obloquy

as a misanthrope, a raging snarling egotist, a miserable dyspeptic, a restless Annandale eccentric, a venomous iconoclast of other men's reputations, a boor and a brute —all these opprobrious epithets have actually been applied to him, and it has been hinted moreover that he was a wife-beater—was full of magnanimity and human kindness. Note his conduct in great affairs. Mill came to announce that crushing catastrophe the burning of the manuscript of the first volume of the 'French Revolution.' He sat for three hours, and when he went the first words that Carlyle spoke were: "Well, Mill, poor fellow, is very miserable. We must try to keep from him how serious the loss is to us." Mark his self-sacrifice. On the death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother he had a strong desire to retain the house and garden at Templand as an autumn retreat for himself, "no prettier place of refuge could be in the world," but Mrs. Carlyle shrank from going there, so he at once abandoned the project, cancelled the lease and sold off everything. Learn his patience and consideration for others. He arrived in Liverpool from Ireland between five and six in the morning and was found an hour later seated on his luggage at the door of Mr. Welsh's house in Maryland Street, placidly smoking a cigar, having resolved not to disturb the household so early. Inwardly digest his practical benignity. Travelling by coach from Liverpool to London with a new servant engaged at Annan—this is the entry in his diary: "Breakfast at Newport Pagnell (I had given Anne the inside seat, night being cold and wet) awkward, hungry Anne, homesick, would hardly eat anything until bidden and directed by me." Mrs. Carlyle scalded her foot, "Five weeks I carried her

upstairs nightly to her bed, ever cheerful and hopeful one." While staying at Scotsbrig in 1843 he devoted a whole day to visiting his wife's old pensioner women at Thornhill. Notwithstanding his stern maxims, he was the softest-hearted of men. Thrifty and frugal in his personal habits, he was a prodigal in his benevolence. Thoughtful for his mother's wants, generous to other members of his family, he was helpful in all cases of genuine suffering that were brought to his notice. Depths of tenderness and refinement lay in this rugged man. Miss Martineau said he was distinguished by his enormous force of sympathy. "No one who knew him," says Masson, "but must have noted how instantaneously he was affected or even agitated by any case of difficulty or distress in which he was consulted, or that was casually brought to his cognizance; and with what restless curiosity and exactitude he would enquire into all the particulars, till he had conceived the case thoroughly and as it were taken the whole pain of it into himself. The practical procedure if it was possible was sure to follow." If he could do a friendly act to any human being he did it, and care and personal exertion if needed were not wanting. Intolerant of sentimentality he was himself a deep well of sentiment undefiled, from which clear and refreshing pailfuls were drawn daily by passing events. It was really dirty surface-water sentiment that stirred his ire, not the pellucid draughts that come from its hidden springs. To the strangers who pestered him with their curiosity, and to the literary aspirants who sought his aid or benediction—and few men have suffered more persecution of this kind than he did—he was as a rule bluntly honest, but substantially kind, and if a rude word did

escape him, it was not long before he made what amends were in his power. Even in extreme old age his testiness was evanescent, and followed by prompt contrition.

"I shall never forget," Mrs. Allingham writes to me, "the alarm I felt the first morning when, by Mary Aitken's kind invitation, I made the drawings of him in 1878. I had settled myself with paper and colours ready on the old sofa in the drawing-room in Cheyne Row. Carlyle came in and eyed me suspiciously (no wonder, he had not been told I was coming). When Mary quietly remarked that I was just going to make a little sketch of him while he sat and read before he went for his drive, he became restive, and said, 'She tried me before, and made me look like a fool.' 'The very reason,' Mary said, 'that she wants to draw you again.' Then he got up and marched to the door, saying, 'I have had enough of sketching.' I longed to fly, but Mary only laughed, and signed to me to be quiet and wait. She brought him to his armchair and settled him there, with his book close in front of the fire; and I with fear and trembling began to sketch him. When he shifted his position I began a new drawing; this for about an hour, when the carriage was announced. Mary had been quite right; as soon as he became interested in his book he forgot all about me, and when the time came to go all his natural kindness of heart and courtesy to a guest were present again, and, finding that I had not finished my drawing, he invited me to come again. It was the same on the subsequent visits—as to his kindness—and he complimented me on the likeness of my drawings. One day Browning called, and they had a brilliant talk about Michelet. Browning curbed his natural energy to

listen with great deference to Carlyle till the moment came for him to reply, which he did in his usual vivid manner."

I have dwelt at this length on Carlyle's conjugal relations and on his character as disclosed in private life, because it is in connection with these that popular feeling was stirred up against him, solely owing to Froude's phantasmagoric caricatures, and to the unauthorised and pernicious use he made of the papers entrusted to his sorting and selection. No sooner had Froude spoken than, as Mr. W. S. Lilly has pointed out, "gigmanity" was up in arms, and was speedily joined by the brougham and tandem people. All the interests that Carlyle had offended by his outspoken judgments took vengeance on his memory when he was safe in his grave. There was "an explosion of the doggeries," and an insensate yelping has been kept up ever since. But the attacks on Carlyle have not been confined to his domestic history or personal traits. The work of traduction has been amplified and elaborated, and now there is nothing that he said or did that has not been ridiculed or belittled. I cannot attempt to challenge here or even to enumerate the adverse criticisms that have been passed on Carlyle and his writings; but about one of the last of them I would say a few words. That is to be found in the biography of the late Professor Benjamin Jowett, published in 1897. In a letter written in 1866, Jowett says of Carlyle that he is a man "totally regardless of truth, totally without admiration of any active goodness, a self-contradictory man, who investigates facts with the most extraordinary care in order to prove his own preconceived notions." And in a letter to Lady Abercromby, dated

March, 1881, he remarks that "all London is talking about the 'Reminiscences' with well-deserved reprobation.' 'It contains, however,' he goes on, 'a true picture of the man himself, with his independence, ruggedness and egotism, and the absolute disregard and indifference about everybody but himself. He was not a philosopher at all to my mind, for I do not think that he ever clearly thought out a subject for himself. His power of expression outran his real intelligence, and constantly determined his opinion; while talking about shams, he was himself the greatest of shams."

Now the witticism attempted at the close of this tirade, that the denouncer of shams was himself a sham, is not original but a variant of the old story of Thackeray, who once when congratulated on his 'Book of Snobs,' replied with an air of confidential confession, "Ah, madam, I could not have written that book had I not been myself a snob." But the witticism, if not original in form, certainly contains a statement that is strikingly original, and even grotesque in its absurdity and inappropriateness; for if there is one fact about Carlyle more certain than another it is this, that he was in deadly earnest. No one can dip into his writings without being convinced of this, and no one who has written about him, save Jowett, has ever accused him of affectation or pretence. Jeffrey's complaint about him was that he was "so dreadfully in earnest." Goethe recognised in him "a new moral force, the extent and effect of which it is impossible to foretell." Sir E. B. Hameley said: "Carlyle is an eminently earnest man, and to his earnestness may be traced at once the worst and the best qualities of his writings." The late Professor

Nicol, a favourite pupil of Jowett, for whose opinion he expressed much respect, said: "Carlyle has no tinge of insincerity; his writings, his conversation, his life are absolutely, dangerously transparent. His utter genuineness was in the long run one of the secrets of his success." "Coming back to the Society of Carlyle," said Lady Ashburton, "after the dons of Oxford is like returning from some conventional world to the human race." Froude, even the traducent and deprecatory Froude, declared that he left the world "having never spoken, never written a sentence which he did not believe with his whole heart, never stained his conscience by a single deliberate act which he could regret to remember." And let Carlyle speak for himself. On finishing the 'French Revolution,' he said to his wife: "I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or undo, or entirely forbear to do (as is likeliest); but this I would tell the world: you have not had for a hundred years a book that came more direct and flamingly sincere from the heart of a man: do with it what you like, you ——." He had the earnestness of Milton and the sensibility of Sterne, and it was from the interactions of these that came both his humour and his irritability.

Jowett offers no evidence in support of his accusation of shammery against Carlyle. The Master of Balliol has spoken, and Carlyle is gated for evermore. He says, indeed, that Carlyle, while exhorting to serious work, would be the first to laugh at any one who tried to embark on it. "If I were engaged," he writes, "in any work more than usually good (which I never shall be), I know that he would be the first person to utter a powerful sneer,

and if I were seeking to know the truth he would ridicule the very notion of an *homunculus* discovering the truth." But this would not be a sham, but sardonic derision, and the allegation is unwarrantable, for no one reverenced the truth-seeker more than he, who had fought his way from the "Everlasting No," through the "Centre of Indifference" to the "Everlasting Yea." It was not the honest truth-seeker, however humble, but the man who, while feigning to seek truth, had all the time a furtive eye to his own advantage, that earned Carlyle's contempt. He could be unstinted in his appreciation of good work. No doubt he was too prone to ascribe unworthy motives; but that is not characteristic of the sham, whose best weapon is wholesale and servile flattery. No doubt he was occasionally severe and hasty in his strictures on his contemporaries—an unpardonable offence in these mutual-admiration and log-rolling days—but many of his proleptic remarks upon them have been justified by events; and it is rank falsehood to assert that he had never a good word to say of any one. He has spoken with liberal approbation and esteem, without any qualifying jibes, of scores of men, public characters and private friends, of Lockhart, Sterling, Shaftesbury, Monckton Milnes, Landor, Cavaignac, Mitchell, Graham, Redwood, Baring, Erskine, Pusey, Clough, Cockburn, Thirlwall, Forster, Tennyson, Tyndall, Larkin.

Granted, as Jowett suggests, that Carlyle scoffed at some of those who were striving to give effect to his teachings, there was not necessarily any insincerity in that, for one may lay down general principles without committing oneself to approval of every well-meaning essay at their practical application. It is permissible to

advocate the building of breakwaters and still to smile at Mrs. Partington's mop. The over emphasis and exaggeration of which Carlyle was unquestionably guilty were, one phrase makes me think, relied on by Jowett as indicating that he was a sham; but this is strangely to misinterpret them, for they were in his case not the trumpetings of the quack, but the wrathful denunciations of a righteous man, who sees wrong prevailing around him, and can be angry and sin not. It was impossible for him to be sluggish, indifferent, or cool. He thought deeply, and felt strongly with compassionate affection, and was by organic necessity imperative and aggressive in urging his conclusions. He had abounding humour, too, and this often led him into exaggeration, and often pulled him up in it. A friend tells us that he has seen him many times check himself in a tumult of indignation with some ludicrous touch of self-irony, wander into some absurd phantasy, and end in a burst of uproarious laughter. Carlyle gave up his best prospects in life for conscience' sake—he chose toil and poverty, he was just and generous to all who had claims on him, he trampled on the idols of the market-place and set up the eternal verities in their place, he never budged an inch to threat or cajolery, or was swayed by self-interest, or fawned on the rich and powerful. No more fervid and sincere man ever breathed the breath of life. And I suspect that those who charge him with lack of earnestness are not in earnest themselves, and cannot understand him.

That Jowett had a grudge against Carlyle is tolerably clear. He never forgave him the epigrammatic flash, with reference to 'Essays and Reviews,'—"The sentinel who deserts should be shot," and he never lost an

opportunity of a thrust at him who had inflicted this sore hurt. Soon after Carlyle's death reference was made in Jowett's presence to Proctor's speculation that it was not impossible that about the year 1897 a comet might strike the sun and raise its temperature just sufficiently to cause the destruction of all animal life on the earth. Upon which Jowett remarked: "How pleased Mr. Carlyle would have been to hear this if he had been alive." Towards the end, perhaps, there was some mitigation of his rancour, for in 1891 he delivered himself of a more favourable opinion of Carlyle, which does not, however, enhance one's estimation of his critical acumen. He had been reading 'Obiter Dicta.' One critic reviewing 'In Memoriam' committed himself to the opinion that it was the work of a widow, written in memory of her late husband, who was a military man. Jowett fell into a similar error with reference to 'Obiter Dicta,' informing Mr. J. A. Symonds that it was written by a lady at Clifton. "It contains," he continues, "an excellent favourable criticism of Carlyle, and many new and well-expressed thoughts. I find that my old feeling about Carlyle comes back again, and when a man has written so extremely well you don't care to ask whether he was a good husband or a good friend."

It is not necessary in defending Carlyle to assail Jowett. All must admire the simplicity of his character, his aversion to what was unreal, his power of imagination, his industry, his generous patronage of youthful talent; but at the same time we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that he was intellectually and morally immeasurably inferior to Carlyle and had a lower and narrower range of vision. He was a gentleman, as has been said,

who was very much at his ease in Zion. He knew few or no privations, and had the finest educational advantages; while Carlyle had to wrestle with difficulties and encumbrances for a great part of his life, felt the pinch of poverty, and had practically to educate himself. Jowett identified himself with the interests of his college, which became, it was said, an embodiment of selfishness and greed; while Carlyle embraced the universe in the magnificent sweep of his conceptions, and had a passionate sympathy with human helplessness. Jowett entertained the great of the land sumptuously at the Master's Lodge; while Carlyle gave a dish of tea to a few choice spirits in the dingy little drawing-room in Cheyne Row. Jowett's name is known to a few scholars—he can never touch the masses; Carlyle's to multitudes wherever our language is spoken.

Jowett has freely recorded his opinion of Carlyle. Carlyle has, as far as I am aware, said very little about Jowett. He received from him, I know, a copy of his 'Plato,' "five bright-looking volumes," but he only cut a few leaves of it, and the only other reference to Jowett I can discover is in an unpublished letter lately brought to light. Dr. Carlyle, when he was staying at Humbie in August, 1859, had offered him the loan of one of Jowett's books, and his reply was "'Jowett' [*i.e.* his books] has no charms for me. I saw Jowett twice over, a poor little good-humoured owlet of a body, Oxford Liberal and very conscious of being so; not knowing right hand from left otherwise. Ach Gott!" One can well conceive, with what scathing scorn he would have disposed of Jowett's comfortable philosophy and of his views upon many subjects. Jowett held that civilisation owed more to

Voltaire than to all the Fathers of the Church, that Louis Napoleon was a genius worthy of admiration, that the Commune in Paris included a number of fine fellows, that Governor Eyre ought to have been hanged, that increased facilities should be given for divorce, that when there were various readings of the New Testament, the least orthodox should be preferred, that a gentleman's motto ought to be "regardless of money, except in great things and as a matter of duty," and the tradesmen's "take care of the pence and the pounds will look after themselves."

It is to be borne in mind, too, that Jowett himself, with his "cherubic chirp, commanding forehead, and infantile smile," for thus does an enthusiastic admirer describe him, was not free from suspicions of insincerity. He was often undecided, sitting on the rail, and when preaching sent away his hearer puzzled, not only as to what his opinions were, but as to whether he had any opinions at all. A witty parodist summed up his teaching in the jest which will still bear repetition: "Some men will say that this day is hot, and some, on the other hand, that it is cold; but the truth is it is neither, or rather both, for, like the Church of Laodicea, it is lukewarm." And this is the teacher who said Carlyle was regardless of truth and called him a sham!

Carlyle had an abiding hatred of shams in small matters as well as great. I had an opportunity some time ago of asking the Duke of Rutland whether there was any truth in the story, which has been many times repeated, that in 1851 he (then Lord John Manners), Mr. Disraeli, and other members of the Young England Party, deeply impressed by the 'Latter Day Pamphlets,'

waited on Carlyle to invite from him some practical hints for legislation, only to be met by vague but tremendous exhortations to get things mended on pain of eternal perdition. "There is no truth in the story," said the Duke. "No doubt we of the Young England Party were all much struck by the 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' but we never supposed that Carlyle was the man to draft a Bill. It was general inspiration, not detailed instructions, that we expected from him. I only met Carlyle once," the Duke added, "and that was in the house of Sir William Stirling Maxwell. Thinking to interest him, I told him that I had just returned from Dumfries, and was sorry to notice that the stones in the Burns' Mausoleum there were crumbling away from exposure to the weather." "Sorry!" exclaimed Carlyle, "I am very glad to hear it. I hope they will go on crumbling till there is not one stone left upon another. To think of it, that a man whose name was Turner, and who called himself Turnerelli, should have been employed to make a monument to the greatest genius that ever lived!"

Jowett's eminence and the deference paid to him by a select group of old pupils and admirers, some of them writers of high attainments, has secured for his depreciation of Carlyle wide currency and some acceptance. But Carlyle has foes fiercer and more implacable than Jowett. Some superior literary persons refer to him with undisguised contempt; and a distinguished member of the fraternity not long ago, utterly denied him any claim to greatness. He was, he declared, a common-place man, who raved portentously with nothing to say, whose scholarship was narrow and inexact, whose history was untrustworthy, whose style was detestable, whose knowledge of French

and German was very limited, and who twisted and distorted the English language. "We must go back," said the censor, "from the vehemence of Carlyle to the clearness and serenity of the eighteenth century."

Much might be said under each count of this indictment. I quote it merely as a grotesque example of the lengths to which the vilification of Carlyle may go. Fortunately, those holding such extreme views are few in number, and there is reason to believe that the calumniators of Carlyle of all shades are a diminishing body. The slump is over, and a steady appreciation has set in. The late Mr. H. D. Traill, who took a comprehensive and trigonometrical survey of the field of literature wrote in 1897: "Time has been swift of despatch in the case of Thomas Carlyle. Its award has been delivered within fifteen years of Carlyle's death, and it confirms the judgment of his contemporaries as to his literary greatness. The appeal of his posthumous detractors is dismissed with costs." Mr. Augustine Birrell, too, who is alert to read the signs of the times, said in the same year, "Oh, young man, do not be in too great a hurry to leave your Carlyle unread." Naming the greatest historians of the day, Mr. Birrell adds: "But no one of them is fit to hold a candle to Carlyle. . . . Excellent Thomas."

> "Come back in sleep, for in the life
> Where thou art not
> We find none like thee. Time and strife
> And the world's lot
> Move thee no more, but love at least
> And reverent heart
> May move thee, royal and released
> Soul, as thou art."

Mr. Arthur Balfour, while confessing that he is not of

the "straitest sect" of Carlyle's admirers, has declared that he was a great genius, and had in him a force and originality which enabled him to speak to two generations of his countrymen with a power and force on some of the deepest and most important subjects which can interest us as no other man has perhaps been able to do.

A Carlyle revival is upon us. The sale of his books is greatly and steadily increasing. Six copyright editions of the whole of his works have been issued and the non-copyright volumes have been published by half of the publishers in London. Of the last edition 20,000 copies were sold in three months, and the bulk of these went to Scotland and the north of England where the population is not the least hard-headed in these islands. The number of pilgrims to his shrine at Ecclefechan, a somewhat inaccessible and otherwise unattractive spot, is growing, and includes travellers from all quarters of the globe, even from China, Brazil and Argentina. Carlyle alone of Scotchmen with Burns and Scott has made conquest of the world. He has captured England and the United States, and sent successful expeditions into most of the countries of Western Europe, while every British Colony pays him tribute. To many of Carlyle's readers in all parts of the world these 'New Letters and Memorials' will be acceptable by removing misconceptions about him and his wife, and affording good proof that they really lived if not an ideal married life, a nearer approach to that than has been believed since Froude besmirched the record of it. And beyond this the Letters have a distinctive relish of their own. "Jane," Mrs. Montague once said to Mrs. Carlyle, "everybody is born with a vocation, and yours is to write little notes."

The Letters in this Collection are practically all new, not one of them having appeared in Froude's 'Letters and Memorials,' and only some half-dozen of them having been printed heretofore. In a few cases, Letters from which Froude had made brief extracts are given in full, and one Letter and two or three short Notes which Froude, without leave asked or given, incorporated in his 'Life of Carlyle,' are reprinted. With these exceptions, the Letters here given have not before been accessible to the public. All of them, except six which have been discovered lately, were included in Carlyle's 'Selection' copied in full under his personal direction and sent, with the originals, to Froude.

As many letters as possible have been printed in full; where omissions have been made they have been invariably marked. These omissions have seemed advisable because Mrs. Carlyle often tells the same items of news in identical words to two correspondents. Passages reflecting unfavourably on persons still living or recently deceased have been omitted or the names withheld. The notes and introductions prepared by Carlyle have his initials attached.

The "twenty years after my death," suggested by Carlyle as the time when the 'Letters and Memorials' might be published, have gone by, and there is still some "babbling of memory" about the great man and his wife. No apology is therefore necessary for the publication of this collection. Justification would indeed be needed for longer withholding it. The perusal of it will, it is to be hoped, lead the open-minded to sum up in the words of Burke: "He is rehabilitated, his honour is restored, all his attainders are purged."

Carlyle was a supremely great and good man—"the greatest of modern literary men," the *Scotsman* said on his death—and no one has yet appeared to dispute his pre-eminence. He was the most purely Teutonic, and grandly Titanic genius that has yet arisen. He was the most powerful of historical painters; authentic in fact, glowing in colour, by aid of the searchlight of a penetrating intellect, and indefatigable industry recovering for us in vivid presentation scenes and events long engulfed in the blackness of night, and clothing the bones of dead heroes with living flesh. He was a potent dramatic poet, full of fire, strength, impetuosity; sentient to all that is beautiful, mysterious, or sublime in the lot and fate of man. He was a clear-eyed critic and a just, who brought wide knowledge and sympathetic interest to the examination of every author or subject he approached. He was a splendid stylist, possessing powers of expression picturesque, eloquent, and captivating, if sometimes fantastic. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and talked as he wrote in a manner of his own; rich in rugged energy, tempered with softness and humour. He was a mighty moralist, scorning cowardice and cant, and insisting on righteousness and truth. He was a prophet, some of whose predictions are even now being fulfilled. He was an inspiring preacher, inculcating reverence and godly fear, and kindling enthusiasm. He was a good man, of simple, frugal, unsullied life, prickly outside, perhaps, but silken at heart like the Scottish thistle. "Excellent, Thomas!"

J. C.-B.

London, 1903.

NEW LETTERS & MEMORIALS OF
JANE WELSH CARLYLE. VOL. I

NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE

LETTER 1

"My brave little Woman had, by deed of law, settled her little estate (Craigenputtock) upon her Mother for life; —rent, some Two hundred Pounds, being clearly indispensable *there:* Fee-simple of the place she had, at the *same* time, by Will, bequeathed to *me,* if I survived her! Beautiful soul: I heard of this Will probably once only, and knew that it existed: but never saw it till June or July, 1866."—These words, written by Carlyle in 1869, are part of his unpublished annotations to the Letters and Memorials of his Wife: and though they were not written specifically to introduce the following Letter, they refer directly to the main subject of it, and may serve the purpose of an Introduction.

It may be added in further elucidation of the Letter, that Dr. Welsh (Mrs. Carlyle's Father) had died suddenly in 1819, leaving his Widow altogether unprovided for. At the time of his death, and for some years previous, his Practice had become an unusually extensive one, for a Country Doctor; he had taken a Partner (Dr. Howden) into the business, and the firm of Welsh and Howden continued to prosper, earning amongst other things a considerable professional income. Dr. Welsh, however, had spent all his savings in purchasing Craigenputtock,—or rather in purchasing his Brothers' and Sisters' prospective

shares of this Estate. To accomplish this he had been obliged to borrow money; and, although at his death the title-deeds of Craigenputtock stood in his name, he owed a considerable sum to his Brother Robert. On the other hand there was, of course, a little money in the Bank, in addition to out-standing debts due to him and his Partner. The final settlement of Dr. Welsh's Estate, which was arrived at in April, 1823, showed a balance of £145-12-3, due to his heirs after all debts had been paid. On submitting to Mrs. Welsh the final settlement and the accounts pertaining to it, her Family Lawyer, Mr. Alexander Donaldson, writes (on the 13th of April, 1823): "I subjoin an abstract of the whole: and that you may have the comfort of being out of debt, and possessed of some share of means, I enclose an Order on the Bank for the balance." (£145-12-3).—Dr. Welsh having died intestate, the real estate, consisting of Craigenputtock and the house in Haddington, became, on his death, the property of his Daughter. She was thus "an Heiress"; but an heiress with a Mother still in the prime of life, entirely dependent upon her. The "beautiful soul," as Carlyle justly calls her, generously came to her Mother's rescue, and sent to her, enclosed in this little Letter, a legal document which conveyed to her the unconditional ownership of the Haddington property, and made over to her "during all the days of her lifetime, all and whole the Lands of Upper Craigenputtock."

To Her Mother.

Haddington, '19 July, 1825.'*

My dearest Mother—Perhaps you will consider the enclosed a needless formality. It ought to have been done

*Mrs. Carlyle rarely dated her Letters. Inverted commas or 'single quotation marks,' are here, and elsewhere in this work, used to denote that the date enclosed in them is not given on the original Letter, but is inferred from other sources, such as the Post-mark, contents of the Letter, a dated reply to it, etc. When the date is doubtful, a 'mark of interrogation' (?) is placed after it.

long since, nevertheless ; and should have been done but for my dislike of talking to Mr. Donaldson about my private affairs. This foolish feeling, which has prevented me hitherto from carrying my intention into effect, might have prevented me, I believe, still longer, had I not promised to Mr. Carlyle when he was last here, that before we met again he should be delivered from the thought of loving an Heiress, a thought which is actually *painful* to his proud and generous nature.

The inclosed Paper conveys to you the Life-rent of Craigenputtock, and places the House here and everything belonging to it at your entire disposal to sell or burn or do anything you please with (I mention this to save you the trouble of reading the three long pages in which it is expressed). In the event of my marriage, which may *possibly* happen some time within the next six years, you might find it more advisable to sell than let it (for of course we will never part);—but that is a far-away consideration.

I write to avoid speaking on the subject; and I will esteem it particularly kind if you will not say a word to me about it.

Yours ever affectionately,

JANE B. WELSH.

LETTER 2

Kelhead Kilns ("The purest lime in Scotland") are some twelve miles eastward from Dumfries, on the Upper or "new" road from that Town to Annan and Carlisle and London; cottages of quarry people are scattered about, or stand in bits of rows, here and there, around the great

chasm and pillar of smoke; no other form of village or house there: Hoddam Hill is two miles north by a branch road which makes off at right angles there, and goes straight for Ecclefechan, passing within 400 yards of our door, and still closer by the old grey sandstone Tower on the crown of the Hill, before descending, as it now rapidly does, towards Annan Water (Hoddam Brig) and the beautiful green plain or valley-side, which lies beyond, with its long avenue of big shady Beeches which continues to Ecclefechan about two miles off. My dear little Pilgrim dates from Dumfries, where she now was, with her three Aunts and Grandmother who had shifted thither ("Albany place" there) from Penfillan, since the Grandfather's (John Welsh's) death. Her regular abode, perhaps for the last month or more, was "Templand" near Thornhill (almost right across the River from Penfillan, at a mile's distance and mutually visible): at this season she was apt to be on visit there with her Mother to Grandfather *Walter** and "Aunt Jeannie," both of whom, especially Aunt Jeannie (a very pattern of amiability, modest neatness and dexterity), she much liked. The place, a little Farm, with hardy old Farmhouse, thin and high, is beautifully situated on a broad knoll in the valley of the Nith; and had been trimmed, by Aunt Jeannie's frugal ingenuity and assiduity, into quite a beauty of a rustic Dwellinghouse with garden and appurtenances; a right pleasant shelter for the old Papa! Aunt Jeannie's own course had been sad enough, cheerful as her air was; and she died in some three years more. Grizzie (Grace or Grisel, my Mother-in-law), her elder Sister, had removed to Templand for residence, so soon as Comley Bank, Edinburgh, was ready for *us* and ours; she, on Sister's last illness, took charge of her Father (equally skilful, equally generous, tho' much less patient and amenable); and continued there till her own death.

My poor *Tugurium* of Hoddam Hill had kindled its

* Walter Welsh was Mrs. Carlyle's *maternal* Grandfather.

VIEW OF TEMPLAND.

household fire in May last, or earlier, and been my habitation ever since: one of the simplest establishments a Writing Man, out of health, and not far *in* of money, or of any other resource, could contrive for himself in this world! But it did hitherto quite prosperously well for me, and was felt as an immense relief from the intolerable fret, noise and confusion that had gone before. Brother Alick, with a cheap little man-servant, worked the farm, on his own footing and responsibility; my dear old Mother, with our maid-servant, and generally with *Jean* (always with her or *Jenny*, my two youngest Sisters,—Mainhill, with Father and two eldest ditto, only five miles off, in constant intercourse with us). Brother John, home from Edinburgh in Summer time, was usually our guest, botanizing, reading, good-humouredly roving about,—largely arguing too, and chopping speculative logic, when you would indulge him. The truth is, our Cottage Farmhouse (built for poor "Blackadder the Factor") was a neat enough kind of place, pretending even to something of ornamental (had its *aims* in that direction been at all attended to, as they had *not*); it was thoroughly watertight; had the essentials of utility, plenty of light, and at least two rooms of fair height and size most frugally but quite effectively furnished, which served me perfectly as bedroom and sittingroom, or working-room and diningroom; and were considered as *my* peculiar acquirement and conquest in the adventure. I had ample power of riding; and largely profited by it, in the airy expanses all about, silent, not desert, and known to me long ago. By day and by night, I had the blessed immunity from noise; none knows how welcome to me. Within my four walls was no soul that did not love me. I had steady work too, or was beginning to see it steady;—had bargained with Tait at Edinburgh, in April last, for the poor "German Romance" affair; and was busy, busy, reading for it, searching, modelling, considering, making ready to translate. Still more important processes were going on

in my inner man, tho' as yet but half-consciously; wait till they become conscious! Truly a *Tugurium* far more unfurnished might have served me on those terms. For the rest it had the finest and vastest prospect all round it I ever saw from any house: from Tyndale Fell to St. Bees Head, all Cumberland as in amphitheatre unmatchable; Galloway mountains, Moffat mountains, Selkirk ditto, Roxburgh ditto;—nowise indifferent ever to me, in spite of the prevailing cant on such matters; which always are subordinate extremely, and never supreme or near it.

Of course we were all on tiptoe expecting such a visit almost as if from the skies; and I, expectant I, was ready with two swift little horses, that Thursday evening at Kelhead. . . . She stayed with us above a week, happy, as was very evident, and making happy. Her demeanour among us I could define as unsurpassable; spontaneously perfect. From the first moment, all embarrassment, even my Mother's, as tremulous and anxious as *she* naturally was (superficially timid in the extreme, tho' *only* superficially), fled away without return. Everybody felt the all-pervading, simple grace, the perfect truth and perfect trustfulness of that beautiful, cheerful, intelligent and sprightly creature; and everybody was put at his ease. The questionable visit was a clear success on all hands.

She and I went riding about; the weather dry and grey,—nothing ever going wrong with us;—my guidance taken beyond criticism; she ready for any pace, rapid or slow; melodious talk, of course, never wanting. The country, quiet, airy, wholesome, has real beauty of its kind; and in parts (Hoddam Brig, for example) is even mildly *picturesque*. One evening, in that region, we had got into the "rooky wood"* and fine quiet Hill of Woodcockair (mysterious to me in my childhood as the home of the rooks I saw flying overhead); we rode prosperously a

*. . . Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
Macbeth, Act iii., Sc. iii.

pretty while; then rashly thought of gaining the summit for a grand view northward;—but ere long the ground became altogether stumbly; I hastily dismounted, found it to consist indeed of mere tumbled sandstone crags overgrown with *blae*-berries; and with great caution, not without terror, led her down, who sat quite fearless, into safe tracks again. Except once, long years ago, I had hardly ever been in mysterious Woodcockair before; and have never since been. The evening flight of its rooks over Ecclefechan, flinging down their hoarse, fitful Even-song on us, or oftener voiceless far overhead, is one of the earliest recollections of my childhood, and still beautiful to me.

We rode one day to Annan, dined with R. Dixon and his Wife (Edward Irving's Sister, kind reasonable people); another day was *chess* at Hoddam Manse between the fine old Clergyman, Mr. Yorstoun and her (rivals at that game, in Nithsdale, before now); this also was a pleasant little expedition for both of us, tho' in the chess part of it, I played spectator only.

Perhaps our nicest expedition was that to *The Grange*, a pleasant little islet of a *Lairdship*, nine or ten miles away, northward among the sleek Sheep Hills; whose *Laird and Leddy* (Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, the latter a Newbigging from Glasgow) were persons of real politeness and refinement; pretty much my one *visiting* place in Annandale in those years. We rode up by Castle Milk, on one of those two Saturdays, staid over-night: and rode home next morning, by Dalbate, Dunaby Hope, and Waterbeck; a most still and pretty ride as I still remember. The Ecclefechan small contribution to Hoddam Kirk, slowly wending thitherward together, were the only people we had to disturb, even by a momentary transit. Of course she went to Mainhill,—tho' I don't recollect. Certain she made complete acquaintance with my Father (whom she much esteemed and even admired now and henceforth, a *reciprocal* feeling, strange enough), and with my two elder

Sisters, Margaret and Mary,—who now officially "kept house" with Father there. On the whole she made clear acquaintance with us all; saw, face to face, us and the rugged peasant element and way of life we had;—and was *not* afraid of it; but recognised like her noble self, what of intrinsic worth it might have, what of real human dignity. She charmed all hearts, and was herself visibly glad and happy,—right loth to end those halcyon days; eight or perhaps nine, the utmost appointed sum of them.

As I rode with her to Dumfries, she did not attempt to conceal her sorrow;—and indeed our prospect ahead was cloudy enough. I could only say, *Espérons, espérons.* To her the Haddington, etc., element had grown dreary and unfruitful; no geniality of life possible there; and, I doubt not, many petty frets and contradictions. *Espérons,* my Dearest, *espérons.* We left our horses at the Commercial-Inn door; I walked with her, not in gay mood either, to Albany Place, and there on her Grandmother's threshold, had to say Farewell. In my whole life I can recollect no week so like a *Sabbath* as that had been to me; clear, peaceful, mournfully beautiful, blessed and as if sacred!—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Hoddam Hill, Ecclefechan.

[Dumfries, Saturday, '27 August, 1825.]

My dear Madam—Your Son, I hope has explained to you, that I am *not* the very uncertain person whom you have had good reason to take me for; and that my delay in making out my projected visit to you has been occasioned by circumstances, over which I had no control. At length, thank Heaven, there is no longer any obstacle to my wishes; and I purpose being with you on Thursday next, about eight in the evening.

You must not receive me as a stranger, remember;

for I do not come with a stranger's feelings. Mr. Carlyle has made me already acquainted with every member of his Family: and no one *he* loves can be indifferent to me, who have a Sister's interest in all that concerns him. Moreover you must prepare yourself to like me, if you possibly can, or your Son, I can assure you, will be terribly disappointed. Say to him that he must write me two lines by Monday's post, or I shall not be sure that my Letter has reached you. The address is Miss *Baillie* Welsh, Albany Place. Yours with respect,

JANE B. WELSH.

P. S.—The Coach in which I have taken a seat passes Kelhead about a quarter before eight o'clock.

LETTER 3

This Letter to my Mother (dear kind Letter!) I must have brought with me from Templand. Legible without commentary,—or with almost none. The Nithsdale visit is about terminating; and dull distant Haddington, with an uncertain future, lies ahead.

"The Fair" is Dumfries *Rood-mass Fair*, the chief one of the year in that locality. "Mag" is our lamented Margaret, my eldest Sister (four Brothers of us and four Sisters; all yet alive, except this one), who died five years after this, at Dumfries, whither we (in Craigenputtock then) had brought her for better medical aid, to no purpose, or less than none. A comely, quiet, intelligent, affectionate and altogether mildly-lucent creature (tho' of strong heart and will); *simplex munditiis* the definition of her, in person, mind and life. The clearest, practically wisest little child in her fourth or fifth years that I can remember to have seen. She had become my Father's life-*cloak* (so to speak), his do-all, and necessary-of-life;

he visibly sank on loss of her, and died within two years. To me it was the most poignant sorrow I had yet felt; and continued long with me,—nay at intervals is not yet quite dead. June, 1830, that dusky dusty evening with its poor noises, while she rode in a chair on my sorrowing Wife's knee, I walking by their side, to the new lodging we had got for her; which only lasted half a week! June 21, Alick and I were called, by express to ride (ever memorable "shortest-night" with its woods and skies); about 3 A. M., we found her dead:—about sunset that evening riding home alone, so broken by emotions and fatigues, I fairly, on getting into the *quite* solitary woods of Irongray, burst into loud weeping, lifted up my voice and wept, for perhaps ten or twenty minutes,—never the like *since*. We all of us mourned long; and the memory of our good Margaret is still solemnly beautiful to all of us. The little "Jean," another Sister, will appear personally soon.

"Dr. Waugh," a Cousin of my Mother's (only Son of her Mother's Sister) tho' but a few years older than I,—had been my Schoolfellow at "Annan Academy"; and still came occasionally over to us from Annan, his native place; where he had commenced Medical practice, and in spite of his bits of pedantries, *flat-soled* affectations, and ridiculosities, was held in kind enough esteem. He proved, however, more and more, a foolish indolent fellow; sluttishly squandered considerable gifts, qualities and resources, lumbering about in that region; and died there utterly poor, lazy and obscure, age perhaps about sixty. The last time I saw him was in February, 1842, silently and without his guessing or dreaming of it,—I sitting muffled on the top of the Mail-coach (hurrying from Liverpool towards Templand, on my Mother-in-law's death), he lazily and gloomily stepping across the street, on some dull errand he had, thro' the dim rimy morning while our horses were being changed. His Father, in whose house I had boarded while at school, was a strange,

awkward but excellent *terræ filius* and original; much laughed at but still more esteemed: a man of many thoughts (*heterodox* considerably, it was surmised), and of no speech except in rude bursts; but who was (if any man ever was) absolutely without mendacity of word or mind, and would not do injustice (as I often noticed) to a very dog. Prosperous shoemaker by craft;—and far the best that ever cut leather for *me*. Poor "Old Waugh," he rises bright and luminous on my memory still;—as if I too had seen a bit of a living *Hans Sachs!*—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Hoddam Hill, Ecclefechan.

Templand, 9th Oct., '1825.'

My dear Mrs. Carlyle—Mr. Carlyle has heard from me so often since we parted, that writing to anyone else of the family seemed superfluous. But I am not by any means unmindful of my promise to *you;* and purpose sending you a long Letter at no distant day. In the mean time my friend will tell you all about me; how shockingly I look, and how discontented I am, and various other particulars which you may care to know; and moreover he will give you a piece of muslin for a gown (provided he does not leave it on the road), which I send in the hope that while it lasts, it will sometimes bring me to your remembrance. I wish you may not think the pattern overgay; but I noticed you looked best in a light colour. Nevertheless should you dislike the thing, on no account wear it, but give it to Mag, who is young enough for all the hues of the rainbow.

It was exceedingly vexatious that we did not meet on the Fair-day, in Dumfries. Had I been my own mistress, I would have made a point of seeking you out; but on

that occasion, as on too many others, I was subject to a bondage which you who lie out of the cold ceremony of towns are happily ignorant of. Let us hope that it will not be always thus!

Now that the harvest is concluded, you must not fail in your promise to let Jean have leisure for her Latin lessons. You know "she is good for nothing else"; and *this*, I am confident, will be of use to her. Were it but permitted me to take charge of her education myself! Such an arrangement, in my present circumstances, is out of the question, but perhaps it may be managed at some future time. I do not despair.

God bless you all; I am going far from you; and who knows when we shall meet again? But wherever I go, I shall never cease to remember dear Annandale, and the friends I have left behind with so much regret. In the words of the Song (as Dr. Waugh would say), "Nor change o' place nor change o' folk can gar my fancy gee." And with this assurance, I remain,

Yours truly and affectionately,

JANE B. WELSH.

LETTER 4

In the beginning of 1826, or perhaps before that year quite began, I went to Edinburgh, to start the printing of *German Romance;* and staid some weeks, watching and directing till that business was fairly under way. Printers were the Ballantynes; — their incomparable Foreman, M'Corkindale, a gigantic man, with anxious patient eyes, voice ditto but strangely *stammery* (blurted out on you as if one *syllable*, what, on study, you found to be a *sentence*, admirably brief, good-natured and intelligent); man

"capable of sitting thirty hours there," I was told, "without sleep and without *erratum*," is still memorable to me. Of course I was at Haddington again; the Translating, I conclude, was suspended till my return home;—exact dates now lost. Letters themselves turned up unexpectedly, last Summer; honour to the dear Repositress, my ever careful and pious Mother,—preparing for her Son some beautiful and solemn hours as yet far off!

The "James Johnstone" spoken of here was a townsfellow, and then a College acquaintance, of mine; six or seven years my elder, but very fond of discoursing with me, and much my companion while in Annandale within reach. A poor and not a very gifted man, but a faithful, diligent and accurate; of quietly pious, candid, pure character,—and very much attached to me. In return I liked him honestly well; learnt something from him (the always diligently *exact* in Book-matters); perhaps ultimately taught him something; and had great satisfaction in his company (in the years 1814-'16, and occasionally afterwards). Poor James could not succeed in the world: perhaps it was about 1820 when (after much sorry Schoolmastering, having renounced Divinity pursuits), he went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, on a Tutorage, well-paid and hopeful enough; got almost frozen there, got fever-and-ague there, etc., etc.; and returned in a year or so, with health permanently injured, and outlook more forlorn than ever. Dark times for poor James,—I mostly distant in Edinburgh, and not corresponding much. At length he heard of Haddington Parish School; applied to me; I sent him with his Testimonials, etc., to *Her*.—She, generous Heroine, adopted his cause as if it had been mine and her own; convinced Gilbert Burns (a main card in such things), convinced, etc., etc.; and, ere long, sees him *admitted*, as fairly the fittest man! —He started, prospered, took an Annandale Wife; "fortunate at last"!—but, alas, his poor agues, etc., still hung about him, and in five or six years he died. I think I saw him only *twice* after the present date; once at Had-

dington, in his own house with Wife and little Daughter; once at Comley Bank on a "Saturday-till-Monday," rather dreary both times;—and I had, and again have, to say, Adieu, my poor good James!

"Shawbrae" (*Anglice*, "Wood-Hill," tho' there is not now a stick near it) was a "Duke's Farm" fallen vacant; which my Brother Alick now pressingly wanted,—but (happily) did not get. *She* knew the Queensberry Factor (a popular Major Crichton, very omnipotent in such cases), knew intimately well his clever Wife; and it was thought a word in that quarter might be useful.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Hoddam Hill.

Haddington, Wednesday, 'Spring, 1826.'

My dear Mrs. Carlyle—*Thomas* mentioned your wish to hear from me, more than two weeks since, and the intimation, I assure you, would have placed me at my writing-desk forthwith; but that it happened I had a cap for you just then on hand, which I somehow settled in my own mind *must* go along with the letter.—Now, I am by no means, the speediest needlewoman in the world, as you had ample opportunity of noticing while I sojourned at the Hill; and besides I have been unfitted for working at anything lately, but by starts, owing to an almost continual severe pain in my head: so that, all things considered, it is sufficiently intelligible how, with the best intentions, I should not have put the finishing stitch to this labour of love, till within the present hour. And what is it, after all my pains? Alas, that I have to fall on so paltry a shift to manifest my affectionate remembrance of you! Alas, that it has not pleased Fate to make me a

MRS. CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE,
Haddington.

powerful Queen, or even a powerful subject! Alas, finally, that the whole Universe is not ordered just according to my good pleasure!—It is better, you are thinking, as it is. Well! at bottom perhaps I think so too. But yet the wide discrepancy between my wishes and my powers will, at times, send a sharp pang through my heart, and tempt me to doubt, if *indeed* whatever is, be best.

Will you believe it, Mr. Carlyle has been within sixteen miles of me for three weeks, and we have not once seen each other's face! Now, is not this a pretty story? Can any one fancy a severer trial of patience? Positively, I am expecting to have my name transmitted to posterity along with the Patriarch Job's; for the *woman* who could undergo this thing, and yet not die of rage, could also survive, with a meek spirit, the carrying away of oxen and asses, the burning up of sheep, and even the smothering of sons and daughters. However, it seems probable he will speedily return for a longer period; and in the meantime, perhaps Fate may get into a more gracious humour: if she does not, I see nothing for it but to take the upper hand with her,—if we can.—Enter James Johnstone!—

Well! here is one thing settled to my heart's content; the Parish School is actually ours. Honest James was told the good news of his election, sitting by my side; and it would be difficult to say whether he or I was the happier. For, besides the pleasure which, I knew, this termination of the business would give to "*Somebody*," I have very good cause to be rejoiced at it upon my own account. Mr. Johnstone will be worth his weight of gold to me, in

my present situation; I am so ill off for some one to talk to about—*Greek and Latin!*

Were the Shawbrae but come to as happy an issue I should take heart and think that "the wheel of my Destiny" had made a turn. But "where an equal poise of hope and fear does arbitrate the event, my nature is," that I incline to fear rather than hope. The Major will surely not keep us much longer in suspense. I must now write a few lines to Jean in return for her postscript. Remember me in the kindest manner to all the rest. Make much of Thomas now that you have got him back again. And never cease to think of *me* with affection. It will be long before I forget you or the time I passed beside you.

JANE WELSH.

P. S.—I will send a proper front for "my" caps when I go to Edinburgh; but there is no such thing to be got in this Royal Borough. A certain Barber in the place is the happy possessor of three red ones; a black one, I suppose, would have been too much. The muslin cap, you will perceive, has met with an accident behind, which I hope you will put up with on account of the excellence of my darning.

LETTER 5

At Templand, Tuesday, 17th October, 1826, we were wedded (in the quietest fashion devisable; Parish Minister, and except my Brother John, no other stranger present); and, directly after breakfast, drove off, on similar terms, for Comley Bank, Edinburgh; and arrived there that night. The following is a postscript to a Letter of mine.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

21, Comley Bank,* 9 Dec., 1826.

My dear Mother—I must not let this Letter go without adding *my* "be of good cheer." You would rejoice to see how much better my Husband is than when we came hither. And we are really very happy; and when he falls upon some work, we shall be still happier. Indeed I should be very stupid or very thankless, if I did not congratulate myself every hour of the day on the lot which it has pleased Providence to assign me. My Husband is so kind! so, in all respects, after my own heart! I was sick one day, and he nursed me as well as my own Mother could have done, and he never says a hard word to me—unless I richly deserve it. We see great numbers of people here, but are always most content alone. My Husband reads then, and I read or work, or just sit and look at him, which I really find as profitable an employment as any other. God bless you and my little Jean, whom I hope to see at no very distant date.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE B. WELSH.

LETTER 6

The "Book" mentioned here with such enthusiasm (beautiful soul!) is that wretched "Didactic Novel"; which, in spite of all my obstinacy, declared itself desperate soon after this; and was shoved aside for other tasks,—

* Comley Bank (now spelt Comely, tho' Carlyle uniformly, and Edward Irving generally, spell it Comley), is a Terrace of small houses in the northern suburbs of Edinburgh. Carlyle remained tenant of No. 21 till the 26th of May, 1828.

at last bodily into the *fire*.* "The Doctor," *i. e.* Brother John, appears to have been on visit to us at this time. Carrier's "name," nickname properly, was "Waffler" [loiterer]: he stuttered intensely, drank much whisky and had sunk in the world (pitied, laughed-at, almost loved), down to "Bobby" (B—b—bobby!) and the road-car Bobby drew.—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

21, Comley Bank, 17 Feb., 1827.

My dear Mother—My Husband is busy below stairs with his Book, and I, it seems, am this time to be the writer:—with greater willingness than ability, indeed; for I have been very stupid these some days with cold. But you must not be left in the idea that we are so neglectful as we have seemed: a little packet was actually written to go by the Carrier on Wednesday (my modesty will not allow me to call him by his popular name); when the rain fell and the wind blew so that no living creature durst venture to his quarters. The Doctor proceeded as early as was good for his health the following morning, in case fortune in the shape of bad weather or whisky had interposed delay; by that time however, Carrier, boxes and Bobby, were all far on the road. So you see there was nothing for it but to write by post, which I lose no time in doing.

And now let me thank you for the nice eggs and butter

* This is a slip of memory. The fragmentary Novel, *Wotten Reinfred*, has lately been published. The writing was given up at the end of the seventh chapter, and the work laid aside. Carlyle must have had the MS. of the Novel beside him when he was writing Part ii. of *Sartor Resartus;* for many lengthy passages are transferred, word for word, from *Wotten* to *Sartor;* and the main outlines of the love-story, or romance, are the same in both.

No. 21, COMLEY BANK,
Edinburgh.

which arrived in the best preservation,—and so opportunely! just when I was lamenting over the emptied cans, as one who had no hope. Really it is most kind in you to be so mindful and helpful of our Town-wants; and most gratifying to us to see ourselves so cared for. . . .

The new Book is going on at a regular rate; and I would fain persuade myself that *his* health and spirits are at the same regular rate improving: more contented he certainly is, since he applied himself to this task; for he was not born to be anything but miserable in idleness. Oh that he *were* indeed well, well beside *me*, and occupied as he ought! How plain and clear would life then lie before us! I verily believe there would not be such a happy pair of people on the face of the whole Earth! Yet we must not wish this *too* earnestly. How many precious things do we not already possess which others have not —have hardly an idea of! Let us enjoy these then, and bless God that we are permitted to enjoy them, rather than importune His goodness with vain longings for more.

Indeed we lead a most quiet and even happy life here: within doors all is warm, is swept and garnished; and without the country is no longer winter-like, but beginning to be gay and green. Many pleasant people come to see us; and such of our visitors as are *not* pleasant people, have at least the good effect of enhancing to us the pleasure of being alone. *Alone* we never weary: if I have not Jean's enviable gift of *talking*, I am at least among the best listeners in the Kingdom. And my Husband has always something interesting and instructive to say. Then we have Books to read; all sorts of them from Scott's

Bible down to Nov*ells**: and I have sewing needles and purse-needles, and all conceivable implements for lady's work. There is a Piano too, for "soothing the savage breast." . . .

So Jean is not coming to us yet. Well, I am sorry for it, but I hope the time is coming. In the meantime she must be a good girl, and read as much as she has time for, and above all things cultivate this talent of speech; for I am purposing to learn from her when she comes. It is my Husband's worst fault to me that I will not, or rather *cannot* speak; often when he has talked for an hour without answer, he will beg for some sign of life on my part; and the only sign I can give is a little kiss. Well! that is better than nothing, don't you think?—(*Mrs. Carlyle ends here, and Carlyle takes the pen in hand*). "So far," he says, "had the Goodwife proceeded, when visitors arrived, and the sheet was left unfinished," etc. . . .

LETTER 7

To Miss Jean Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Comley Bank, 13 Nov., 1827.

My dear Jean—I find Mr. Thomas has left me nothing to say, except merely to add my supplication to his, That you will *come* without more ado. There is nothing in the world to hinder you and you have already been kept too long in expectation. My only fear is that the hopes you have been all this while pleasing yourself with, will hardly be realized; . . . any way you are sure of one thing

**Anglice*, Novels,—ridiculously held in horror by a certain hawk-faced "ruling-elder" I had heard discoursing once.—T. C.

—the heartiest welcome.—My kind regards to your Father and Mother and all the rest. Tell them we will take the best care of you; so they need not fear to let you go.

Your affectionate,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 8

I remember almost nothing of that Scotsbrig journey,—except my arrival or approach through Middlebie, on a clear windy night, riding *solus*, on my old mischievous swift Larry;—and the strange pathetic nearly painful feeling which the smell of the *peat*-fires sent into me there! Journey was undertaken doubtless for Craigenputtock's sake: Alick and Sister Mary were already resident and busy there since about October last. My two nights at Craigenputtock with them (middle of March or so) I vividly enough recollect: Proof-sheets of *Goethe's Helena* in my pocket; and Dumfries "architects" to confer with. Scene grim enough, outlook too rather ditto; but resolution fixed enough. Poor little Sister Jean, now with us begins:

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

21, Comley Bank, 19th Feb., 1828.

"My dear Mother—I was unwilling to fill up this room which I knew might have been used to more purpose; but I am to write *good or bad.* And I may here thank you very heartily for the nice little gown that you sent me: and I may also say that fortune seems to fa—" (*little Jean ceases here, and Mrs. Carlyle begins*) vour, I suppose; but the rest will follow in another place; here *I* must write a few lines. For in a minute Ellen will be come in with materials for a Dumpling to regale my Aunt Grace at dinner, and I shall have little enough time to

manufacture it,* being to attend a chemical Lecture in the College at 2 o'clock. I were very ungrateful, however, if I did not thank you by the earliest opportunity for the shower of "Christian coom*foarts*"† you have sent down on us, particularly on unworthy me. The drawers I have had on, and find still more comfortable than my flannel ones; the stockings too are far warmer than Cruickshank's, particularly the black ones which look as if they were made for eternity.

* Mr. Froude, very needlessly one would say, makes sad lamentations over the fact that Mrs. Carlyle baked a loaf of bread at Craigenputtock. He might have shed tears of pity too, it seems, over her evil destiny in Edinburgh; for there is little difference in the hardship involved in the making of a dumpling and the baking of a loaf. Mrs. Carlyle was a sensible woman, and wished to learn all the customary duties of a Scottish housewife; at no time of her life had she anything but contempt for the rôle of fine-lady.

† "Christian coom*foarts*" comes (through Frank Dixon, I think) from a certain "Mrs. Carruthers of Haregills," a Cousin of my Mother's—Bell by maiden-name, solid, rather stupid, Farmer's Wife by station; *should* have made good *cheeses* in quantity, did make the *worst* in nature; her grand employment, that of riding, on her slow pony, far and wide, to converse with "thinking persons," on all subjects:—one of the most singular, much-meditating, much-reading, semi-wise, semi-foolish originalities and fantasticalities I have ever met with in this world. Dressed like no one else; veils, multiplex wrappages and appendages, all as if thrown on by a pitchfork; spoke like no one else, in a wild low chaunt or *lilt* (cadences not unmelodious) in words largely borrowed out of Books, high-flowing and sure to be mispronounced; loftily devout, but had private spleens enough, and a malicious little sting of sarcasm now and then; was more laughed-at than respected by the public,—tho' a little envied and privately hated withal. Smoked a great deal of tobacco, in her thinking and even talking hours; little pipe always in her pocket as she rode about, in this wise, among the hills and dales, in search of speculative objects and persons;—I have seen her as far as Edinburgh, once at least did, on that errand,—greatly to the wonder of Edinburgh! Strange old "Jean Carruthers" (as the unadmiring called her), she rises on my memory at this moment, she and her environment, strangely vivid, singular, peculiar, not without worth,—and of a richness of comic and tragic meaning, fit for any *writing* Teniers or Hogarth (had *I* the least call that way at present, which I am far from having!)—Enough, that meeting once with Frank Dixon (a speculative *Tartar*, he, unluckily for her!), she had been heard to wind up some lofty *lilt* with, "Sir, it's the great soorce of Christian coom*foart*." Accent on the last syllable, and sound of *oa:* Annandale only, and the deceased Frank, could pronounce that word: ah me, ah me!—T. C.

And Mag, I am sure, will be glad to hear that no egg was broken; only one or two of the uppermost layer were cracked, and these we fried and ate upon the spot. In short, the box as a whole gave high and general satisfaction; and is likely to keep us all in mind of Scotsbrig for some twelve months to come; for I see not how all these puddings and hams, etc., are to be consumed in a shorter period. I for one, so long as the ham lasts, shall every morning at breakfast remember you with thanksgiving; and perhaps some time after it is done!

In case Jean does not tell you herself, I may assure you she is doing exceedingly well. She enjoys good health, seems content with her earthly lot, and by her good behaviour gives the greatest contentment to both her Brother and me. So keep your good heart at rest about her; for I dare promise you will have no occasion to repent letting her come.

You enquire after my dear little Aunt*; I grieve to say she is no better. Indeed last week she was in the most perilous condition with spasms in her lungs. At present however, thank God, she is out of danger. Surely the warm weather will bring her round again; in nothing else have I any hope.

Carlyle is to be down to you in a few weeks; but recollect you are not to keep him above a day or two.—I *must* off to my Dumpling; I am already too late.

God bless you all.

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

* Jeannie Welsh.

By the 26th of May, 1828, the Carlyles had entered into occupation of Craigenputtock, an estate of 800 acres, the patrimony of Mrs. Carlyle (tho', as we have seen, she had made over the life-rent of it to her Mother). The removal from a rented house in Edinburgh to their own property was a very natural and wise move on the part of the young couple: for they were both poor, and Carlyle, like other young literary men, found much difficulty in "getting under way." Mrs. Carlyle, however, was not dragged thither against her will, as Mr. Froude insists; for Carlyle writes, a little while before the removal, "both Jane and I are very fond of the project"(Carlyle's *Early Letters*, i. 34). They went there in search of a home and in search of health; and they were not disappointed. Many long years afterwards, looking back on their life there, Carlyle says, "perhaps these were our happiest days" (*Reminiscences*, i. 83). Mr. Froude, indeed, has depicted Mrs. Carlyle's life at Craigenputtock as one of the loneliest and dreariest possible; but Mrs. Carlyle's Letters, written there and then, do not confirm his view of the matter; they confute and falsify it almost as specifically as tho' they had been written for the purpose. Mr. Froude has confessed that he knew practically nothing of her life there; for he says (mistakenly) that few of her Letters were preserved; and he adds that, in consequence, "we are left pretty much to guess her condition; and of guesses the fewer that are ventured the better" (*Life*, ii, 147).* But, nevertheless, he has ventured on a good many "guesses," and how bad these guesses were Mrs. Carlyle's *Early Letters*, published in 1889, makes clearly manifest. Let us compare a few of Mr. Froude's "guesses" with Mrs. Carlyle's facts.

One "guess" (which, however, he sets forth as a fact) was that Mrs. Carlyle was obliged to milk the cows "with her own hands." Mrs. Carlyle herself writes: "Another question

*For easy reference Mr. Froude's "First Forty Years" of Carlyle's Life, and his "Life in London" (issued as two separate works of two volumes each) will be referred to in these pages as *Life*, i.; *Life*, ii.; *Life*, iii.; and *Life*, iv.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

that is asked me, so often as I am abroad, is how many cows I keep; which question, to my eternal shame as a housewife, I have never yet been enabled to answer, having never ascertained up to this moment whether there are seven cows or eleven. The fact is, I take no delight in cows, and have happily no concern with them" (Mrs. Carlyle's *Early Letters*, p. 137).

Mr. Froude states, and insists on it over and over again, that Craigenputtock was "the dreariest spot in all the British dominions." Mrs. Carlyle writes: "Indeed, Craigenputtock is no such frightful place as the people call it. . . . The solitude is not so irksome as one might think. If we are cut off from good society, we are also delivered from bad; . . . I read and work, and talk with my husband and never weary. (*Ibid*, 129.) And again: "Returned to our desert [from a visit to Edinburgh], it affrighted me only the first day. The next day it became tolerable, and the next again positively pleasant. On the whole, the mere outward figure of one's place of abode seems to be a matter of moonshine in the long run" (*Ibid*, 149).

Mr. Froude says her health was permanently broken by the privations she had to endure, the hard menial labour and drudgery she had to perform at Craigenputtock. Mrs. Carlyle writes: "You would know what I am doing in these moors? Well, I am feeding poultry (at long intervals, and merely for form's sake), and I am galloping over the country on a bay horse, and baking bread, and improving my mind, and eating and sleeping, and making and mending, and, in short, wringing whatever good I can from the ungrateful soil of the world. On the whole, I was never more contented in my life; one enjoys such freedom and quietude here. Nor have we purchased this at the expense of other accommodations; for we have a good house to live in, with all the necessaries of life, and even some touch of the superfluities" (*Ibid*, 156).

Then, as to her health, she says, writing from Craigen-

puttock, in Nov., 1833, near the end of her sojourn there: "To say the truth, my whole life has been a sort of *puddling* as to health. Too much of schooling hadst thou, poor Ophelia!" Too much of schooling, mark, not too much of menial labour! The fact is, her health had never been good; but it was better while she was at Craigenputtock than anywhere else. She makes few if any complaints of her health while staying there; but on every occasion when she leaves it her health breaks down, and recovers on her return. Witness her trip to Templand, described in Letter 9 of the present Collection; her stay in London in the Winter of 1831–32, when her health "worsened," as Carlyle says (see *post*, p. 34); her journey to Moffat in Autumn, 1833, where she grew worse, and said on her return: "I am hardly yet so well as before I went thither (Mrs. Carlyle's *Early Letters*, 247); and lastly, her visit to Edinburgh in the Winter of 1833–4. On this occasion she grew seriously ill, and wrote to Dr. Carlyle: "In truth, I am always so sick now and so heartless that I cannot apply myself to any mental effort without a push from necessity" (*Life*, ii., 334); and it seems that, although she had in Edinburgh the best of medical treatment, she grew no better; for Carlyle writes: "Jane has walked very strictly by old Dr. Hamilton's law, without any apparent advantage" (*Life*, ii., 344). But after breathing the fine bracing air of Craigenputtock again for a little, she is able to say, "Since my homecoming I have improved to a wonder, and the days have passed I scarce know how, in the pleasant listlessness (Mr. Froude prints 'hopelessness') that long-continued pain sometimes leaves behind" (*Life*, ii., 352).

Mr. Froude reluctantly confesses that there were *two* horses in the stable; and that Carlyle and his Wife "occasionally rode or walked together. . . . But the occasions grew rarer and rarer" (*Life*, ii., 45). Mrs. Carlyle writes, so late as June, 1832, "Every fair morning we ride on horseback for an hour before breakfast" (*post*, p. 43).

Mr. Froude says, "Carlyle was essentially solitary . . .

he preferred to be alone with his thoughts." Mrs. Carlyle writes, "My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire" (*post,* p. 43).

Mr. Froude says, "Nay, it might happen that she had to black the grates to the proper polish." Mrs. Carlyle was very proud of her *bright-steel* grates, and though she had never been taught even the rudiments of housekeeping, it could scarcely "happen" that she would be foolish enough to daub bright-steel grates with dirty black-lead!

The above are only a few specimens of Mr. Froude's "guesses" and delusions in regard to Mrs. Carlyle's life at Craigenputtock. These, tho' they could be added to indefinitely, must suffice. One cannot, in any reasonable space, point out all his perversities. For truly, one may say, "of making many" corrections in *Froude* "there is no end." One makes two or three, or it may be two or three hundred, and then feels inclined to give up in despair; for the number of errors still remaining seems to reach so far away into infinity that the task of overtaking them all would throw the Labours of Hercules quite into the shade.*

LETTER 9

Mrs. Carlyle has gone down to Templand to consult with her Mother about ordering curtains and other furnishings for her new home at Craigenputtock. She is taken ill by the way, is detained longer than she expected and writes this Letter to allay her Husband's anxieties.

To T. Carlyle, Craigenputtock.

Templand, 20 August, 1828.

Kindest and dearest of Husbands—Are you thinking

*For the truth in fuller detail about the Craigenputtock period, readers are referred to Mrs. Carlyle's "Early Letters", "Letters of Thomas Carlyle," and Mr. David Wilson's "Mr. Froude and Carlyle."

you are never to see my sweet face any more? Indeed this long self-banishment may well surprise you; but when you hear how I have been forced to stay voluntarily you will excuse it.

The *Bundels* do not like fresh air; and I get sick in a carriage without it: accordingly, by the time we reached Wallace Hall that night, what with their close mode of travelling, and Miss Anderson's green tea, I found myself ready to faint. I hoped a sound sleep would put me all to rights; but no sleep was to be had; and the morning found me entirely demolished. In a case of this sort, to walk to Templand seemed an impossibility, and the Bundel carriage was gone to Dumfries to fetch old ladies. Mr. Anderson, (the Minister) was very pressing that I would join my Mother, and Agnes at his house at Dinner; and so I staid, simply because I was unable to go away. My Mother was almost frightened into fits when she found me sitting "like a picture," in the room where she was put to take off her shawl. Well, I had yawned over the forenoon; I almost groaned over the afternoon;—and at length was landed at Templand little more than alive. For once my Mother succeeded in persuading me that I was very bilious, and must submit to be treated accordingly. And so I have been spending half the days in bed, taking physic, even *castor*, brandy also to a considerable extent, and various other items, "which," I am told, "are to do me good." In a few days I shall be returned to you, a well-physicked Goody.* On Sunday perhaps you could send William, for me, with the horse. By which

* Goody was my sport name for her.—T. C.

time I expect to have tried the water at Moffat Wells!

Meantime the business I came about is not neglected. Agnes wrote away to Glasgow the other night, so that the curtains, etc, might be sent by the Carrier on Friday. I have ordered them not of chintz but moreen, which is against your taste, and hardly according to my own; but the latter article proved on enquiry to be far the thriftier as well as the most comfortable; and therefore the best adapted for our purpose. Carpets are not *chaip** at Glasgow, none being manufactured there. But I am to get one at Sanquhar as low-priced as my Grandmother's and of better quality. There are said to be excellent shoes at Sanquhar. It is a pity I have not your measure. In the meantime however I have got from my Mother a pair of waterproof half-boots for you, which, tho' not quite new, I am sure will be a great temporal blessing,† provided they fit.

What progress you will have been making with *Burns*‡ in my absence! I wish I were back to see it; and to give you a kiss for every minute I have been absent. But you will not miss me so terribly as I did you. Dearest, I do love you! Is it not a proof of this that I am wearying to be back to Craigenputtock *even as it stands*, and while everyone here is trying to make my stay agreeable to me! Indeed, I have not been so *made of* since very long ago. It is a pity my Mother is not always in this humour.

* Dr. Reid, celebrated Metaphysician of Glasgow and Aberdeen, drank whisky punch. "Why, Dr.?" "*Becaase* I like it, and *becaase* it's *chaip*."—T. C.

† Annandale phraseology.—T. C.

‡ Article, for *Edinburgh Review*.—T. C.

Is there any Letter from Jeffrey, I wonder? I am sure he is to come upon us before we are ready for him.

Excuse this insipid scrawl. I have been sick as death all day with that abominable *oleum diaboli.** God bless you, Darling. You will send the horses for me on Sunday, *und nichts mehr davon!*

Ever, ever your true Wife,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 10

To Miss Jean Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Craigenputtock, Monday, 'Winter, 1828.'

My dear Jean—. . . I hope Carlyle told your Mother how much I was gratified by her kind present. I can assure you I am very vain of the beautiful little shawl; so vain that I rode to Templand with it *above my habit.*

Jenny would tell you of the gallant expedition† which Mary and I executed in Carlyle's absence? But nobody can have told you how we were bitten with the cold; or what temptation we resisted to halt for whisky at a public house by the way. I shall not travel in a Winter day again without a small phialful in my pocket.

My kind love to you all, and a kiss to your Father. I shall certainly see your Mother before long. She will come up hither, if there is grace left in her; at all events I will be down.

I hear you are very diligent and very good. I, on the

* *Oleum ricini*, castor oil.
† Probably to Templand.—T. C.

other hand, am very idle and very bad. I have done no one useful thing for a week, except making *thee* two *daidlies*.*

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 11

Whether Miss Stodart (old Mr. Bradfute's Niece, subsequently "Revd. Mrs. Aitken of Minto") came to dinner I have no recollection. But I do well remember, one beautiful Summer evening soon after that date, as I lounged out of doors, smoking my evening pipe, silent in the great silence, the woods and hilltops all gilt with the flaming splendour of a summer sun just about to set, —there came a rustle and a sound of hoofs in the little bending avenue on my left (sun was *behind* the house and me); and the minute after, Brother John and Sister Margaret, direct from Scotsbrig, fresh and handsome on their little horses, ambled up; one of the gladest sights and surprises to me. John had found a Letter from Goethe for me at the Post-office, Dumfries; this, having sent them indoors, I read in my old posture and place; pure white the fine big sheet itself, still purer the noble meaning, all in it as if mutely pointing to eternity,—Letter *fit* to be read in such a place and time. Our dear "Mag" staid some couple of weeks or more (made me a nice buff-coloured cotton waistcoat, I remember); she was quietly cheerful, and complained of nothing; but my Darling with her quick eyes had noticed too well (as she then whispered to me) that the "recovery" was only superficial, and that worse might lie ahead. It was the last visit Margaret ever made.—T. C.

To Miss Jean Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Craigenputtock, 'July, 1829.'

My dear Jean—You will herewith receive a pair of

* Pinafores, *Anglice*.—T. C.

neat little bootikins; which, tho' somewhat decayed may still be of use to you; if they are too small for yourself perhaps they will fit Jenny, who I am grieved to hear, has been ailing lately. However, I hope she, as well as Mag, is continuing to recover. Thank the latter for her Note. You must also thank your Mother in the kindest manner for all the creature comforts she sent along with it. The bacon ham I purpose cutting up on my birthday, when my Mother and perhaps Miss Stodart is to dine here. All my drawers are perfumed with your woodruff, which brings me in mind of you every time I open them.

I drew the pattern on your collar; and Mary finished it. And when I was at Templand last week, I presented it to my Mother, with as pretty a speech as you could have wished. I assure you she seemed greatly delighted with your remembrance of her, and charged me to tell you so, and much more which you may take for granted, as I have not time at present to detail it all; for I am going to Dumfries to-morrow and have a great many small matters to arrange.

I send a little parcel for your mother which I hope she will accept in her "choicest mood."* Tell her, with my kind regards and a kiss, that it was my wedding veil, which will give it more value in her eyes than one of more worth. When are you coming? It is your turn next. Jenny will tell you all about us. God bless you. Ever affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

* "Will welcome you in our choicest mood," said Irving once, in some sermon or address that had been reported to us.—T. C.

LETTER 12

Poor Horse Harry! This was a Horse-epidemic, that hot June day and weeks onward; proved fatal to one of Alick's horses and at last to wild gallant Larry too.* Harry was next seized: I had perceived the "Veterinary Licentiate" to be an ignorant puppy, who called windpipe "Lar*nyx*;" him we dismissed; inquired of the Surgeon at Minnyive, how he would treat *a man* in inflammation of the lungs? "Bleed him, blister on breast, no food but slops"; and, treating poor Harry ourselves in that way, luckily pulled him through. By a perfect hairs-breadth, it seemed to be, for three days long. Every night of these three, *She* was down, in dressing-gown and slippers, stept across with the flat candlestick, alone under the sky; and one night (probably *this* of 4 A. M.) the poor creature (in reply to her stalk or two of green ryegrass) touched her cheek with its lips.—T. C.

To Miss Jean Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Craigenputtock, June, 1831.

My dear Jean—I have kept the promise I made you, it must be confessed, but indifferently; yet more I hope through destiny than my own demerit.

That I do not altogether give myself up to ill-faith, you have a proof in the fact that I am here writing with half-open eyes at four in the morning. Poor Harry has been in the jaws of death: as your Mother would tell me, I made him too much an idol; his sides are all red flesh now, however, so that I am not likely to be very proud of him in a hurry again.

I send my cow's calf to Jenny and her heirs forever;

* Mr. Froude says with his usual inaccuracy, "Old Larry, doing double duty on the road and in the cart, had laid himself down and died—died from overwork."—*Life*, ii., 152.

and hope she will train her up to emulate her Mother's virtues, who is one of the best cows in creation. There are also some other odds and ends; a tea, sugar and milk establishment for you; and the other things are for Mary. Pity they are not more worth. I was meaning to send you, by the same opportunity, Bubblius* and one of his turkeys, but she is hatching, so must wait till she has given me chickens. Carlyle is sound asleep. God bless you. Can you not come up with them?

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTER 13

She arrived here (in London) about the 1st of October; Brother John and I were in waiting at The Angel, Islington; right well do I remember the day,—and our drive to Tavistock-Square neighbourhood, where our lodging was. She was very happy; much enjoyed London, and the novelties of such "Society" as came about us, all Winter; and, in spite of weak health (which worsened latterly) made no complaint at any time, but took hopefully, and with beautiful sincerity, ingenuity and insight, whatever the novel scene offered us of good,—often singularly *bettering* it (especially in reference to *me*) by her true and clever mode of treatment. A little Chapter might be written of our Winter here that year? Too sad; and, except herself only, too insignificant. Among the scrambling miscellany of notables and quasi-notables that hovered about us, Leigh Hunt (volunteer, and towards the end) was probably the best; poor Charles Lamb (more than once, at Enfield, towards the middle of our stay) the worst. He was sinking into drink, poor creature; his fraction of "humour," etc., I

* Bubblius, the Turkey-cock.

recognised, and recognise, but never could accept for a great thing,—genuine, but an essentially small and *Cockney* thing;—and now with gin, etc., superadded, one had to say, "Genius?" This is not *genius*, but *diluted insanity:* please remove this! Leigh Hunt came in sequel (prettily courteous on his part) to the Article *Characteristics;* his serious, dignified and even noble physiognomy and bearing took us with surprise, and much pleased us. Poor Hunt! nowhere or never an ignoble man!—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

4, Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road,
London, 6 October, 1831.

My dear Mother—The Newspaper would give you assurance that I was arrived in London, and in a condition to write your name; but further particulars concerning myself and the barrel, you are still anxiously waiting for; and now that I find myself at liberty to write, it were inhuman to keep you longer in suspense.

To begin with the beginning: After leaving you all with a sad enough heart, and committing myself to the mercy of the waves, my case was none of the pleasantest. Alick [Carlyle] recommended me to go down to the cabin till the vessel got under way;—and I *saw* no more of the sea till I stept on shore at Liverpool. It was very stormy, and I was mortally sick the whole twenty-four hours. Happily there was no cabin-passenger besides myself. So I had "ample room and verge enough"* to make what demonstrations I pleased. My Cousin Alick [Welsh] was

* Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race,
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of Hell to trace.
—From Gray's *Bard.*

waiting for me on the Dock, with a hackney coach which in a few minutes landed me with my trunks, etc., at my Uncle's. One of his men took the barrel in a cart to the office from which it was to be forwarded by the canal.

They were all very glad to see me at Maryland Street; and feeling entirely exhausted with my seasickness, I stupidly let myself be persuaded not to proceed till the Wednesday. And by Wednesday I was in worse *fettle* for travelling than when I arrived; for I had almost no sleep the whole time of my stay, owing to a lady in the same room snoring like ten steam-engines. My seat was taken in a coach that came straight through; so that I had no shifting of luggage to embarrass me. My travelling companions were two Irish ladies, who neither picked my pocket of my purse nor watch;—and twenty-four hours after I started, I had the satisfaction of jumping into Carlyle's arms, who with John,* was waiting for me at a certain Angel-Inn. You may imagine the sight of their faces, among so many hundreds of strange ones, was a joyful sight! They were both looking well,—John thinnish but clear and healthy-looking. They had a nice little dinner of chops and rice pudding in readiness. Edward Irving came up in the evening, and all was well.

But I was not to escape so easily. The next day and the next my head was so ill I had to lie in bed. On Sunday I got out a little and saw the Montagus.† On Monday we were hunting after new lodgings, George Irving's being intolerably noisy, and still infested with bugs, which few

* Dr. Carlyle.

† Mrs. Basil Montagu and Household (25 Bedford Square).—T.C.

houses here are without. We succeeded in realising a much better up-putting, for the same money, in the house of a Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Page,—English people,—where I now write. The barrel had arrived the end of the week, and been unpacked; so that our flitting was no such light matter, and occupied all Tuesday. Yesterday I had a headache again, and to-day is the first that I can call my own.

I hope that we shall be very comfortable here: the people are of a prepossessing appearance, and the house is the only clean one that I have seen since I left Scotland. We have a Drawingroom about the size of our own at Craigenputtock,—more elegantly fitted up,—with a small but comfortable bedroom, opening from it with large folding doors. It is in an airy and remarkably quiet street.

I have no notion of London housekeeping yet; but am lying back till, with "weender and amazement,"* I have reviewed the ground. One fact I may mention as a sample: potatoes are a penny a pound, so that we pay three halfpence for barely as many as we need for a meal. The milk, too, is ridiculously dear, and such stuff after Nooly's! Thank Heaven we have good butter without running to the shops,—and Carlyle has fastened a lid with a padlock on the can:—but what place unites all the advantages of both town and country!

I have seen few people yet; not even Jeffrey, who is very ill, confined to bed. I was to have gone to him yesterday, but could not for my head. Carlyle and I are

* Report of little Jean's, of some preacher who had profusely employed that locution, pronounced as here.—T. C.

thinking to walk over to-night, when his ladies* are at the House of Lords, which will suit me best.

John† set off on Tuesday morning, to join his Countess at Dover—a newspaper has since intimated his safe arrival so far. He was in good spirits of the enterprise, and we hope it will be the beginning of much good for him.

Carlyle is reading to-day with a view to writing an Article‡—to keep mall in shaft. They are not going to print the Book ** after all. Murray has lost heart lest it do not take with the public and so, like a stupid ass, as he is, has sent back the manuscript. The *deevil* may care, it *shall* be printed in spite of Murray some time; and in the meanwhile it is not losing any of its worth by lying.

JANE W. CARLYLE.

[Ends abruptly, to save another line for me, and my lengthy postscript.—T. C.]

LETTER 14

Written "With my own hand," and "Noble Lady" (Mrs. Basil Montagu) are phrases of Edward Irving's, supposed to be too high-flown for their respective occasions. The "Little Dear" is Jeffrey, now Lord Advocate, living in Jermyn Street, worried almost to death. Maid "Nancy"§

* Mrs. and Miss Jeffrey (Miss Charlotte, the late Mrs. Empson).

† "John" is brother John who now sets off for Italy, as Travelling Physician to the Lady Clare, where, in that or other such capacity, he long continued.—T. C.

‡ On Dr. Johnson.

** *Sartor Resartus*, of which, by the way, there were published nine editions in the year 1898, one of them illustrated, and two of them well and fully annotated.

§ The Carlyles had another servant, Nancy, got from Dumfries. In a note to an omitted Letter Carlyle says: "Nancy from Dumfries, privately called 'Piggie,' now and then (as Jeffrey called his Wife's lapdog) was curious, happy, smiling, tho' rather draggly. One morning while I breakfasted alone, her Mistress being ill, she said to me, "'Fixie (Pig *Fixlein*) 's no weel the day, either!'"

is *Thornhill* Nancy, who used to spoil my razors, privately dealing with a beard she had; otherwise not much comparable to the "*bellissima Barbata,*" as Jeffrey used to call this Mrs. Austin, translatress of German, etc., *femme alors célèbre!*—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Ampton Street, London, Nov., 1831.

My dear Mother—I have still leisure to write you a few lines "with my own hand," to thank you for your kind messages and kind thoughts, which are infinitely precious in this land of strangers. Many people here show a disposition to be kind to me as this world goes; but that sort of dinner-giving, speech-making kindness is but frothy unsatisfactory food for the heart, compared with the kindness one experiences in the bosom of one's own family: and I have now been so long and so intimately connected with you and yours that I cannot but look upon you all as my own Mother and Brothers and Sisters.

I should find myself very pleasantly situated here, if I enjoyed my usual health, and could avail myself of the various invitations that are held out to us.

Carlyle has tolerable health and spirits, and abundant prospect of employment. There is much to see and wonder at, even in a solitary walk along the streets; and enough of people come about us to talk, or rather to listen, among whom there are several whom I really like.

The little Dear is well again, and as gay as a lark; and trudges over to us twice a week, without women or equip-

age. Always losing himself by the way and needing Carlyle to take him home.*

I have at last seen Mrs. Austin, and, so far as one could judge by a forenoon call, I think her the best woman I have yet found here. In appearance she is extremely like our Nancy, but drawn out to a considerable length, and her countenance refined and spiritualized. Her talk is all about books, and, tho' I should not imagine her a much cleverer person than myself, her command of what talent she has, will, I find, give her quite the upper-hand in any intercourse we may have.

Of the "Noble Lady" least said is soonest mended. God keep you all. My love to all of you down to the prattler over the way.

Ever your affectionate,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 15†

**Literally true*,—always lost himself if I turned even at the end of Long Acre —T. C.

†This Letter appears in Mr. Froude's *Life* of Carlyle (ii. 288), where strictly speaking it has no right to be: it was neither written by Carlyle nor to Carlyle; and it was sent to Mr. Froude for the purpose of being included in the Selection of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters which Carlyle had partially prepared for the press. On its own merits it is well worth a place in any Collection of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters; and moreover Mr. Froude's hallucinations and delusions about her life at Craigenputtock have added to this Letter an unusually high degree of interest and importance —Mr. Froude's comment on the Letter is very characteristic. He says (*Life*, ii. 290), "This is pretty, and shows Craigenputtock on its fairest side. But there was a reverse of the picture."—True; but the picture was worth looking at, all the same. But instead of learning something from the picture, Mr. Froude turns its face to the wall (so to speak) and devotes all his attention to a study of the dusty canvas! No wonder he formed mistaken notions of life at Craigenputtock. It may readily be granted that Mrs. Carlyle's picture of life at her ancestral home is slightly coloured for a purpose; but that it is a picture "true to nature" and fairly expressive of her

To Miss Eliza Miles, 4 Ampton St., London.*

Craigenputtock, 16 June, 1832.

My Dear Eliza—I could wager you now think the Scotch a less amiable Nation than you had supposed, least of all to be commended on the score of good faith. Is it not so? Has not my whole Nation suffered in your opinion thro' my solitary fault? In February I made a voluntary engagement to write to you, which now in June remains to be fulfilled! Still I *am* fulfilling it, which proves it is not altogether "out of sight, out of mind" with me; and could I give you an idea of the tumult I have been in, since we parted, you would find me excusable if not blameless. I never forgot my gentle Ariel in Ampton St.,—it were positive sin to forget her, so helpful she was, so beautiful, so kind and good! Besides this is the place of all others for thinking of absent friends, where one has so seldom any present to think of. It is the stillest, solitariest place that it ever entered upon your imagination to conceive; where one has the strangest shadowy existence,

general feelings and experiences there, is proved by the fact that it corresponds very closely with *all* the other pictures she drew there on the spot, and conflicts in material points with none. In prosecution of his study of the "reverse," Mr. Froude cites a very pretty, if somewhat sad and plaintive poem entitled "To a Swallow building under our Eaves," assigning the verses to this date and attributing them to Mrs. Carlyle. Had he turned the sheet of paper on which the poem was written, he might have read in Carlyle's unmistakeable hand, "*Copied* again by Jane!" The verses are not Jane's but Carlyle's! Mr. Froude, however, goes on to say, in his next chapter: "Jeffrey carried Mrs. Carlyle's sad verses with him to the 'glades' of Richmond, to muse upon them, and fret over his helplessness. To him his cousin's situation had no relieving feature," etc., etc. Mr. Froude remarks somewhere that "Carlyle had no invention." What a pity one cannot return the compliment to Mr. Froude!

* The Daughter of the people the Carlyles had lodged with when lately in London.

nothing actual in it but the food we eat, the bed one sleeps on, and (praised be Heaven!) the fine air one breathes; the rest is all a dream of the absent and distant, of things past and to come.

I was fatigued enough by the journey home; still more by the *trysting* that awaited me here; a dismantled house, no effectual servants, weak health, and, worse than the seven plagues of Egypt, a necessity of Painters. All these things were against me. But happily there is a continual tide in human affairs; and if a little while ago I was near being swept away, in the hubbub, so now I find myself in a dead calm. All is again in order about us, and I fold my hands and ask, "What is to be done next?" "The duty nearest hand, and the next will shew itself in course." So my Goethe teaches. No one who lays this precept to heart can ever be at a stand. Impress it on your "twenty children" (that I think was the number you had fixed upon), impress it on the whole twenty from the cradle upwards, and you will spare your sons the vexation of many a wild-goose chase, and render your daughters forever impracticable to *ennui*. Shame that such a malady should exist in a Christian land; should not only exist, but be almost general throughout the whole female population that is placed above the necessity of working for daily bread. If I have an antipathy for any class of people, it is for *fine ladies*. I almost match my Husband's detestation of partridge-shooting *gentlemen*. Woe to the fine lady who should find herself set down at Craigenputtock for the first time in her life, left alone with her own thoughts, no "*fancy bazaar*" in the same kingdom

with her, no place of amusement within a day's journey; the very church, her last imaginable resource, seven miles off. I can fancy with what horror she would look on the ridge of mountains that seemed to enclose her from all earthly bliss! with what despair in her accents she would enquire if there was not even a "charity sale" within reach. Alas, no! no outlet whatever for "ladies' work," not even a Book for a fine lady's understanding! It is plain she would have nothing for it but to die as speedily as possible, and to relieve the world of the expenses of her maintenance. For my part I am very content. I have everything here my heart desires, that I could have anywhere else, except society, and even that deprivation is not to be considered wholly an evil: if people we like and take pleasure in do not come about us here as in London, it is thankfully to be remembered that here "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." If the knocker make no sound for weeks together, it is so much the better for my nerves. My Husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire. Every fair morning we ride on horse-back for an hour before breakfast (my precious horse knew me again and neighed loud and long when he found himself in his old place). Then we eat such a surprising breakfast of home-baked bread, and eggs, etc., etc., as might incite anyone that had breakfasted so long in London to write a pastoral. Then Carlyle takes to his writing, while I, like Eve, "studious of household good," inspect my house, my garden, my live stock, gather flowers for my drawingroom, and lapfuls of eggs; and finally betake myself also to writing,

or reading, or making or mending, or whatever work seems fittest. After dinner, and only then, I lie on the sofa and (to my shame be it spoken) sometimes *sleep*, but oftenest dream waking. In the evening I walk on the moor (how different from Holborn and the Strand!) and read anything that does not exact much attention. Such is my life, —agreeable as yet from its novelty, if for nothing else. Now, would you not like to share it? I am sure you would be happy beside us for a while, and healthy; for I would keep all drugs from your lips, and pour warm milk into you. Could you not find an escort, and come and try? At all rates, write and tell me how you are, what doing and what intending. I shall always be interested in all that concerns you.

My health is slowly mending.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 16

Sister Jean is now married; Brother Alick, in Catlinns (*Gait*linns?) Farm near Lockerby, has been on visit to us and returned to Dumfries.—T. C.

To Mrs. Aitken, Lochmaben Gate, Dumfries.

Craigenputtock, November, 1833.

My dear Jean—I commissioned Alick to transmit my thanks to you in the handsomest manner; but, "it may be strongly doubted" if he acquitted himself of the commission at all to my satisfaction. So I now send them "under my own hand" with the same warmth in which they were at first conceived, and which is not likely to

know any diminution so long as a morsel of the dainty remains.

How are you getting on? Bravely I hope; but the question would be better asked of your Husband than of you. There is never much to be feared for any one that is born with sense and truth in him, whatever else he may have or want. And so I always augur well of the judicious Crow* in whatever circumstances she may find herself. If the devil should get into her by a time, he will find her good sense and truthfulness such bad neighbours that he will be fain to decamp before he have done any serious mischief. . . .

I have made up my mind, after four years of deliberation, to be at the expense of framing the Lord Advocate† in *imitation* rosewood. So I send him to your Husband to get done. *Nota bene*, the gilt moulding must be *under the glass*, as it is in *your* frames, and is not in any of the others. A symptom of preference which strikes me as sufficiently barefaced.

I expect Grace Cavan to-day; it will be a pity if she do not know that you are in Dumfries. Nancy is still staying on—doesn't look as if she were much disposed to flit. It is a great temporal blessing for me that no interregnum has taken place; for my increase of years and infirmities has nearly altogether incapacitated me from working. You ought to write to me frequently, and also come and see me frequently when you are within such

*A nickname of Jean, the blackhaired.—T. C.

† Francis Jeffrey, whom Mr. Froude repeatedly but erroneously calls Mrs. Carlyle's cousin. There was no trace of consanguinity between them beyond being, of course, son and daughter of Adam and Eve!

manageable distance. Our compliments to your Husband, who I hope may be able to get the upper hand with you; for I can tell him it will depend on himself whether he "make a spoon of you or spoil a horn."

Your affectionate Sister,

JANE CARLYLE THE ELDER.

LETTER 17

Preparations for the great Expedition, or Shift to London, were now about completed. Had been left (in my imaginary hurry, "necessity to get a house before May 26") wholly in her eagerly willing hands; how willing I knew well, but not how wonderfully swift, skilful and sure, in this entirely new province! In about two weeks as appears, she has prosperously lifted anchor, with the Liverpool Steamer (at Annan Foot); and in one week more, she will be with me!—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, 4 Ampton St., London.

Templand, Monday, '27 May, 1834.'

It is all right, Dearest, the Letter is come! I had taken the precaution for having it forwarded hither by post, and, but for the regulation about church hours, might have had time to answer it last night. . . .

Now you wish the furniture and Goody off immediately. Dearest, "it shall be done!"* There is no earthly objection to my sailing on Friday first (but on the contrary every motive to hasten to you at the soonest possible), except *one*, and that one is not of consequence enough to stand in the way of your wishes and my own. It was only in case of there being no *outrake* for me, if I joined

*As London shopkeepers say.

you so soon, that I spoke in my last of waiting till the Friday following.

I wrote to Alick last night (according to previous appointment) between the receiving of yours and the departure of the post, and told him I would meet him at Dumfries on Wednesday (the day after to-morrow), where he was to be at any rate. My Mother talks of going to Dumfries along with me. She was for going all the way,—to Annan that is; but I strongly objected. One has enough to do at present without *scenes*. I fear there will not be time to get another Letter from you before Friday, but at all rates I shall expect to find one in Maryland Street (they do me so much good); and I will write from Maryland St. when you are to expect me in London.

About two hours after my last was on its road, it came into my mind like liquid fire, and ran over my whole face, neck and arms, that I had omitted to seal it! Had it been under cover to Jeffrey, I think I should have died of vexation, for I am doubtful whether *he* would not have read it from beginning to end. But Charles Buller is "an *English Gentleman*," and would take no advantage of my stupidity. The thing that annoyed me most was the unsatisfactory idea of my whole general disposition for the management of "the great thing to do," which such a blunder would cause to you, and the insecurity you would feel in consequence. But *console-toi!* I think it was my first blunder, and shall strive that it may also be the last; and it happened quite naturally as I shall explain to you hereafter.

. . . My Mother is writing (to Maryland Street) to-day, and will warn them of my arrival (in Liverpool); and Arbuckle* I will write to myself.

And now, my Darling, with respect to those two houses, I declare to thee they look both so attractive on paper, that I cannot tell which I ought to prefer, and *should* like to see them with my bodily eyes before you decide. I have a great liking to that massive old concern with the broad staircase, and abundant accommodation for *crockery!* † And dressingrooms to one's bedrooms is charming! I should not quarrel with the quantity, even tho' (like my china assiettes) it might be asked "what we have to put in it." But is it not too near the River? I should fear it would be a very foggy situation in Winter, and always damp and unwholesome. And the wainscoting up to the ceilings,—is it painted? If in the original state, hardly any number of candles (never to speak of "only two") will suffice to light it. And another idea presents itself along with that wainscot—if bugs have been in the house! Must they not have found there, as well as the inmates, "room without end?" The other again does not attract me so much, but to make up for that, suggests no objection; so keep them both open, if you can, till I come: and if you are constrained to decide, that you may not let both or either slip through your hands, do it with perfect assurance that Goody will approve your choice. The neighbourhood I would not let be a material point in your

* Dr. Arbuckle, an acquaintance of ours in Liverpool.—T. C.

† This "massive old concern" was No. 5 (now 24) Cheyne Row.

deliberations. *You* have a pair of effectual legs to take you wherever you please; and for me, my chief enjoyment, I imagine, will always be in the society of my own heart's Darling, and within my own four walls, as heretofore.

My Mother sends her kindest regards. She is in the most gracious, bountiful mood;—giving me gowns, etc;—has even bought a superior silk-handkerchief for Alick! and a gown for little Sister Jenny whom she never saw! What a mercy for you, Dearest, that I have not *her* turn for managing the finance department! We should, in that case, soon sit rent-free in the King's Bench. And now I must conclude—a mean return for your long precious Letter; but I have a headache to-day, and must not drive it beyond bounds. God Almighty bless you, my Love. Before many days I shall see your face again.

YOUR OWN JANE.

LETTER 18*

To Dr. Carlyle, Rome.

Chelsea, 12th January, 1835.

. . . Mrs. Austin sends me occasional "*threepennies*" overflowing with "*dearests,*" and all that, and asks me to her soirees now and then, and even plashes down here in wheeled vehicles at rare intervals. But what is all this to one who really longs for a little sincere friendship? There is a Mrs. Taylor whom I could really love, if it were safe and she were willing; but she is a dangerous looking woman and engrossed with a dangerous passion, and no useful relation can spring up between us.—In

*A postscript to a Letter of Carlyle's.

short, dear Brother, I am hardly better off here for society than at Craigenputtock; not so well off as when you were there walking with me and reading *Ariosto*.

J. W. C.

LETTER 19

A visit of her own to Nithsdale, to Mother and kindred; journeyed by herself (I sitting here, in fiercely steady wrestle with *French Revolution*); her first journey from London,—attended with much physical hardship, excitation and petty misery to the too delicate creature; as generally to both of us, they all were. Thick skin cares for nothing; *thin* does for very much!

"Robert Hanning" is my youngest Sister Jenny's Husband; lately wedded, and settled with her in some small kind of trade in Manchester. A good enough little brisk-stirring, kind of fellow (was boy Farm-servant at Scotsbrig, several years in Jenny's childhood, and rather a favourite there); . . . is now, this long while, settled into modesty, and doing well in Canada with his Jenny and the children and grandchildren they have.—Their lodging in Manchester, where I once tried sleeping,—first floor above their shop, in a street with many Mills adjacent,—was very bad and noisy; tho' the *welcome*, cordial and supreme, especially in the first instance, would make some amends.

"Goody" used to be my sport name for her. "Burnswark" (*Birrens*wark) is a "tabular Hill" in Annandale remarkable for its perfect Roman Camp, and still more for its almost exact shape (frustrum of a *rectangular pyramid*) and for the great extent of view it has all round, Lancashire, Cumberland, Yorkshire, to Selkirkshire, Roxboroughshire, etc.

"Oatmeal to John Mill" — was for his Father's use. Father was now on his deathbed, and had taken a longing for the food of his childhood. This, I conclude, would be a supplementary or *second* sending; no third, alas, was needed.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Templand, Saturday, '19 July, 1836.'

Heaven be praised, here I am at last, dear Husband; a most tired but not utterly demolished Goody. On the whole I have been mercifully dealt with; my journey has been assuaged for me in many ways which I had no reason to expect; and, considering my want of sleep, and all the rest of it, I am in a wonderful state of efficiency already.

The man you saw in the Coach with me was my only fellow passenger to Derby; so that, during the night I had a whole side to stretch myself on; and from Derby to Manchester I might even recline diagonally, having the whole Coach to myself. Besides the "ample room and verge enough," I had also to congratulate myself on uninterrupted silence; for even while *the man* was there, no speech went on; he rolled up his great-coat to make a cushion for my back, presented me with three lemons, and for the rest took no notice of me whatever.

On arriving at Manchester, I felt considerable apprehension; for it had long been revealed to my recollection that, according to my late practice, I had come off without Hanning's *address!* So that if no one awaited me at the Coach I should be set down in the Street with my trunk, in one of the foolishest dilemmas imaginable. But Robert's happy face, popped in at the coach window, even before we stopped, rescued me from the well-merited punishment of my inadvertency;—he actually dropt a tear of joy! at sight of me; and looked as tho' he were half-minded to kiss me *brüderlich:* but that I rather waived.

We mounted into a hackney; and in a few minutes were opened-to by wee Jenny; who welcomed me most cordially in her still way. Both indeed expressed a satisfaction that was highly consolatory to a wandering pilgrim; and so also was the excellent chicken broth which was served up to me in no-time.

Jenny makes a most sedate, orderly, satisfactory-looking *Hausfrau;* and her little Husband, barring a little innocent vanity, and *trustful forwardness,* is a most comfortable landlord. But let no weary traveller ever dream of staying there with any view to *sleep!* The house is a nice enough little house, and the bedroom *looks* rather inviting even; but the bed is hard as a deal board, with a considerable elevation in the shape of Burnswark in the middle: there is, moreover a species of *bug* in it which raises lumps "the size of a hazel-nut";—and to crown all, you are next door to a "jerry shop," where drunk people issue into the street all night long, trying who to rage loudest. Nothing would have tempted me to stay two *nights,* had I been able to proceed; but my head was horrible on the Monday.

On Tuesday afternoon I reached Liverpool after a flight (for it can be called nothing else) of thirty-four miles within an hour and a quarter. I was dreadfully frightened before the train started; in the nervous weak state I was in, it seemed to me certain that I should faint, and the impossibility of getting the horrid thing stopt!* But I felt no difference between the motion of the steam carriage and that in which I had come from London; it

*This was Mrs. Carlyle's first experience of railway travelling.

did not seem to be going any faster. As I had sent no intimation to Maryland Street, I was left to my own shifts on landing; the greatest difficulty was in getting my trunk from among the hundred others where it was tumbled. "You must take your turn, Ma'am, you must take your turn" was all the satisfaction I could get in pressing toward the heap; at last I said, "stand out of the road, will you? there is the trunk before my eyes; and I will lift it away myself without troubling anyone!" Whereupon the clerk cried out in a rage, "for Godsake* give that Lady her trunk and let us be rid of her." The omnibus man clutched it out of my hands, and promised to put me down within ten yards of Maryland Street. He was better than his word, for he drove me to the very door.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment occasioned by my apparition in the room where they were sitting at their dessert. There was wondering and laughing without end; but no tea, nor prospect of any,—till, at last, in extreme thirst and despair, I fell to work on a plateful of strawberries and cream! Instead of killing me, the mess agreed with me so well that, I had strawberries and cream *six times* during the day and half I staid.—They were in a great confusion with painters, etc., etc., but as kind as ever; and as inconsiderate about sleep. I thought the bugs of Manchester had left nothing for the Liverpool ones to do; but I was mistaken; I had twenty new bites on my neck and arms the first night. O Darling, thank Heaven that we are without bugs;—and see that John's window be kept open, when he returns; and order Ann

**Scottice*, for God's sake.

to take down his clothes and shake them in the Garden; for he will go by Manchester!

On Thursday night at ten o'clock I was to sail: but the sea was a little rough, and my Uncle had heard something of the boiler being unsafe; and so nothing would pacify him but that I should go by the mail. As the most convincing argument that could be used, he went and took a seat for me, and paid it himself; besides this, he laid out eight guineas on the largest, warmest, most beautiful shawl that ever was seen, to *regale* me with, on my birthday, the day I left Liverpool! It was a most well-timed present; for the weather is become intensely cold, and I left London in a most destitute condition with respect to wrappings. . . .

I wrote to John and my Mother from Liverpool; warning the former to meet me at Dumfries, and expecting the latter to come without being asked; as she did. When the Mail stopt at the King's Arms, Dumfries, I saw my trunk into the house, and then ran over to the Commercial to tell Mrs. Wilson that if my Mother should come I was gone out to Jean's. For I was in at half past eight, and the Steamboat was not expected till eleven. While I was waiting in the lobby for Mrs. Wilson, my Mother came down the stairs! Such an embracing and such a crying! The very Boots was affected with it, and spoke in a plaintive voice all morning after.

Mother looks well;—and is making a perfect fool of me with kindness. I was scarce home when she presented me with a purse she had worked me,—filled with sovereigns! for my birthday present!! So that I shall not be poorer

for my journey. John came before we left Dumfries, with Alick; and astonished me considerably by announcing his intention of "leaving the middle of next week," *—without seeing more of me. . . .

I did well enough on getting home, till I dined; and then I got deadly cold,—and my Mother wrapped me in wrappings innumerable; I then fell asleep; then I awoke with my head and body all in a cramp—not Caliban but a cramp;†—and then I did not know what I said or did; for it was the third night I had not slept a wink. And then they gave me tea and bathed my feet and put me to bed. I had a wonderful night; but slept off and on to a considerable extent, and as you see, am able to write after a fashion.

You may expect John the end of next week. I am going to be ill off with sour bread and boiled tea; and there are no peats to bake with. I forgot to send the meal to John Mill; I hope you have done it. Write instantly to me how you get on, to the minutest item. I mourned to hear of sleepless nights. My next Letter, it is to be hoped, will be better worth postage. As yet I am not subsided into good sense or "*proper feelings.*" Kind compliments to Ann. I sent her Letter by John to Annan, and will take the Dolls for her Sisters myself: her people are all well. I passed thro' Annan in the Mail, but took it for Longtown until I was fairly out of it and recognised the house in which Mary had lived.

* Off to visit me, it would seem; and no real hurry that way, but his own?—T. C.

† O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.—*Tempest*, Act V., Sc. 1.

God forever bless you. For God's sake do not work too hard. Go to bed in time, and take your meals regularly;—and think of me as kindly as you can.

"JANE W. CARLYLE" (no room for signature).

[Letter is full to overflowing: I remember all the points in it; and *see* myself reading it; but could not have dated within several years.—T. C.]

LETTER 20

"Dearest . . . not speak," was one of Mrs. Basil Montagu's too stately preludes of a Letter to her in past years, while the "Noble Lady" was personally still a stranger.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Templand, Saturday, '2 August, 1836.'

"Dearest of Friends—I write the thanks which I cannot speak." It may be true in most cases, as you have often admonished me, that "he who gives quickly gives twice"; in the matter of Letters I am very certain that he who gives *tardily* gives three or four times. Your Letter had been anxiously waited for: and all that anxious waiting told to its advantage; tho', by the way, there is not much wisdom in telling you so; since I would rather that the next came to hand enhanced by no such fraudulent merit.

It will not be long, however, that there will be any need of Letters passing between us, either swiftly or slowly. Nothing could make living here at all expedient for me, except the conviction that I was thereby gaining physical good; and such hope fades further and further into the distance every day. I shall get better in London, or not

get better, as may please the Upper Powers. In any case, "there is no use in rebelling against Providence,"* and I shall try all I can *not* to rebel: but here! *mio Caro,* the rain it raineth every day; there is no *victualling* to be had till ten in the morning,—at least not without an almost superhuman effort,—and I awake quite regularly at four! There is no quiet to be had, except in your bedroom, with the door locked; for the children† (Maggie, Mary, and Johnnie) are in perpetual movement, seeking whom they may devour;—there is no bread to be had (that is not next to poison), for love or money or tears or supplications, or even "bursts of Parliamentary eloquence." You know my Mother's way: she will give you everything on earth, except the thing you *want;* will do anything for you, except what you *ask* her to do. As for new milk, you may have it in any quantity; but then *only* immediately *before* your breakfast, or immediately *after* your tea; and the proposed sip of brandy in it, without which I incline to believe it unwholesome, *that* is offered, is pressed upon you to your pudding, your water, plain, diluted, cold, and hot; but, to your milk (since the thing was mentioned), it is impossible to have it, without a sacrifice of one's modesty, too cruel for so trifling a gain!

All these things are against me! As I indeed anticipated they would be. And my greatest consolation is, that you are not also "in the midst of them!"‡ You could not have lived here two weeks on the present principle (in spite of all your passionate longing for the country); and I

* According to Brother John, *sæpius.*—T. C.
† Her Cousins from Liverpool.—T. C.
‡ Francis Jeffrey to her in the grand Reform time.—T. C.

see not how the present principle could have been altered without our all having been born again. It is wonderful that one should vex and frighten oneself so much, in anticipation of serious evils, when it is all the *little* things of life, which, in reality, make up our happiness or misery. —One more fact, let me mention: having come off without any sufficient shoes, and the roads here being more like kennels than roads, I bought a pair, not made in Northampton, a shilling dearer than the best in London, easy as possible to slide the feet into; and already they have lamed me, both heels and toes, to such an extent as I shall not soon recover from. Consider all this, Dearest of Friends, and imagine much more than I could tell you, of the same sort; and infer from it, if you be wise, that the thought you are apt to dwell on too exclusively: that "God made the country, and man the town," is to be taken with large reservations;—is indeed to be "*strongly doubted.*"* You may depend upon it, Sir, Man and even the Devil have had a very considerable hand in making the country also.

The most providential-looking thing that has happened to me since I came here, was the other day, about an hour after the receipt of your Letter, that a boy came to the kitchen-door, offering for sale two scrubs!† Judge if I did not purchase them on the spot! Scrubs so manifestly *destined* for me, and no other. They cost twopence; and I hope soon to see them in brisk action at Chelsea; in the

* Scotchman's phrase in an *Edgeworth Novel*, in frequent, or over frequent, use by Brother John.—T. C.

† The neat, effective and frugal Scotch "scrub" is a little trim sheaflet of *Ling*, tied firmly by a bit of split willow.—T. C.

meanwhile it will be something to keep Ann in heart. Give her my compliments, and say, I am glad to hear she is doing well, and that I will not fail to rummage out "Wee Jen"* when I go to Annan; and will *speak French* to her, if need be. Did John tell you that I saw Jane's Mother in Lancaster? We had but five minutes, and poor Jane herself was at the far end of the town; but the Mother, a most intelligent, amiable-looking woman, came running, and seemed greatly delighted to see me and gave me the most comfortable accounts of Jane; and assured me that she continued to think of me with "the greatest love and respect that one human being could bear to another." Such being the case, I shall surely write to her, when I return to London, and can get a frank. It is highly consolatory to be loved and respected by a person whom you have scolded for six months, without intermission; as it proves there must be an inexpressible something in you which triumphs over all contingencies. If Jane Ireland loves and respects me, there is no reason in the world why *you* should not do the same; you have never had quite so bad a time with me as she had, poor girl!

Mrs. Chrichton † has been absent at Aberdeen; but is returned, I believe. And I think of going to make out a few days with her. Most probably I shall go down to

* Ann Cook's "misfortune" belike,—whose incipiency of speech had almost worn a "French" character to stupid Ann?—Poor "Lancaster Jane" was very amiable, intelligent and much liked here, tho' hopelessly incompetent, and obliged to be sent home. One day, at breakfast time, she was found sitting by the unlighted, half-scoured grate, sunk overhead in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," which she had found lying about! A fact strange and even touching in the poor soul. Scotch Helen liked books equally well, but never forgot herself over them.—T. C.

† Of Dabton, near Thornhill.

Annandale the end of next week. I shall be able to do here *till* then, without explosion; for I am going to swallow a dose of senna to-morrow morning; and one has fine times with my Mother, after an act of docility like that. Let me know when John is to set out. I do not know how I shall return,—by coach, air, or sea. If any cheap and safe conveyance offered, I should certainly try the air this time; for the other two ways I have proved to be equally detestable—and killing. The sea offers the attraction of a glimpse at Edinburgh, if indeed that can be called an attraction, now that so little is left for me there to take pleasure in; and that the bad magic of my dyspepsia "makes that little less." I shall see after your commissions to the best of my power. . . .

Poor John Sterling is gone,* I suppose. He wrote me a long letter, with evident effort, speaking of his future in a tone of sad gaiety, or gay sadness, I know not which to call it; but it was grating to my feelings. I do not think we shall ever see him again; and we shall certainly never see a better man.

Poor Mill! he really seems to have "*loved and lived*"; his very intellect seems to be failing him in its strongest point:—his implicit admiration and subjection to you. What a mercy I did not go with them! You make me ready "to shriek at the very idea of it." You need not be envying me the gooseberries,—there are plenty; but the "*mountain thrushes*" pick them all; *sic omnia!* I have seen William Menteith† and his beautiful Wife, much fitter

* To Bordeaux, the very day this reached me.—T. C.

† Laird of Closeburn's youngest son; had been a scholar at Haddington, formerly—scholar, lover, etc.—T. C.

for him than I,—young as himself, and silly as himself, and happy-hearted as himself.

I saw and read *Wilhelm Meister!* God bless you. Thanks for all the kind, encouraging things you say to me. I wonder you never weary. John Sterling said you were in good spirits. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.* You do not say that you miss me; but I hope it is out of self-denial, not indifference.

"J. W. C."

LETTER 21

Is gone on a tour with the elder Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, while I am in Scotland rusticating and vegetating.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Clifton, 29th August, 1837.

Dearest Love—I have been too long waiting for certainties; *hithering* and *thithering* being a condition under which I find it almost impossible to write, or indeed to do anything except fret myself to fiddlestrings. What I generally do in such cases is to shape out a decision with all dispatch for *myself,* and leave the others to welter on in their own fashion. Accordingly, when I found on our arrival at Clifton that it was all in the wind whether we should stay there one week or two or three, and whether we should return straight to London or by Brighton, or by the Isle of Wight, or first making a "run over to Dublin," I immediately announced my intention of descending by *Parachute,* and was only prevented from carrying it out by humane consideration for the parties in the Balloon, where

* "I . . . hear it!" says the Archivarius Lindhorst stormily, in one of Hoffmann's novels.—T. C.

there was evidently going to be an alarming explosion in case of my departure; Mrs. Sterling having set her heart for a visit of some length to the Bartons, and his Whirlwindship finding the whole Barton generation "creatures without stimulus," whom he was desirous to cut and run from, by "feeling it his duty to see poor Mrs. Carlyle 'ome." His secret purpose was evidently to take himself and me back in the carriage, and leave Mrs. S. to follow as she could; and this I felt would have been a very ungracious proceeding towards that good soul, who treats me with such kindness and consideration. I now perceive the use my company is of to them both, better than I did when we set out: I furnish, as it were, the sugar and ginger, which makes the alkali of the one and the tartaric acid of the other effervesce into a somewhat more agreeable draught; for, "the effervescing of these people!" To say the least "it is very absurd!" But I shall keep all my stock of *biographic notices* to enliven our winter evenings. Meanwhile you are to know that we left Malvern for Clifton a week ago, all of us with very dry eyes.

Mr. Sterling, on finding that certain lords who smiled deceitful at the Carlton Club, were absolutely inaccessible at the Foley Arms, suddenly discovered that your beautiful scenery was a great humbug, as you had only "to strip the soil a foot deep and it would be a vile black mass." Mrs. Sterling, in her querulous, qualifying, about it and about it way, doubted whether it was wholesome to overlook such a flat, "not but what it was very well to have seen *for once*, or if there was any necessity for living there, of course one would not object," etc., etc.:—and, for me *poverina*, from

the first moment I set my eyes on the place, I foresaw that it would prove a failure; that it would neither make me a convert to Nature, nor find me in a new nervous system. Every day of our stay there I arose with a headache, and my nights were unspeakable; every day I felt more emphatically that *Nature* was an intolerable bore. Do not misconstrue me,—genuine, unsophisticated Nature, I grant you, is all very amiable and harmless; but beautiful Nature, which man has *exploited*, as a Reviewer does a work of genius, making it a peg to hang his own conceits upon, to enact his *Triumph der Empfindsamkeit** in,—beautiful Nature, which you look out upon from pea-green arbours, which you dawdle about in on the backs of donkeys, and where you are haunted with an everlasting smell of roast meat—all that I do declare to be the greatest of bores, and I would rather spend my days amidst acknowledged brick houses and paved streets, than in any such fools' paradise.

So entirely *unheimlich* I felt myself, that the day I got your Letter I cried over it for two or three hours. In other more favourable circumstances, I should have recognised the tone of sadness that ran all through it, as the simple effect of a tiresome journey, and a dose of physic at the end; but, read at Malvern, with headache and *ennui* for interpreters!—Alas! what could I do but fling myself on my bed and cry myself sick? I said to myself you were no better than when you left me, and all this absence was gone for nothing. I wanted to kiss you into something like cheerfulness, and the length of a kingdom was between us,—and if it had not—the probabilities are that, *with the*

* Goethe's Dramas, *Triumph of Sensibility.*

best intentions, I should have quarrelled with you rather. Poor men and poor women! what a time they have in this world, by destiny and their own deserving. But as Mr. Bradfute used to say, "tell us something we do not know."

Well, then, it is an absolute fact that his Whirlwindship and I rode to the top of Malvern Hill, each on a live donkey! Just figure it! with a Welsh lad whipping us up from behind; for they were the slowest of donkeys, though named in defiance of all probability, *Fly* and *Lively*. "The Devil confound your donkeys!" exclaimed my vivacious companion (who might really, I think, "but for the honour of the thing," and perhaps some small diminution of the danger of bursting his lungs, have as well walked!) "they are so stupidly stubborn that you might as well beat on a stick." "And isn't it a good thing they be stubborn, Sir?" said the lad, "as being, you see, that they have no sense; if they wasn't stubborn they might be for taking down the steep, and we wants no accidents, Sir." "Now," said I, "for the first time in my life I perceive why Conservatives are so stupidly stubborn; stubbornness, it seems, is a succedaneum for *sense*."—A flash of indignation—then in a soft tone, "Do you know, Mrs. Carlyle, you would be a vast deal more amiable, if you were not so damnably clever!" This is a fair specimen of our talk at Malvern from dewy morn to balmy eve. My procedure at Worcester (where we passed two days, and whence I sent a Newspaper) was unexpected and disappointing in the extreme. I walked into the house of the illustrious Archdeacon along a lengthy passage, down two steps into an antique-looking drawing-room or suite of drawing-rooms; without giving proof of

being anything out of the common. I cast my *nota-bene* eyes over the man:—a large portly figure, belonging to the rotund school, the very beau ideal of an old Abbot, with a countenance full of twinkling intelligence and gregarious good humour, having a high metallic tone of voice, and a whisking suddenness of movement, accompanied by a peculiar fling of the coat-skirts, which reminded me forcibly of the *Archivarius Lindhorst*. I also flung a cursory glance on a table, where a massive lunch was spread out, such as realised one's sublimest conceptions of a Convent refectory; and then without more said or done, I pitched myself into a fluffy, snow-white bed, which was shown me as mine; where I lay twenty-four hours, not out of sheer contradiction, but because I really could no longer hold myself erect. In vain the prim Archdeconian *Perpetua* came at stated intervals to know if I wanted anything? receiving always for answer, "To be let alone"; and in vain the Whirlwind himself came at intervals not stated, to ask in a tone of deep, tho' loud pathos (for it was from outside the door) "if I believed that he was *exceedingly* sorry," receiving also one unvarying answer, "Yes, yes!" My headache refused to listen to the voice of either charmer till it had run its course. It was indeed a strange preternatural night, the first I passed in that Prebendary Establishment, right under the stroke (it seemed to me) of the great cathedral clock, which strikes even the quarters, haunted by the images of the large Archdeaconess and large pigeon-pie I had seen below, and surrounded by queer old cabinets and gigantic china bowls;—all which taken together had to my over-excited imagination a cast of magic! Es-

pecially in the dead of night, with a rushlight dimly lighting the chamber; and betwixt sleeping and waking. I repeatedly sprang up in a panic, with my head quite mystified between this Worcester Archdeacon and the German Archivarius, and could by no possibility *decide* whether Archdeacon Singleton was not also the father of a green serpent and could make his face into a bronze knocker! Worthy man, when he welcomed me anew next day with the broadest smiles, he little suspected what strange thoughts I had had of him.

But I have quite miscalculated my distance, and have left no room for my travels' history since. The loss will not be material. Suffice it to say, we came from Malvern to Chepstow all in one day, besides "doing" Eastnor Castle, Goodrich Castle, Tintern Abbey, and Chepstow Castle; and the next, on to Clifton; thoroughly tired body and soul. We are in lodgings here: I have a quiet room, and sleep better. Every day we dine with the Bartons, the kindest people to dine with one could wish; but as he says, there is a lack of *stimulus*. The Brother that is returned from India is the most wonderful compound appearance of Cavaignac and—Mr. Bradfute: *ecco la combinazione!** And now here is surprising news for you:—John Sterling is to be back in London, with his Wife and her little ones, about the 12th. He himself having turned towards Madeira, in consequence of cholera abroad; and the family to remain at Knightsbridge; which I do not

* Curious and tragicomical indeed; yet conceivable to me; like that of a sternly sorrowful leopard, with a pitifully ditto hare! Cavaignac is Godfroi, elder Brother of Eugene, subsequently President of the French Republic; Bradfute is the old Edinburgh Bookseller.—T. C.

think his Father half likes. Poor John is really a little flighty, "after all."

I fondly hope to quit Clifton the end of this present week; and to go home by the *base* of the isosceles triangle, which the Isle of Wight makes with Clifton and London, instead of along the two sides. I long for home, and to be putting in order for your coming. I shall send you a Newspaper immediately on my landing; and then you will write to say *when*. O, my Darling, we will surely be better, both of us, *there* again; effervescing even:—don't you think so? I made no "mark"—wrote nothing on any Newspaper,—it must have been some editorial mark of Mr. Sterling, which I had not noticed. I have sent you Papers from every large Town where I have been.

I have kept no room for kind messages. Say for me all that you know I would wish to say. I saw the Crawfords at Monmouth. Mr. C. is most emphatic for another Course of Lectures:—the *characters*, he thought a most glorious project. I have no doubt but you will find an audience prepared to be enchanted with you, whenever you want one.—The Book seems to be much more *popular* than I ever expected. Archdeacon Singleton finds nothing Radical in it! J. W. C. (No room for more.)

LETTER 22*

'Chelsea, 1 May, 1838.'

My dear Jean—When a man—at least when this man has "physic in him," it appears to me that he should

*A postscript to a Letter of Carlyle's dated 1 May, 1838, to his Sister, Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

make a distinct announcement of the fact in the very first sentence of his Letter, instead of mentioning it by the bye, at the end; as the reader then takes in all he may say or sing *with allowance.* Thus had he begun with, "My dear Jean, I this morning swallowed 'quite promiscuously' a dose of castor oil, mixed up with my own hand too (my Wife being in bed at the time), and sit down to write under its '*dark brown shad,*'" you would have formed to yourself, as you proceeded, a much cheerier, as well as truer, picture of "the wark." I can assure you his nerves were a vast deal stiffer than last year. I took one glimpse at him (just one) when he came on the stage,—and to be sure he was as white as a pockethandkerchief, but he made no gasping and spluttering, as I found him doing last year at the *fourth* Lecture. By and by, when the rate he was getting on at told me I might look with safety, he had recovered all that "bonny red in his cheeks" which Miss Corson of Craigenputtock so highly admired; and having a very fine light from above shining down on him he really looked a surprisingly beautiful man. His Lecture was to my taste better than any he delivered last year in *my* hearing (tho' he himself thinks, forsooth, there was not enough of *fire* in it); and he delivered it very gracefully; that is to say, without any air of thinking about his delivery, which is the best grace of any. I, in a measure, "took up my bed and walked" to hear him,—for I was hardly up after several days with tugging on with influenza like a fly among treacle, when the arrival of a gentleman with a close-carriage to take me, was a temptation not to be resisted—and I just waited to send off

MISS JANE WELSH,
From the Miniature,
By K. Macleay, R.S.A.

Him with my blessing, and then flung on my cloak and drove after him,—arriving at the door from opposite sides in the very same instant with himself;—but I turned away my face and passed on without taking any notice, as the pheasants when they want to hide think it is enough to stick their heads into a hole. Beware, however, dear Jean, how you encourage that little morsel of yours to follow the trade of being a Genius—it is a considerable risk—one way and another—and for my part, if I had the power of administering it, I should advise it much as our good Doctor used to do with his Senna,—"you had better give it him—or perhaps you had better *not.*"

My Mother complains that you take no notice of her, and the only news she gets of any of you is by way of London. For shame! You who can write so well ought not to be so slack.

Ever your affectionate Sister,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Remember me very kindly to James* whose sympathetic looks on my wayfaring at Dumfries, I shall long be grateful for.

LETTER 23

Sterling was at Blackheath two successive *summers;* went to Hastings for a while in the *autumn* of the *latter* (1838). "Portrait"? must be Laurence's *Crayon Sketch,* still here? No, it is the *Oil-Picture* (baddish) now at Scotsbrig.†—T. C.

* Aitken, Jean's Husband.

† Laurence's Portraits of Carlyle are still preserved in the Family; the Portrait in oils is now (1902) in possession of Carlyle's grand-nephew, James Carlyle, at Minholm, Langholm; the water-colour Sketch is in my keeping.

To the Revd. John Sterling, Blackheath.

Chelsea, Wednesday, '11th July, 1838.'

Geflügelter!—My getting to Blackheath seems to be a "camel-passing-through-the-eye-of-a-needle" sort of problem, which it is as good as useless to set the heart of me on at present. *Thursday* I cannot go; for, having excused myself from the Communion of Saints at Woolwich, on the plea of ill-health, I must, in common decency, abstain, for that day at least, from any open demonstration of locomotive force. Friday my Husband sits for his picture (a miracle of art likely to be, but in the meantime a thing of dread enough to curdle all the milk in Middlesex); and I, *poverina*, make tea for the Artist before he begins, and encourage him with my exquisite clitter-clatter while he works. *Saturday* (Carlyle told me on his return yesterday) we are engaged to dine with Darwin, and walk in the evening in St. James's Park (to cultivate a taste for innocent pleasures, I presume). So there is the whole week disposed of; and for *me* to be making appointments beyond the week I am in, were, what they call in Scotland, "a tempting of Providence." Come *you here*. It is better *so*. I can listen to you with composure of soul, and talk to you very prettily on my own sofa; but nowhere else am I good for anything, except to remind people of their latter end.

When they are gone from Knightsbridge, both your Wife and you will have some time on your hands, which I lay claim to, as the next in merit and locality. Carlyle sends regards. It "is a possibility that *he* may see you

on Thursday; but not to be positively calculated on." Kind love to "Mrs. John" and the little *unfledged*.

Your affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 24

I remember the poor "easy-chair," which has vanished from the house long since;—there are many things of the same type still here; never was such a creature for noticing cheap *waifs* as she passed along, and transmuting them by an alchemy all her own! Poverty on such terms may truly be considered (especially in these mean days) a kind of wealth.—To "raise" is Annandale for "achieve the finance of" (by effort muster the price of,—I have also heard them call it "string," "strung," evidently the German *strugend*). To "harl" is to drag slowly, and with imperfect success; a "harl" of anything expresses defect both in value and form. A country fellow enumerating the miserable ailments that beset his poor Mother, added lastly, "and ony harl o' health she has is ay about mealtime." (Fact this, I have heard; scene Dr. Thom's Surgery, Ecclefechan.)—T. C.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, '28 November, 1838.'

My dear Mother—On reading over this Letter,* I can bethink me of only one earthly thing that he has omitted to mention; which is, that we have, within the last few days, *raised* (as dear Mary used to say) a capital easy-chair, in which one or even two may sit very snug in winter-nights; and, with such a cinder fire, as he has got to-night, may be slowly roasted alive as in a Dutch-oven, for it is exactly the shape of one. A great addition

* Carlyle's Letter to which this is a postscript.

to our *coomfoart!** As is also the woollen spencer he bought me with your money, which I am rejoicing in at this present writing. I have also, you will be glad to hear, "a cap on my head," tho' not of "thick muslin"; and you must be resigned to the idea of my flinging it off again so soon as the frost abates. But the wonderfullest of all my acquisitions is a thing made of black silk with a *quarter of a mile* of brass wire in it, which I clasp on the under part of my face when I go out; and which is precisely like the muzzle on a mad dog; but has the property of making all the air that goes down one's throat as warm as summer air. They call it a *respirator*. Carlyle keeps saying he is very bilious, etc., but he looks very passably, is not so desperately "*ill to deal wi'*" as you and I have known him, and has always a good "harl o' health at meal-time." I am sorry to hear of poor Isabella's delicate state; knowing so well from experience, what it is to be laid on the shelf with the feeling that everything must be going wrong without me. Give her my kind regards, and to all the rest remember me also affectionately.

Tell Alick I ate every morsel of the honey myself.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 25

To Mrs. Welsh, at 3 Maryland St., Liverpool.

Chelsea, Sunday, 7 April, 1839.

Dearest Mother—It is a week past on Thursday

* See *ante*, p. 22 *n.*

since you went away, and really that one week looks longer than all the time you were here. Parting is one of the few hardships in this world which one does *not* "use to"; indeed the last time seems always the worst. It was quite heart-breaking leaving you in that tremendous apparatus, given up as it were to an irresistible destiny; to be shot away from one like an arrow into space! I cried all the way home; and then sat down so *dowie* by the fire, indisposed to speak to any son or daughter of Adam. But Helen was determined I should not despond for lack of a little of her Job's comfort; so she broke the silence by an announcement that we were "out of baith dips and moulds." "There," said I, giving her money, and returned to look into the fire. But she lingered as she went, and at the door she made a stand and gave a great sigh, and then broke forth, "I declare it's no like the same hoose, sae dull and dismal-like, it's just as if a *corp* had gaen oot! She was so attached!" What could one do in such a case but either jump up and fell her, or burst into new weeping? Having little spirit remaining, I chose the latter alternative. Then as if on purpose to keep alive my regrets, ever so many things have turned up, since you went, that I should have liked you to have been present at. The very next evening came the French Catholic Rio, that Carlyle had described to us as such a striking man. He pleased me much, tho' resembling the description in no one particular except the duskiness of his complexion. I had fancied him a stern, bigoted enthusiast, whereas he is a sort of French John Sterling;

if possible even more voluble and transparent; and his Catholicism sits on him just about as lightly as John's Church-of-Englandism sits on him. I happened to ask him if he knew Cavaignac: "Ah, who does *not* know Cavaignac by name? But *I*, you know, am a victim of *his* party, as *he* is a victim of Louis Philippe. Does Cavaignac come here?" "Yes, we have known him long." "Good gracious! How strange it would be for us to meet in the same room! How I should like it!" "Well," I said, "he is to dine here on Monday." "I will come; good gracious, it will be so strange": and he seemed amazingly charmed with his prospect. Not so Carlyle, who began, before he was well out at the door, "Mercy Jane, are you distracted?" "What *can* you do with these two men?" etc., etc. I assured him it would go off without bloodshed, and began to think of my *dinner*. In addition to the boiled leg of mutton already projected for the sake of the capers, I decided on a beefsteak pie; and, that care off my mind, I trusted in Providence that the men would not come to an explosion.

The dinner, however, could hardly be called a "successful one." Rio appeared on the scene at half-past three, as if he could not have enough of it. Latrade came as the clock struck four. But Cavaignac—Alas! Two of his friends were on terms about blowing each other's brains out, and Cavaignac was gone to bring them to reason; and not till they were brought to reason would he arrive to eat his dinner. Now, whether the men would be brought to reason before the dinner

was quite spoiled, was a delicate question that Latrade himself could not answer. So, one half hour being gone, and still no appearance of him, I was on the point of suggesting that we should wait no longer, when a carriage drove up and deposited Mrs. Macready and Macready's Sister. Was ever beefsteak pie in such a cruel predicament! There was no help, however, but to do the amiable, which was not ill to do even in these trying circumstances, the visitors were such attractive sort of people. Mrs. Macready asked me how I liked Harriet's Book.* I answered "how do *you* like it?" She made wide eyes at me and drew her little mouth together into a button. We both burst out a-laughing, and that is the way to get fast friends. An hour and half after the dinner had been all ready we proceeded to eat it,—Rio, Latrade and we. And when it was just going off the table cold, Cavaignac came, his hands full of papers and his head full of the Devil knows what; but not one reasonable word would he speak the whole night. Rio said nothing to his dispraise, but I am sure he thought in his own mind "Good Gracious! I had better never be in the same room with him again!"

But there has been another Frenchman here that I would have given a gold guinea that you had seen: To-day gone a week the sound of a whirlwind rushed thro' the street, and there stopt with a prancing of steeds and footman thunder at this door, an equipage, all resplendent with skye-blue and silver, discoverable thro' the blinds, like a piece of the Coronation Pro-

* "Deerbrook," by Harriet Martineau.

cession, from whence emanated Count d'Orsay! ushered in by the small Chorley. Chorley looked "so much alarmed that he was quite alarming"; his face was all the colours of the rainbow, the under-jaw of him went zig-zag; indeed, from head to foot he was all over one universal quaver, partly, I suppose, from the soul-bewildering honour of having been borne hither in that chariot of the sun; partly from apprehension of the effect which his man of Genius and his man of Fashion were about to produce on one another. Happily it was not one of my nervous days, so that I could contemplate the whole thing from my *prie-Dieu* without being infected by his agitation, and a sight it was to make one think the millenium actually at hand, when the lion and the lamb, and all incompatible things should consort together. Carlyle in his grey plaid suit, and his tub-chair, looking blandly at the Prince of Dandies; and the Prince of Dandies on an opposite chair, all resplendent as a diamond-beetle, looking blandly at *him*. D'Orsay is a really handsome man, after one has heard him speak and found that he has both wit and sense; but at first sight his beauty is of that rather disgusting sort which seems to be like genius, "of no sex." And this impression is greatly helped by the fantastical finery of his dress: sky-blue satin cravat, yards of gold chain, white French gloves, light drab great-coat lined with velvet of the same colour, invisible inexpressibles, skin-coloured and fitting like a glove, etc., etc. All this, as John says, is "*very* absurd"; but his manners are manly and unaffected and

he convinces one, shortly, that in the face of all probability he is a devilish clever fellow. Looking at Shelley's bust, he said, "I dislike it very much; there is a sort of faces *who* seem to wish to swallow their chins and this is one of them." He went to Macready after the first performance of *Richelieu*, and Macready asked him, "What would you suggest?" "A little more fulness in your petticoat!" answered d'Orsay. Could contempt for the piece have been more politely expressed? He was no sooner gone than Helen burst into the room to condole with me that Mrs. Welsh had not seen him—such a "*most* beautiful man and most beautiful carriage! The Queen's was no show i' the worl' compared wi' that! Everything was so grand and so preceese! But it will be something for next time."

I have heard from Elizabeth (not Countess Pepoli yet). She says of him merely: "one of the pleasantest things that has happened to me since I came" (the place it seems is horribly dull) "has been a most cheerful Letter from Pepoli on leaving the Quadrant. He says he does not mean to see you till he has completed his arrangements." . . .

O Mother! only think! poor Mr. Ryerson is dead! Died ten days ago, after three days' illness. . . . It makes our Soiree quite a sad sort of remembrance to me.

The Coolidges called yesterday to take leave and beg an autograph. I am giving away the whole of the manuscript of the *French Revolution*, in pages. She (Mrs. Coolidge) asked most politely after you, and was sure I

must "miss you sadly." Creek has been but once since you went away: Carlyle was in the midst of *Deerbrook* when he came in, and gave such a smack with his teeth as could hardly escape notice, and has produced this amelioration of our lot. Rio has taken up *his* mantle, has been three times last week and comes again to-night; but he returns into Monmouthshire to-morrow and is making the best of his time.

. . . I hope my Uncle continues improving. My kindest regards to him and the rest.—Carlyle sends his kind love. He has been saying up to last night, "One misses her much."* God bless you.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 26

To Mrs. Welsh, Templand, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Friday, 17 May, 1839.

Dearest Mother—. . . Your last Letter is particularly unsatisfactory, scattery "to a degree!" as indeed all your Letters from Liverpool have been; but now that you have "a bit haddin' o' your ain" again, I really do pray you to be at leisure, for, "depend upon it the slower thou gangs the sooner thou'lt get to thy journey's end."† I

* In Letter 23 (*Letters and Memorials*, i., 112–5), addressed to Carlyle's Mother, Mrs. Carlyle in speaking of this visit of Mrs. Welsh to Cheyne Row, writes: "She was very happy here last time, and very sensible to Carlyle's kind treatment of her. 'He had been everything,' she said, 'that heart could desire.' When I wonder, will *you* be justified in saying as much of *me?*" These words were disingenuously suppressed by Mr. Froude, without notification, a common practice of his when he meets with any inconvenient passage.

† An Annandale farmer's advice to a traveller whom he saw over-driving a very poor horse.

should have liked to know your mode of travelling; and whether my Uncle was "not so well" in the eyes or in his general health; and a variety of other things which are left to "my own *conjectur.*" This is the fourth Letter you will please to remember (including the long one to my Uncle) which I have written in Lecture-time, a time of hurry and flurry enough to drive a nervous human being like myself into daily hysterics,—if it were not that my will is stronger than my nerves. And this seems to me to deserve an ample and leisurely *return.*

To-morrow is last Lecture-day, thank Heaven. Unless he can get *hardened* in this trade, he certainly ought to discontinue it; for no gain or eclat that it can yield, is compensation enough for the martyrdom it is to himself, and thro' him to me.—To appearance he has got thro' the thing this year much more smoothly and quite as brilliantly as last year; but in defect of the usual measure of agitation *beforehand,* he has taken to the new and curious crotchet of being ready to hang himself *after,* in the idea that he has made "a horrible *pluister* [mess] of it." No demonstrations of the highest satisfaction on the part of his audience can convince him to the contrary; and he remains, under applause that would turn the head of most Lecturers, haunted by the pale ghost of last day's Lecture "shaking its gory locks at him" till next day's arrive to take its place and torment him in its turn.—"Very absurd."

We are suffering sadly from cold; by and by it will be hot enough. And then what is to follow is not yet very clearly apparent. Sometimes Carlyle talks of going to

make a lecturing campaign in America this very Autumn; sometimes of taking a house on the seashore; but we are likely, I think, to end in a campaign against Templand,*—which I should not wonder if in your opinion were the most judicious and natural-looking thing we could do.—God bless you, my own dear Mother: but you must get yourself right paper, ink and pens, and write world-looking Letters. Your affectionate

JANE.

LETTER 27

After Lectures and considerable *reading for Cromwell,* talking about *scheme of London Library,* struggling and operating towards what proved "Chartism," and more of the like,—we set out together for Scotland, by Liverpool, about July 2nd or 3rd;—for Scotsbrig both of us in the first place, then she to Templand as her headquarters, I, after leaving her there, to return to Scotsbrig as my ditto. All which took effect;—my remembrance of it now very indistinct. I do well recollect this pretty Letter, however, and other green spots in the waste. The "Gibson" of this visit to Ayr is the same "silverheaded Packman" noted above.† In those years he had quite renounced trading, and led an easy, rather nomadic life, wandering about in charge of a Liverpool young gentleman of great wealth and of decidedly weak mind,—inoffensive (practically) altogether to poor Gibson, and less afflictive even to the fancy than he could have been to any as faithful guardian. This was Gibson's last employment in the world, and it continued still a good many years. To the last he was loyalty's self to all that held of Walter Welsh or Family,—devotedly ready as in the old "Black Wull" days. Good old soul.—T. C.

* Meaning an inroad upon Templand.
† In *Letters and Memorials,* i., 36 *n.*

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

Ayr, Sunday, 18 August, 1839.

Dearest—It is 56 miles to Ayr, the way we came; and we were as long about it as would have taken me from Liverpool to London, to say nothing of the superior jumbling. Add to this, that the fatigues of the day had to be borne on one bad sandwich, and without any particle of that contentment which gives a charm to even the dinner of herbs, and you will think it no shame that I arrived here in a state of "vera desperation." Poor old Gibson, however, served as a sort of spiritual featherbed, on which the wearied creosote* might at length fling itself down, and taste a brief repose. He had tea and *fried whitings*, all prepared for us at the lodgings,—had sent in coal and candle, tea, sugar, and extras, and shown himself as usual the "kindest of men." Even I could pardon his prosing, for the sake of his good-humour,—a thing which I have been so little used to of late; and up to this hour, my patience with him is still holding out.

He had got us excellent lodgings: a diningroom about the size and shape of Mrs. Colquhoun's at Stockbridge,† but more *plenished*-looking; and two very excellent bedrooms; mine, which is an attic, has curious dark nooks in it, where in a revolutionary period, one might secrete two, or perhaps three *Aristocrats;* its window looks away over a *beautiful* prospect of housetops; and I feel in it quite

* Word stroked out: "I cannot spell it." Creosote (soot-essence) was a name I had given her ("spirit of soot"), in laughing acceptance of some particularly clever and well-deserved bit of satire she had been reporting to me.—T. C.

† In Edinburgh, where we lodged in winter 1832-3.—T. C.

a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh. The Landlady is a Writer's widow, and looks quite satisfactory. The greatest drawbacks to the comfort of the location are its vicinity to the Town-clock, which chimes every quarter, and rings for a long time at six in the morning, with a sort of passionate solemnity, which I should think would drive sleep far from every eye in Ayr. This is one of the great nuisances, and the "brattling and brainging"* of the servant maids is another; there never was anything in the world the least like it! Late and early,—dump, dump, crash, clash;—and towards breakfast-time, a universal quoit-playing with all the crockery! Of course, I get little sleep; but I was sleeping so wretchedly ill at Templand, where there was perfect quietness, that I am less irritated by the noise than I would otherwise have been.

For the place itself, I can fancy it might be very pleasant to live in, under conceivable circumstances. The next time we come to Scotland, I think we must try "*a bit haddin' o' oor ain*" here,—at a proper distance from the Town-clock. The Town and surrounding Country have a look of cheerful sufficiency which is quite refreshing after the *gigmanic* stagnation of Dumfriesshire. There are the prettiest little villas all about, where one can fancy people living, without being tempted to commit suicide. The Country people look lively, and intelligent; and the Town people actually rather cultivated. And then there are capital good shops, and markets, and even a Circulating Library. And for people that like sea-bathing,

* Part of a Canobie coalminer's speech to his Boy "Kit," reported by Brother Alick, with true mimetic humour.—T. C.

better cannot be found; so good that (only think!) *I* bathed the day before yesterday. It was an awful enterprise, truly. I thought the wind would have cut me in pieces while I was undressing; . . . but at last I bobbed down the head of me twice and when I ran out, thereupon, though my wet flannel gown was clinging all round me, I felt quite warm. My Mother poured a gulp of brandy down my throat; and I ran home (only some three or four minutes' walk), with little regard to appearances. I felt better for it all afternoon, and meant to repeat the thing next day; but I had such a nervous horrid night, and next day felt so like taking a great cold that I durst not.

However the sun has shone out now, for the first time, and if it be as bright a day to-morrow, I have a mind to try another time. No sea can be clearer, or smoother at bottom, and the shore is as solitary as if nobody bathed at all.

Yesterday we dined with Mr. Gibson at his Farm, a nice house built for the Father of Lord Alloway. He hired a Philanthum to carry us; and showed us Burns's Monument, Birthplace, etc., etc., and Thom's *Tam o' Shanter* and *Souter Johnnie*, for which a pretty establishment has been built beside the Monument; and, having crammed us with victuals, brought us back at night. "The kindness of that man!" It was very pleasant to see all these Burns memorabilia. . . .

Poor Gibson has pleasure-drives enough laid out for us to occupy the next month, and consume his whole stock of spare cash. But I suppose we shall be returning about the

end of the week. If my Mother wants to stay a few days longer I shall not object, for I am *not* afraid of my life here. I know a very intelligent shoemaker, and several other people of that sort; and the time does not stifle me, as it did at Templand.* There is, even in this very house, a fat scullion, whom it is cheering to talk to; she looks so struck by what one says to her, and sometimes falls into a great clash of laughter that puts me in mind that there is such a thing as mirth in the world. I cannot write here, the house feels always so *open;* but I am not through my *Nickleby* yet, and I am netting at times. My Mother continues the worst-natured of women; but I let her be doing, and "keep never minding." Once a day, generally after breakfast, she tries a fall with me. And in three words I give her to understand that I will not be snubbed; privately resolving to be sore *up* in the world indeed, before I subject myself to such unreasonable usage again.†

*In the Coach, while returning to Templand from this visit to Ayr, as she told me long afterwards: Fellow-passengers got to talking: "And so you are from London, Ma'am, and know literary people? Leigh Hunt, ah so! Ah, and etc. And do you know anything of Mr. Carlyle?" "Him right well; I am his Wife!" which had evidently pleased her dear little heart, my Darling little Woman.—T. C.

† Mrs. Welsh and her Daughter never could live harmoniously together for more than a few days at a time. The former had been seen in "fifteen different humours" in the course of the same evening; and the latter was of fiery temper, too; and consequently there had been, as Carlyle says in his *Reminiscences*, "manifold little collisions between them." These did not escape Carlyle's observation when he was courting Miss Welsh; and this knowledge made him averse to the proposal that Mother and Daughter should continue to live together after he and Miss Welsh were wedded. He had seen enough to convince him that the proposal that the three of them should live in the same house was an impracticable one. It would be much better for both Mother and Daughter that they should be separated. These little "collisions" between Mrs. Welsh and her Jeannie in later years are good evidence of the wisdom and prudence of Carlyle in opposing the scheme of a Triple Alliance. Even when Mrs. Welsh and her Daughter met

I will send a Newspaper on arriving at Templand. And you will then come, I trust, and take me away. Answer this immediately; address Post-office. Kind regards to all.

LETTER 28

A winter-cold; sad accompaniment of many winters henceforth. Fierce-torturing nervous headache (continuous sometimes for three days and nights) etc., etc.: never did I see such suffering from ill-health borne so patiently as by this most sensitive and delicate of creatures all her life long. To this hour, the thought of all that often puts *me* to shame!—Her "maid" is poor Kirkcaldy Helen, one of the notabilities, and also blessings here; who staid with us (thanks chiefly, almost wholly, to the admirable *management*) for nearly twelve years on a stretch. A curious specimen, poor Helen,—and often most *amusing*, as interpreted and reported to me!—T. C.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

'Chelsea,' Friday, 22 Nov., 1839.

My dear Jean—In such a beautiful confusion is this head of mine that I cannot recollect the least in the world whether or not I wrote to you that the Parcel had been sent to the address you gave me,—by the Delivery Company, Carriage paid. In case of its not turning up within reason-

only occasionally, and for short periods, Carlyle often had occasion to intervene as peacemaker. In 1835, he wrote to Mrs. Carlyle, "*Hadere nicht mit deiner Mutter, Liebste. Trage, trage; es wird bald enden.*" (Quarrel not with your Mother, Dearest. Be patient, patient; it will soon end.) And in his reply to the above Letter, he writes under date 20th August, 1839, "Remember me as is fit, to the good Hostess, good, but with the best intentions, always unfortunate! Really one could weep to think of poor human nature; but it is a thing not to be remedied by weeping." The "Triple Alliance," so eloquently advocated by Mr. Froude, could only have ended in disappointment.

able time, you should be told this *twice* rather than *not at all*, that you may inquire after it. It was sent some ten days or fortnight ago.

For the rest, I have been thirteen days confined to the house, with a cold, which is not quite gone yet. But I am tired of nursing it entirely; and *must* go out for a little while to-day to get the cobwebs blown out of my brains....

My maid is very kind, luckily, when I am laid up. She has no *suggestiveness* or voluntary help in her; but she does my bidding quietly and accurately, and when I am *very* bad, she bends over me in my bed, as if I were a little sick child, and *rubs her cheek on mine!* Once I found it wet with tears. One might think one's maid's tears could do little for a tearing headache; but they *do* comfort a little. What is more to the purpose, however, she makes *mutton broth* that is the chief consolation of Mr. C.'s life; he prefers *it* even to the *Cock-broth* of old "*Putta.*"*

Did Mr. C. tell you that one of the last outgoings I made I got my pocket picked,—the first time since I came to London;—my purse containing a sovereign and some silver? I felt very like a fool on making the discovery when I was going to pay my omnibus.

Write to me, Dear, when you have a leisure day; and believe me ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 29

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, Friday morning, 'August, 1840.'

If you *had* come last Wednesday! Verily it would

* Local name for Craigenputtock.

have been the wonderfullest *realized ideal* that you ever assisted at in this world! Not a morsel of victual was cooked in the house that day: my Husband had to seek his dinner at a Tavern; and I—Oh, think of it!—I had to glide stealthily to the nearest cook-shop, and buy myself, all blushing, a few ounces of cold beef! And if you would know the meaning of all which questionable phenomena, it was, in plain prose, that my maid, my only Help, was throughout that whole day, and part of next, lying *dead drunk* on the kitchen floor, amid a chaos of upset chairs, broken crockery, and heaven knows what besides, "*fragmenta rerum non bene junctarum.*" In fact the sunk-story of this respectable, æsthetic house was by one of those sudden yawnings of "the universal volcanic gulf underneath our feet," converted into a lively epitome of St. Giles's, or, to speak more accurately, of a place one may not name.

Now the poor little *Disgraziáta* is on her legs again—for a time—I embrace the favourable moment to ship her off to Scotland, where she will at least get drunk on *genuine* whisky instead of blue ruin.*

So, next Wednesday, God willing, you will find us all sober and most glad to see you.

Carlyle is gratified (as he could not but be) with your "kindest regards" intercalated so mindfully into your wishes for my success in emancipating myself. Ah, poor Marie Capelle! I mean to propose to dear Mrs. Macready that we married women shall by round robin, or otherwise, make some public demonstration of our sympathy towards

* Helen Mitchell did not go at this time.

her and our approbation of her strenuous and well-meant, tho' ill-fated exertions in the Condition-of-married-women Question. Meanwhile I have her Picture hung on my wall, beside Goethe, John Knox and other great souls, who have recognised the grandeur of their "*mission.*" "Why do women marry?" God knows, unless it be that like the great Wallenstein they do not find scope enough for their genius and qualities in an easy life.

"Night must it be ere Friedland's star shall burn!"*

Don't you think that considering the distracted state of my *ménage* I write remarkably *long* Notes?

Truly yours, dear Mr. Forster,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 30

To Mrs. Jameson, London.

Chelsea, Tuesday morning, 'November, 1840.'

Dearest Mrs. Jameson—I have seen Fraser; have held a most animated debate with him for upwards of an hour; and ended where I began,—or rather a little further back than where I began. I stated to him in the modest language of innocence and truth, that I would have £150 for my Book† or would have back the MS. He on the other hand demonstrated to me by his Bookseller Arithmetic,

* "Night must it be, ere Friedland's star will beam." (Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, p. 157, Lib. Ed.)

† Carlyle's Lectures on Heroes. Mrs. Carlyle had undertaken to negotiate their publication. Carlyle says in his Journal, 26 Dec., 1840, "My lectures written out since the end of August lie here still unpublished. Saunders & Otley offer me £50 for an edition of 750: munificent! Fraser, consulted by my Wife, did not definitely offer any cash at all, I think. . . . Happily I do not need any cash at present." Fraser finally agreed to give £75 for the Lectures, and £75 for a new edition of *Sartor.*

that no edition of the Book, whether large or small, whether sold at 7s. 6d. or at 10s. 6d., could under any conceivable human circumstances, yield one farthing more than just £150 as the whole amount of profit; so that if this sum were paid to the Author, "what," he asked with a look of blank pathos, "remained for the Publisher?" "Plainly nothing," I told him, "which I regarded as a clear intimation of Providence that no such character as a Publisher should exist!" But still he thinks that he has a right to exist, and will exist, I am afraid; but it shall not be by eating up the best part of this £150.

Confused and almost driven to despair by his numerical figures,—knowing all the while there was "a *do* at the bottom of them," tho' I, poor Ignorama, could not point it out, I took my stand on *your* authority, *your* more comprehensible arithmetic, and turned a deaf ear to the voice of the tempter.—At last, seeing that I *would* swear by my Egeria, let him talk as he would, he offered me to wait upon *you*, and "make you also sensible, etc.,"—a proposal which I sanctioned with perhaps a too selfish readiness.

Accordingly he proposes to call upon you on Thursday at twelve o'clock. Will this visit bore you? If so, say it without hesitation and I will crush it in the bud.

As I *know* that the MS. would yield *upwards* of £150 if cut up into Review Articles, he absolutely is not to have it for less. We can try some other consequence of the Fall of Adam in the shape of Publisher; and if they all prove alike desperate of getting anything out of it, and averse to publishing it for virtue's own reward, why

then it can lie there, eating no bread, until some blessed "three days" in Booksellerdom have brought out a new order of things: or it can get published among his *posthumous Works*. . . . Pardon me giving you all this trouble: it is the result of your own rash kindness.—Fraser wished me to assist at the interview, but I do not see what I can say to him more than I have already said.

Kind regards to my Lover: for I take it for granted when a man admires my Notes, the joint production of such a head and such a pen, he must certainly be in love with me. Your affec.,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 31

A stray Letter from Mrs. Welsh to my Mother; which, so kindly, good and characteristic is it, I cannot but preserve as elucidative of her and the scene then alive with us all. My Mother had been on visit to Templand; *once* there she was, and beautifully treated (nay we heard of some pious aspiration to have her there for altogether, and to live in *Bessie-Bell and Mary-Gray* fashion); but whether there ever was an actual second visit, I don't now know. Right kind, generous, affectionate, in many points, right noble, was the Mother of my Jeannie,—and much loved by her, tho' not quite easy to live with in detail! I date by mere guess.—T. C.

Mrs. Welsh to Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Templand, Monday night, 'Spring, 1841.'

My dear Mrs. Carlyle—Though dear Jeannie said I was to send her no *jam*,—still, upon reflection, I don't see but her Mother's sweets may be as acceptable in London as at

Craigenputtock. Therefore I herewith send a box of them to your care; which Mr. Alex. will have the goodness to address, and ship with the other articles. I have never ceased blaming myself for not asking you to let me know how you got home and stood your journey; for your visit was so speedily accomplished, that it is more like a dream than a reality your having been here; but now that you know the height and length of Templand, I hope you will ere long return and remain with me till you are *hefted.*

I had a kind note from Mrs. Aitken yesterday, wherein she tells me wee Jenny has left her and gone to her Sister Mary, who has also given you another *care;* in regard to which I was glad to hear both Mother and Child were doing well; but sorry that Jenny had not made out her visit to Templand *before* she took her departure. But when she is of *less consequence* I hope to see you both. You would soon feel yourselves quite at home; at least it would be my wish that you did so. I was right happy to hear from Jean also that our bairns* mean to visit us in Summer. May God so will it! Jean sent a beautiful shawl which I think much of, and much more of her attention; yet I could have wished she had not been so—foolish, shall I call it?—in spending her money so idly; but I feel not the less gratified by it.

I have not heard from London since the day you were here; but am looking daily for a long Letter. I had a Letter from my Brother last week; his leg is now quite well. . . . I hope your Son† and his young Wife are in the full enjoy-

* Her own Jeannie and I. We did come, "July–Sept., 1841:" it was the time of Newby Cottage, by the sea-side.—T. C.

† Jamie, lately wedded.—T. C.

ment of health and happiness. Remember me to him, and also to Mr. Alexander, and to whom say the sooner he drives you back [hither], the more welcome both. When you see Mary give her my kind compliments and joy of her wee thing.

We have had dreadful stormy weather of late; and this night is, I think, the most fearful of all. . . [*Letter torn.*]

I hope to hear from you soon, and with every good wish for yourself and family, believe me, dear Mrs. Carlyle,

Yours sincerely,

GRACE WELSH.

LETTER 32

To John Forster, London.

Templand, Thornhill, Sept., 1841.

My dear Mr. Forster—Mrs. Macready writes to me today words which make me shudder. *Voilà!* "Mr. Forster consults Dr. —— and is getting thin and industrious!" The "industrious" I do not object to. "The Devil," I have heard, "is always at the elbow of an idle man"; and far be it from me, your friend, and the well-wisher of humanity, to prefer that you should have so *uncanny* a neighbour. But against Dr. —— and the thinness I feel myself called upon to protest seriously, loudly, with all the emphasis that is in me, which, let me tell you, is considerable! Is this all that my little gods have done for you? Worthy deities that they are, fit only to be broken and cast under the grate! I will bring you a new little god from Scotland, who will look better to your interests, if you will but in the

meantime abjure Dr. —— and keep the flesh on your bones! Do, dear Mr. Forster, consider my words: Dr. —— is an emissary of Beelzebub! Homœopathy an invention of the Father of Lies! I have *tried* it, and found it wanting. I would swallow their whole doles' medicine-chest for sixpence, and be sure of finding myself neither better nor worse for it. But then, they cut off one's coffee, and wine, and tea; one's cigars, too, if I am not mistaken; they strip existence of all its best realities, till at last, just when one is "almost trained to live on air," like the Annandale man's horse, one *dies!*

Now, will you give up this nonsense which can come to nothing but harm? It not only grieves but irritates me to think of a man with your eyes to see and heart to understand, *letting* himself be mystified with spoonfuls of cold water! No one knows better than myself that there is a sort of reaction against medical science as one sees it in the present day, which predisposes one to take up with any sort of bold quackery in preference; but your life and health are precious; and so for Godsake* leave Dr. —— to administer his infinitesimal doses to fine ladies and the like, whom the world can better spare!

We shall be home presently. We have quitted Newby; and hope never to look upon its like again. . . . My Husband, however, with an infatuation which there is no accounting for, is off again to his barbarous Annandale. He talked of making an excursion into Cumberland and visiting the Speddings who live there. I who have not the strength of a robin-redbreast left in me, would nowise un-

* *Scottice,* for God's sake.

dertake to accompany him.* . . . If you like to send me one line to say how you are, it will find me here for a week yet, at all events; Templand, Thornhill, Dumfries.

Thanks for your Letter, and for that reminiscence of the "unfortunate woman as she is, and sometimes has been, on the part of Mrs. Yates."† Alas, I give her up now! God bless you! My Mother desires to be kindly remembered to you.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 33

This Letter turns on some splutter of misunderstanding on John Sterling's part about a *MS.* sent me; *MS.* or first of several *MSS.* Must have been the *Election*,—see *Life of Sterling*, p. 250.—T. C.

To the Revd. John Sterling, Falmouth.

Chelsea, 'January, 1842'

Mr. Phosphorus!—I cannot help thinking that you are raising here a tempest in a teapot, which I, by principle, as well as temperament, "a lover of quiet things," must pronounce to be a rather superfluous labour. Suppose now, that, before exploding this shower of crackers on my devoted head, you had taken a moment's breath to inquire into the *merits of the case*, who knows but you might have saved your crackers for some future emergency, and I might have saved my head? My head, however, is fortunately a tolerably hard one, and, armed with the helmet

* We did visit Tynemouth (Harriet Martineau's) and return home together.—T. C. See also *Reminiscences*, i., 197.

† Old night at the Play.—T. C.

of innocence, as at present, it can defy such fire-showers to do it any *deadly* hurt. For my own sake, as you have already done your worst, it is hardly worth while to vindicate myself; but for the sake of *the species*, it may be as well perhaps to make you aware that the present *contre-temps* has been produced rather by an unlucky conjunction of your stars, than by individual female indiscretion.

One day that I dined at Knightsbridge, some fortnight back, your Father said to me: "Where is Cavaignac?" "In Leeds," I answered. "What is he *doing* there?" says he. "What is *your* business?" says I. Presently thereupon, he told me you had written a Poem. "On what subject?" I very naturally inquired. "I do not choose to tell you," says he with a tone of retaliation. "Perhaps you do not know," says I. "I *do* know," says he, "but I am not at liberty to mention it." There you have scene first. Scene the second occurred on the day your Letter came to us. It was on the table when your Father and Mother came to call. There seemed less imprudence in saying my Husband had received a Letter from you that day, than in making a mystery of so simple a fact. "Does he tell you about his Poem?" said your Mother. "Yes." "Has he told you the subject?" says she again. "Yes; but that we were not to speak of it."

Now I refer it from Mr. John Sterling in a passion, to Mr. John Sterling in his sober reason, what else could I, or ought I to have said, supposing, as I had every reason to do, that your Mother was in the secret? Your Father had known it for a fortnight, and if it were conceivable that *he* should have kept it from her so long, was it conceivable

that you should have placed more confidence in your Father's discretion, than in your Mother's,—your Father being precisely the indiscreetest human being that ever was born! I saw in an instant that something had gone wrong. Your Mother looked exceedingly vexed, and said: "He has not chosen that *I* should know; but pray don't tell me." Then, of course, I wished that I had had the forethought to hide the *corpus delicti*, or that I had braved the odium of observing impenetrable silence about it; but, "a word spoken, eight horses cannot hold it back." And so I tried to laugh her out of her annoyance, the best I could. Apparently, I have not succeeded, since Letters have been written to Clifton, on the subject, and *from* Clifton.

What a much ado about nothing,—for me, who can scarce give myself the trouble to do *a little* about something.

God bless you, and give you a little more deliberateness.

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 34

The "Mrs. Russell" to whom this Letter is addressed was the Wife of Dr. Russell of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire (who, on retiring from Practice, became a Banker in the same Village), and Daughter of the Reverend Edward Dobbie, also of Thornhill. The friendship between Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Russell began at an early date; they saw much of each other when the Carlyles were living at Craigenputtock; and Mrs. Russell's great kindness and devotion to Mrs. Welsh, especially during the last illness of the latter, were never forgotten by Mrs. Carlyle. From

that time Mrs. Russell became her most intimate and dearly loved friend; and the friendship thus early begun never abated, but increased as the years went by, and continued without shadow of break till Mrs. Carlyle's death in 1866. Mrs. Carlyle spoke and wrote with unusual freedom and unreserve of her friends, and few of them escape without some touch of her pungent sarcasm; but in none of her Letters, so far as I have seen, is there a single unkindly reference to Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Welsh had died on the 25th of February of this year. "Margaret Hiddlestone" had been her last servant, and her fidelity and kindness to her Mistress were ever afterwards remembered by Mrs. Carlyle. "Old Mary" Mills had been for long a dependent, to some extent at least, on Mrs. Welsh. These two, Margaret and Mary, were considered by Mrs. Carlyle as legacies left her by her Mother, and she never forgot to send them some little remembrance on the anniversary of her own birth (14th of July) or on that of her Mother's death. In 1865, as will be seen from later Letters, Mrs. Carlyle engaged Jessie Hiddlestone, Daughter of this Margaret, as her housemaid, and brought her up to London when returning from her last visit to Thornhill.

To Mrs. Russell, Holm Hill, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 12th July, 1842.

My dear Mrs. Russell—Will you be so good as give the little parcel to Margaret Hiddlestone with my kind remembrances. I do not know her actual address. I send also to your care a little thing for old Mary. She used to like dearly a bit of *finery*, and I flatter myself this handkerchief will quite please her taste. I have put up an extra half-crown along with it, which you may tell her is to make her Thursday's dinner a little better than

usual. She would have had a good dinner at Templand on that day, had Templand been what it was; for Thursday you must know is my birthday, and whether I was far or near, my Mother never failed to make a sort of celebration of it. Alas, alas, *this* 14th of July, for the first time in my whole life, I shall miss the Mother's-gift and blessing which always reached me, however distant she might be, and however circumstanced. It will pass over unnoticed like any other day of the year,—only for myself, it will be a sorrowful day enough; but all my days are sorrowful now, so I need not look forward with any particular apprehension to this *one*. I feel that that stroke, so heavy and unexpected, has taken away a great piece of my life; that I shall never get the better of it. I may not die this long while yet, but henceforth I can only live in the idea of death. And perhaps it is better for me so, than that I should return into the state of blind security in which I was living before this affliction came upon me. She was every way so much better than I am, that without some such expiation of sorrow, I should hardly dare to look forward to being united to her where she is gone.

My Husband has been unusually well since his return. He is very patient with me, and does all he can to fill her place; but who can do that? One can have but *one* Mother. My Cousin Jeannie, too, who is still here, is very kind indeed. All my friends are kinder to me far than I deserve; but somehow their kindness seems to make me only the sadder: I think always, Oh, if I had but *her* to tell it to again, *then* it would do me good!

Now, there, I have written nothing but sad things to

you, dear Mrs. Russell; and when I sat down I meant to write cheerfully. But you will see, in my putting so little restraint on my thoughts, that I feel towards you the trustfulness of a sincere affection, and so will not weary of these lamentations.

We are always glad to see Dr. Russell's handwriting on the Newspaper. Remember us to him kindly, and to your Father. Write to me when you can. . . .

LETTER 35

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Monday, 'April, 1843.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I am wearying to have some news of you. Absolutely, willing or unwilling, busy or lazy, you *must* sit down and write me a Letter! How are you and what are you all doing there in Thornhill? Where is Margaret and what sort of industry is she following? And old Mary, is she still able to creep about, and have you any money for her remaining? My Husband says you were to give her two shillings a week, which you considered would suffice for her with what she had. May be so, but two shillings a week would not keep a London poor woman in "beer!" A woman whom I found lately lying on a little mouldy straw with not a single blanket over her—only an old cloak—and sharing *that* and the straw with three children, owned to having *ten shillings* a week allowed her, besides some bread and cheese from the Parish, while her eldest child received both food and clothing at a charity-

school; and the youngest being only five years old could not consume very much. Tho' I never tried living and keeping two children on ten shillings a week, I could not but think I would have made a better job of it than she seemed to be making; and I took pains to ascertain how the money went: four and sixpence went to the grocer for tea and sugar! "And then," said she, "as long as I live I must have my pint of beer (brown stout) in the day; I cannot want my pint of beer for anything!" And so she lay all through the Winter, in the state I have mentioned, with a bad cold too, which turned to consumption, and the other day she died! And I am afraid this is no exceptional case of unthrift. A woman to whom I gave some money to get her children's flannel petticoats out of pawn went home and within a quarter of an hour's time had fried herself a panful of mutton chops off it! Mutton chops being at the time ninepence a pound. And ever so many instances of the same improvident spirit have come under my observation. But tho' old Mary get more good of two shillings than a London woman of ten, still even in Scotland, and under your good care, it is a very slender amount of capital to front the world with! And if she fall sick and become quite helpless, I trust to you getting her whatever is necessary and applying to me for money whenever she wants it. Not that I doubt but you would be ready to help her yourself. My Mother often told me how good and charitable you and your Husband were. But this old woman is *my* concern, not *yours*. I cannot supply to her the

place of the friend she has lost; but it is both my duty and my pleasure to do it as far as lies in my power.

Did you hear of the sad fright which we had with my Uncle in Liverpool? He was taken ill one night, just as She* was last year and in the same week of the same month. The daily accounts I received of him were always that he was a little better and a little better; for a long while I could not open their Letters without terror. I remembered always how *her betterness* had terminated and made little doubt but *his* would prove alike fallacious. Now however, months having passed without any new attack, I begin to trust that he may be spared a few years longer to his poor children, who are too young to find themselves orphans in the world. His doctors tell him that he must live sparingly; must guard himself from all sorts of excitement; leave off card-playing, etc., etc.; and he does their bidding *for the present,* while the danger he has run is still fresh in his mind. But God knows whether his patience and docility may not wear out, and then!—Poor children, they have quite got up their hearts again, are dancing away at Balls and all the rest of it as if there were no drawn sword suspended by a hair over their heads. For me who see both the dancing and the drawn sword, it is an anxious spectacle!

I shall probably go to Liverpool for a week or two in the course of the Summer. There was a talk at one time of Summer-quarters to be taken somewhere in Cheshire; but my Brother-in-law John, who has a par-

* Her Mother, Mrs. Welsh, who died on 25 Feb., 1842.

ticular knack, like the *pigs*, of "running thro' " things, came to live in the house till some new employment turned up for him, kept proposing to my Husband this and that excursion on the Continent, till we are all at sea again. Wherever John is there is *uncertainty* also!

Only think! I have still the same little maid!* Indeed I need never speak of her *going* again till she be actually gone. Nothing could be more determined than I was to part with her that time when I wrote for Margaret. But she absolutely would not go; would not seek herself a place! She seems really to have much the same notion of the indissolubility of our relation, that the old Scotch Butler had of his and his Master's, in whose service he had been for forty years. When his Master told him his temper was become absolutely insufferable, and they two must positively part, he answered with a look of disdainful astonishment, "And where the Deevil wud ye gang tae?" Helen did not exactly ask *me* where I *wud gang tae*, but she asked in a tone of the most authoritative remonstrance, "what would become of you I should just like to know; fancy you ill and me not there to take proper care of you! I think *that* would be a farce!" To tell her what would become of me under such astonishing circumstances, quite exceeding my gift of prophecy, what could I do but just bid her "stay where she was, then, only try whether she could not behave herself more like a reasonable creature"? And to do her justice, she has been a *little* more reasonable latterly.

* Helen Mitchell ("Kirkcaldy Helen").

I have kept quite free of Influenza this Spring, for a wonder. . . I have not much strength to speak of. But I am able to keep on foot; and my mind is quieter; and on the whole I have reason to be thankful.

I hope you have got my Husband's new Book* by this time. He sent it to you by a Bookseller's parcel two weeks ago. To think that he should have finished a Book and no copy sent to Templand! When I saw him writing *your* name instead, I could do nothing but cry. . . .

I enclose half a sovereign for a pound of tea for Mary, and another to Margaret. God bless you all, and believe me always gratefully and affectionately yours, JANE CARLYLE.

Be sure when you write to mention when more money will be needed for Mary. Do you ever hear of Mary Milligan? Has she any child yet?

As an Introduction to the Letters of July, 1843, Mr. Froude prints the following malicious little paragraph in his anxiety to make good his charge of selfishness against Carlyle:

"The house in Cheyne Row requiring paint and other re-adjustments, Carlyle had gone on a visit to Wales, leaving his Wife to endure the confusion and superintend the workmen, alone with her maid."

It is painful to be obliged to say that Mr. Froude certainly knew that he was making a *groundless* charge of selfishness here. When writing the foregoing he had in his keeping Letters affording clear evidence of the fact

* *Past and Present*

that Mrs. Carlyle as well as her Husband was invited to Wales by their friend, Mr. Charles Redwood; and that for reasons of her own she refused the invitation. Carlyle's Letters to her show that he had tried to persuade her to accompany him on this Welsh tour; they also show that, failing in this, he next proposed to take a furnished Cottage, near Nottingham, in which to spend the month of August together. To the Letter in which Carlyle makes this proposal Mrs. Carlyle replies: "No, certainly; . . . I *do* scream at the idea. Never mind me, Dearest; try to get the most good of the Country that can be got for yourself; I do not care a farthing for Country air; and am busier here than I could be anywhere else. Besides I should like to go to Liverpool when my Uncle returns home." These words are a part of Letter 48 (*Letters and Memorials*, i., 212), and Mr. Froude *suppressed them.*

The fact is Mrs. Carlyle had set her heart on decorating her House a little this Summer, and she adroitly managed to get Carlyle off by himself on a holiday (which he needed much, having lately finished one of his books, *Past and Present*), so that she might herself be free from the "cares of bread" to devote all her time and energy to superintend the workmen, etc., intending to take her own holiday later on (which she did) when she had accomplished the great desire of her heart, the rehabilitation of her House. Mrs. Carlyle, therefore, declined Mr. Redwood's invitation to Wales; and declined Carlyle's proposal of a furnished Cottage in the Country, *preferring* to remain at home for the better execution of a project of her own which she greatly desired and which could not be executed except in Carlyle's absence.

What ground is there for a charge of "selfishness" against Carlyle, under these circumstances? In leaving home at this time he was doing exactly what his Wife wished above all things that he should do. Had he refused to be persuaded to take himself out of the way, she would have been bitterly disappointed; her little plan would

have been spoiled, and *in this case,* he might have been blamed with some reason for selfishness. As it was, Mrs. Carlyle was evidently pleased at having got her own way. She certainly does not write like a Wife who felt herself deserted by a selfish Husband in a time of trouble! On the contrary, she is seized with panic at the thought of Carlyle's return. She writes on the 8th of July, a few days after he had set out, "Well! you cannot come back here just now at all rates, that is flat. What think you of going to this Forster [W. E. Forster, Mr. Froude has mysteriously concealed the name]? Here, indeed, you would not 'come out strong' under the existing circumstances. It is only *I* who can be 'jolly' in such a mess," etc. And on the 12th of July, she writes pleasantly to her friend Mrs. Russell: "My Husband is gone into Wales, and I am taking the opportunity of his absence to do a deal of papering and painting, etc., that was become absolutely needed. He will never suffer the least commotion when he is at home, so one is obliged to concentrate the whole horrors of such operations into the rare periods of his absence." (*post,* p. 114.)

Mrs. Carlyle appears to have had a much pleasanter time at home than her Husband had on his tour, judging from their Letters. She had visitors and visitings more than enough, and had no occasion to pine and fret in solitude "alone with her maid." The Letters she wrote during Carlyle's absence are more than usually numerous, sprightly, happy and gay. This is not to be wondered at; for besides the prospect of having a well-cleaned and beautified house, in which she always took the greatest pleasure and pride, she actually *enjoyed* the process of house-cleaning and the superintendence of workpeople: found herself "engaged in the career open to her particular talents"; found "it a consolation to be of some use" in the world; and was "remarkably indifferent to material annoyances," "regarding '*earthquakes*' [housecleanings] as something almost laughable."

And when her turn for a holiday came, she went to Ryde in the Isle of Wight; but, alas, she found it a much less pleasant affair than staying at Chelsea "alone with her maid." For she writes soon after her homecoming, "I never was more thankful in my life than to get home again. My disgust at Ryde had reached the point of insupportability." She confessed that the only good she got of the visit was the acquisition of "a more open sense for the comforts of my own lot,—especially for the inestimable blessing of having a bedroom undisturbed by noise," etc. The holiday had been such as to make her "look like Lady Macbeth in the Sleeping Scene"; the house-repairing, a series of delights, of fascinating interest, of congenial and exhilarating employment crowned at last by the realization of her fondest wish, to be the happy mistress of a beautifully restored House fit to make her "the envy of surrounding housewives," and to be shown with honest pride to her Husband on his home-coming.

In fine, Mr. Froude's little paragraph was quite uncalled for; it is frivolous, mischievous, misleading and malicious. It "fills one," to use his own words on another occasion, "with a feeling of what the Scotch call *wae.*" One Scotchwoman at least would have been *wae* indeed, and something more than *wae*, could she have known that such a silly and spiteful accusation against her Husband would be insinuated between her bright and kindly "bits of Letters!" *She* would most likely have replied to Mr. Froude and his condolences as Rae of Ecclefechan did to another equally absurd and officious sympathiser, "Damn ye, be *wae* for yersel'!" (*Letters and Memorials.*, i., 260*n*).

LETTER 36

To T. Carlyle, care of Mrs. Strachey, Clifton.

Chelsea, Tuesday, 4 July, 1843.

Dearest—. . . I awoke this morning, to sleep no

more, at four o'clock,—a sudden thought having struck me in my sleep that I had *de grandes choses à faire.** But now that I have had a cup of washy tea (for I took blue-pill last night by way of clearing my faculties), I see nothing pushing. I have only to prepare the criminal (your room) for execution (Pearson coming to-morrow at six), and to drive to Greenwich and sit some time under a tree with old Sterling. He came yesterday, just after I went out; and was told by Helen my first direction was to the Post-office. So presently in walking up Church Street towards Pearson's, I heard a horse and wheels *pirring* after me, which I understood by the sound of it somehow, without turning my head, to be in chase of *me*. He drove me to Pearson's,—then to take the air on foot (or rather the dust, for it was blowing a perfect tornado of dust) on Battersea Bridge, where I spoke to Helps going forth on his ride; then to the dyer's, and set me down in the King's Road, having "important business in Town," viz., having to eat mutton chops at the Carlton.

. . . Elizabeth Pepoli came in the evening,—nobody else. She invited me to go to-night when Carlo would be out at dinner; but Greenwich will be distraction enough for one day.

The poor little Umbrella† is not come yet. I will go to see about it to-morrow, if there be not time to-day.

**De grandes choses à faire.* "Rise, M. le Comte, you have great things to do," so said M. de St. Simon (not the Louis-Quatorze one, but his miserable wind-bag of a descendant, the Père de l'humanité, new Messias, etc., of Paris in these years), and immediately got out of bed.—T. C.

† Carlyle on leaving home for Wales, had bought his wife an umbrella as a birthday gift, at a shop in Oxford Street. The shopman had neglected to deliver it at Cheyne Row.

Never mind the failure of your little strategem,—it is only the most affecting for me from its failure.—No Letters to-day, except one from Jeannie Welsh.

Here is Sterling come for me already, so farewell. Write instantly.

Your affectionate, unfortunate

GOODY.

LETTER 37

To T. Carlyle, Mrs. Strachey's, 2 Lower Terrace, Clifton, Bristol.

Chelsea, 5th July, 1843.

Dearest—The earthquake is commenced; awfully grand, I assure you,—and the heat too is awfully grand. I was up at six, and had a pitcherful of water poured on me the first thing.

The time I have been reading the Letters, is the only time I have sat still since I rose (*Irish*). Miss Bölte has been here, but I absolutely refused to go down to her. She was here yesterday also, but I was at Greenwich. Greenwich methinks is an extremely "*nasty*" place; but we had good cold chicken and strawberries. Little Mr. Cowan* came while I was away, to offer me his boat for the Regatta: but I should not have gone, having no idea of losing my one life at a sailing-match. Darwin also came, and Elizabeth (Pepoli); but I missed the whole. I should like to be "well let alone," for I have "*de grandes choses à faire.*"

For your comfort under any noises that may wake

*Have quite forgotten him.—T. C.

you, what think you *roused me* this morning? The *buzzing of flies!*

Here is a Note requesting for the King of Prussia the same extraordinary information which Mazzini applied to you for, the other day;—the Devil fly away with that foolish *Double!** (What a pen!)—Also an invitation from the Bishop of St. David's: I send them on, without delay, tho' I am not sure they will overtake you at Clifton.

You do not tell me how you like my beautiful *Vittoria;*† do please condescend to particulars. Krasinski‡ has sent me a long list of Icelandic Books. Shall I send it?

"You must excuse us the day";** I am in a complete mess, and my pen refuses to mark;—I shall be in a complete mess for a time and times and half a time. I will perhaps go a few days to the Isle of Wight, for breathing in the midst of it; but I shall not be done with my work this month to come. You see you *do* so hate commotions, that this house gets no periodical cleanings like other peoples', and one must make the most of your absence.§ Do not curse this writing; I will try to get some pens mended for next time.

Your affectionate J. C.

*The "foolish Double" was the other Thomas Carlyle who, it was said, was passing current in Berlin, etc., as the author of the *French Revolution*. The "information" asked for was about this Double.

† *Vittoria Accorombona*, by Tieck.

‡ A poor Polish exile befriended by Carlyle.

**"You must excuse us the day (to-day), sir," as the coach guard once said to me; "the weather's no what we could wish!"
—T. C.

§ Mr. Froude prints the sentences from "You—absence" as part of the letter dated 4th July, running the extracts from the two entirely distinct Letters together, without even a paragraph between them. (See *Letters and Memorials*, i., 194.)

The Letter which would follow next in chronological sequence is that numbered 46 in the "Letters and Memorials" (i., 202) and there dated in error July 18, 1843. Its correct date is 7th July, as is evident from the contents of the Letter itself confirmed by Carlyle's fully dated reply to it. One of the several unmarked omissions from the Letter is as follows: "The Umbrella? Not yet! They themselves are going to keep it I think till the 14th."

This of itself proves that the date "18th July," is wrong.

LETTER 38

Charles Redwood, "the honest Lawyer," a silently deep friend of mine, and of all good men and things, was at present,—and twice afterwards on different occasions,—my host at Llandough. He was not entertaining to me, but I much respected him, and felt his kindness and fidelity.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, care of C. Redwood, Llandough, Cowbridge, S. Wales.

Chelsea, '8 July, 1843.'

When one gets up at six and "is always virtuous," it does look so long till Post-time! But I have your Letter now, and have been to Regent Street too, although it is still but one o'clock, and a regular rainy day! Sterling came to ask if I wanted anything, on his way early to the Club. So I told him to take me up, and drop himself at the Club, and I would fetch the carriage home. . . . Well, the beast of an Umbrella-man simpered and bowed and told endless great lies, and plainly had—forgotten the whole transaction! I recalled it to his mind "emphatically enough," especially the fact of his having received

payment for an article which he had failed to send and seemed to be never intending to send. He promised for to-night, and I left him with a look "significant of much!" Never mind, Dearest, the poor little umbrella is only the more precious to me for the difficulty of getting it.

If you have not that sea-bathing lodging, I am afraid these good lean people will soon weary you.—Well, you cannot come back here just now, at all rates,—that is flat. What think you of going to this Forster? Here indeed, you would not "come out strong" under the existing circumstances. It is only *I* who can be "jolly" in such a mess of noise, dirt and wild dismay! I said to the lad in the lobby, this morning, who was filling the whole house with "Love's young Dream," "How *happy* you must feel that can sing thro' that horrible noise you are making!" "Yes, thank you, Ma'am," says he, "I'm happy enough *so far as I knows*, but I's always a-singing anyhow! it sounds pleasant to sing at one's work, doesn't it, Ma'am?" "Oh, very pleasant," said I, quite conquered by his simplicity: "but it would be still pleasanter for *me* at least, if you would sing a song from beginning to end, instead of bits here and there." "Thank you, Ma'am," says he again; "I'll try!" But he does not succeed.

I have the most extraordinary Letter from Terrot, which I would send, only that it would cost twopence itself. He writes to tell me that he "did not like his reception"; that "often as he came and long as he staid, I treated him indeed with perfect civility, did not yawn, or appear to be suppressing a yawn; but I seemed to labour under a continual feeling of *oppression!* and to

be thinking all the while of *something* else!" "What did I see to offend me in him?" he asked with great humility. "From what he heard of my preferences and saw of my society, he was inclined to suppose that what I objected to in *him* must be the want of that first great requisite, earnestness!" But he begged to assure me, etc., etc., — in short, that he had as much earnestness "as he could bear!" A Letter from a man calling himself Bishop to a woman whom *he* calls infidel, and pleading guilty to her of want of earnestness! Bah! I wish I could snort like Cavaignac.

There now I *must* stop. I daresay I have wearied you. God keep you, Dear. Be quite at ease about me.

Ever your

J. C.*

LETTER 39

To T. Carlyle, care of C. Redwood, Llandough, Cowbridge, S. Wales.

Chelsea, '11th July, 1843.'

Dearest—I have no time to write a Letter to-day; but a *line* you *must* have to keep you easy. It has been such a morning as you cannot figure: the whitewasher still whitewashing; Pearson and men tearing out the closet;—† and the boy always grinding with pumice-stone! Having been taught politeness to one's neighbours by living next door to Mr. Chalmers, I wrote a Note to Mr. Lambert,

* An extract from this Letter is printed in *Letters and Memorials*, i., 206–7, where it appears undated and following a letter mis-dated July 18th.

† That is, removing the shelves from the china-closet. See Official Catalogue of *The Carlyle's House Memorial Trust.*

No. 6, regretting that his and Family's slumbers were probably curtailed by my operations; and promising that the nuisance would have only a brief term. This brought in Mr. Lambert upon me ("virtue over its own reward," etc.), who staid for an hour talking, you know how. Then came Perry,* trying to look a suffering injured angel, but absolutely *white* with concentrated rage at my having employed another than him. He came for his rent,—and got it. Then, before he was out, came Elizabeth [Pepoli] anxious to know what ailed me, as she had not seen me for some time; and poor Elizabeth herself was full of troubles,—more money to be lifted! And so, "altogether"† you may fancy whether I am in favourable circumstances for writing. For God's sake do not let John plump in upon me in my present puddlement! There wants only him, or the like of him, constantly running out and in, interfering with everything and needing to be attended to, to make my discomfort complete. The bare idea of it makes me like to scream!—

There are no more Letters come for you. Arthur Helps paid me a visit on Sunday forenoon, and found on the table a new Legitimate Drama! actually another come! But what is far more extraordinary, I have read it from beginning to end, with considerable pleasure;—which was a little abated, however, when I found that you had to pay four shillings for it; *Launcelot of the Lake*, by one J. Riethmüller,—is he a German *par hazard?* He writes the best English rhythm of the whole bunch of them.

* Pedant Carpenter and House-agent here.—T. C.

† "Altogether," Macdiarmid of the *Dumfries Courier's* wearisomely recurring phrase.—T. C.

And you do not like my beautiful *Vittoria!* Oh, what want of taste!—The umbrella is come, and awaiting Friday. Bless you. Try not to get excessively *dull.*—I am getting into my sleep again.* I rise always at six, of course:—but I go to bed between ten and eleven. (*No room for signature; last paragraph crowded in on inverted top of page first.*—T. C.)

LETTER 40

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, '12 July, 1843.'

My dearest Mrs. Russell— . . . The 14th is my birthday; and timeless and paperless tho' I be, I must send by this post, or Margaret and old Mary will not be put in mind of me on my birthday. I daresay you think me full of odd fancies, but I cannot help it. I feel my *fancies* to be more a part of myself than my *reasons.*

I am in the thick of what I call a *household earthquake*; have been and will be for days to come. My Husband is gone into Wales, and I am taking the opportunity of his absence to do a deal of papering and painting, etc., that was become absolutely needed. He will never suffer the least commotion when he is at home, so one is obliged to concentrate the whole horrors of such operations into the rare periods of his absence. I believe he is going from Wales into Annandale. I do hope he will go to see you. For me I know not where

*Mrs. Carlyle had written, in her letter of the 7th, which Mr. Froude mis-dated 18th, "I have awoke at 4 every morning since you went away."

to go, now that I cannot go to Scotland all places look alike impossible. I am better in health, however, and do not dislike London as Mr. C. does.

I send a little parcel for Margaret to your care, and shall enclose a Post-office Order (when I have got it) for a pound of tea to Mary. . . . Love to your Husband and Father.

Ever your affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 41

To T. Carlyle, at Mr. Redwood's, S. Wales.

Chelsea, 14th July, 1843.

Dearest—Even if I had not received your pathetic little packet,* for which I send you a dozen kisses, I meant to have written a *long* Letter to-day; but there is one from Geraldine Jewsbury requiring answer by return of post; and it has taken so much writing to answer it, that I am not only weary, but have little time left. . . .

Yesterday evening I received a most unexpected visit from——Kitty Kirkpatrick! † A lady sent in

*A second birthday present.

†An early friend of Carlyle's, cousin of Mrs. Strachey, and half-cousin of Charles Buller. See *Reminiscences*, ii., 118, 125, 156. Miss Kirkpatrick (afterwards Mrs. Phillips) believed that she was the original of "*Blumine*" (the Flower-goddess) in *Sartor Resartus*. Mrs. Strachey and other friends held the same opinion. See the article by Mr. Strachey in the *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1892; and that by Mrs. Mercer in the *Westminster Review*, August, 1894. These writers adduce many weighty arguments in favour of "Kitty's" claims. But "*Blumine*" is mainly a creature of Carlyle's imagination; and no *one* lady can rightly claim to have been the original.

her card and asked if I would see her, "Mrs. James Phillips": I supposed it must be some connection of Kitty's, and sent word, "surely, if the lady can stand the smell of paint"; and in walked Kitty looking as tho' it were the naturallest thing in the world. When I expressed my surprise at her sudden return, she merely said that "she had found coming up before so easy!" There was something rather dandaical in that answer; for I suppose the fact was, she had come up to her Cousin's marriage. Oh, my Dear, she is anything but good-looking! Very sweet, however, and says such flattering things. She told me that two friends of hers, a Mrs. Hermitage and a Mrs. Daniel ("Wife of the great East India merchant") were dying to know *me* (?): they had seen, I think she said, some of my *Letters!* (*ach Gott!*) and had heard of me from so many people, and lastly from our Rector, Mr. Kingsley (wolf in sheep's clothing that I am!), that I was "quite an angel." And of course the thing to be done with an angel was to ask her to a seven o'clock dinner at Fulham, —where Kitty was staying with Mrs. Daniel,—and for this day. Impossible, I said; too late, too far, and you absent, etc., etc. "But," said Kitty, "what *can* I say to them? They will take no refusal and I *promised* they should make your acquaintance—in fact they are now in the carriage at the door!" A shudder ran through my veins: the fine ladies, the dismantled house, the wet paint; good heavens, what should I do? A sudden thought struck me; my courage rose superior to the horrors of my situation: "Well," I said, "I will

Kitty Kirkpatrick.

go if you wish it and make their acquaintance *in the carriage!*" "Oh, how obliging of you! If you *would* be so *good!*"

I jumped up instantly, lest my enthusiasm of desperation should evaporate, walked along the passage under the fire of all the enemies' eyes; peremptorily signalled to a blue-and-silver footman to let down the steps, and, to the astonishment of the four fine ladies inside, and my own, mounted into their coach and told them here I was, to be made acquaintance with in such manner as the sad circumstances would admit of! Kitty stood outside, meanwhile, throwing in gentle words; and the whole thing went off well enough. I should not know any of these women again; I saw nothing but a profusion of blond and flowers and feathers. It was an action equal to jumping single-handed into a hostile citadel; I had no leisure to notice the details. Mercifully (as it happened) I had dressed myself just half an hour before, and rather *elegantly*, from a feeling of reaction against the untidy state in which I had been Cinderella-ing all the day; it was, as Grace M'Donald* said, when she broke her arm and did *not* break the glass of her watch, "There has been *some* mercy shown, for a wonder!"

The evening before, instead of Forster, who again puts off till Saturday, I had little Mr. Hugh Ross and your disciple, Mr. Espinasse.† . . .

Tell John when you write that Mr. William Ogilvy

* Our first Craigenputtock servant.—T. C.
† Edinburgh semi-Frenchman; since Journalist, etc.—T. C.

has left his card for him. Jeannie, with a kind Letter and a pretty pincushion, sends me word to-day that I will receive from my Uncle a tasting of some new Madeira he has been bottling. I will not drink it *all* before you come. See what a deal I have written after all. Again, bless you for your thought for me: the umbrella was *no* failure however—do not think that.

Ever your affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 42

From Llandough and C. Redwood I went to Bishop Thirlwall, Abergwilly (Laud's old Palace); staid three days with this esteemed Thirlwall, riding in the rain, dialoguing in the big empty "Palace," etc.;—mournful in my thoughts, but kindly, and entitled to respect, these three days and their Bishop and his life. Returned by Glo'ster, by Liverpool; and thence with Brother John to Wales,—top of Snowdon in mist, etc.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, care of The Lord Bishop of St. David's, Caermarthan.

Chelsea, Monday, 17th July, 1843.
(*Before Post Time.*)

Dearest—*Tout va bien,*—the work goes well and myself go well. The early rising, and the shower-bathing and the having something to look after, agree with me wonderfully; the degree of heat also is exactly suited to my needs. This and the other person drops in, and asks if I do not feel lonely? It is odd what notions men seem to have of the scantiness of a woman's

resources. They do not find it anything out of nature that *they* should be able to exist by themselves; but a woman must always be borne about on somebody's shoulders, and dandled or chirped to, or it is supposed she will fall into the blackest melancholy! When I answered that question from Arthur Helps yesterday in the negative, "Why should I feel lonely? I have plenty to do, and can see human beings whenever I look out at the window," he looked at me as if I had uttered some magnanimity worthy to have place in a Legitimate Drama; and said, "Well, really you *are* a model of a wife!" . . .

Darwin also called yesterday; he had been absent all the week: first at Mrs. Marsh's, and then "*lounging about all the great mourning-shops in London,*"—equipping the Wedgwoods with mourning for Mr. Wedgwood's Father! Good God, how some people take these things! The Wedgwoods were to have gone to Mair the beginning of the week. "Oh, what a pity," I said, "that they had not gone the week before; that they might have been in time to see their Father."—"Why, no," said he, "it is much better as it is; for it is much more convenient for them being all here to get their mourning before going, there is such a quantity needed, so many children, servants, and all that; they are quite spending their life in Jay's in Regent Street!"—It made me quite sick to hear of a Father gone out of the world, and no other care felt about the matter except that of getting mourning.—Darwin was very much out of humour yesterday about Harriet Martineau! and applied

to me for approbation and comfort under "a rather *brutal* thing" which Wedgwood and he had felt it their duty to do her. Did I tell you before?

She wrote to them last week, desiring that from the £1,300 collected there should be first and foremost bought £100 worth of—plate! She had Cox the great Jeweller's list sent her by Mrs. Reid; and had marked off various articles, silver teapot, £45, etc., etc. Darwin "thought at first she must have gone mad"; then he fancied she wished, in spending the rest of the money, to preserve this much of it in shape of a *testimonial!* then that she wished to leave it in a legacy to her Brother James! Anyhow, after some days' deliberation, Mr. Wedgwood and he, who were required to do this thing in their *official capacity*,—wrote to Mrs. Reid, that they in their *official capacity* peremptorily declined [to do] it: if Miss Martineau chose to buy £100 worth of plate, she must do it herself after she entered into possession of the money; as they had expressly stated, the *money*, not *plate*, was to be given to her. Certainly Harriet is going all to nonsense with her vanities. Now she will probably be quite angry at these men, who have done so much for her—because they refuse to comply with her whim.

(*After post*). Here is your Letter, Dearest; and all is well,—only that I do not comprehend how you should have failed of getting mine of the 14th. I wrote on Friday, took it to the post-office myself; and paid twopence for it: there was a Note from Miss Wilson along with my Letter, and a Letter from Jeannie and Betty: I think it was the same day I sent the "three ugly Newspapers," which

makes the delay of my Letter the more mys-tairous.* But you will have got it by this time surely,—I would not for anything have missed sending you a kiss for the dear little Band. I wrote five minutes after receiving it.

The hamper of Madeira arrived from Liverpool that night†, and I was feeling so dreary at the time, in spite of all your and so many other people's kindness to me; and in spite of all I could repeat to myself, that it was distraction to regret that I could not pass to the end of existence as an indulged, petted, only-child,—that I felt almost tempted to break into the hamper and lose all sense of the actual in the unknown pleasure of being dead-drunk; but of course I did not do it.

I called for Miss Wilson, that she might not think you impolite, which was a really *great* action on my part; she was mighty civil. Forster came on Saturday forenoon, with "Great Gods" enough to blow up a steam vessel; he gave me a cheque for £50‡, which I have *not* left lying on the floor of the china-closet. His *dinner invitation* I gracefully but peremptorily declined. I have a long history to tell you of the wretched Mudies—plenty of long histories to tell you, but they will keep,—and to-day, I have no more time. Tell me if you have got the other Letter: I am sure I addressed it all right.

Ever your affectionate

Goody.

* Servant Helen's phrase.—T. C.

† Her birth-night.

‡ For the article, *Francia* (*Foreign Quarterly Review*), I suppose. "Floor of the china-closet" was an actual accident that happened once, and brought some quizzing.—T. C.

LETTER 43

"Liverpool" indicates that I have met Brother John there; in view of the Welsh Tour,—which did not prove a very interesting or successful one. "South Place" is the Sterlings' Residence, in Knightsbridge.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, 20 *Maryland St., Liverpool.*

[Library, South Place, '22 July, 1843.']

Dearest—I write to you in a new position,—and one of tolerable comfort. I have for the present this room, and indeed, the whole house, all to myself. I have made them put on a good fire, the day being wet; have *ordered the dinner;* have strengthened my mind with an adequate supply of bread and butter and sherry;—and now sit down, within a yard of the fire, to send you a blessing on your wayfarings and thanks for your Letter, which I had before I left home.

Sterling came with the carriage early to fetch me up here, for no special reason, "just for diversion" (as my Penfillan Grandfather said he ate cheese-and-bread in the forenoon), and I consented because, the day being wet, and myself somewhat *low,* I thought *a change* (Helen's favourite prescription) might be of service, particularly as he held out the prospect of my being left alone while he went to call for Charles Barton and to do some "indispensable business." One benefit resulting from the "*change*" you will gratefully acknowledge, *viz.:* the *better pens* I have to act with;—it is not the pen's fault if my writing be illegible to-day. . . .

Poor Pearson has lost his old Mother, and is gone to the

country to bury her. You would have been *wae* to see the iron-looking man yesterday, going about quite flushed and with tears in his eyes. He told me he was sitting writing a Letter to her to say he would come and pay her a visit, when he received the accounts of her death. She was turned of ninety. I gave him a glass of wine, and shook hands with him when he went away on his sad errand. I felt so Sisterly towards him.

I have nothing to tell you to-day,—I have seen nobody since I wrote last, except Mazzini, who seemed in a fair way of having another tumour in his cheek; I have asked Geraldine Jewsbury to translate his Article, for payment, and she agrees. Forster begged me to find a translator for it, "as he really wished to print it for the poor fellow"; and I could think of no likelier person than Geraldine. He is to go to Lady Harriet* on Wednesday; John Mill leaving him no rest on that subject. And now I will tell you a political secret;—but for God's sake speak not a syllable of it:—there is "a movement" in Italy projected in two months!! Contrary to Mazzini's advice, who thinks two months *rather soon.* But if the leaders insist, he will evidently *take part in it!!!*

John Ruffini † writes that he has read Carlyle's *Past and Present;*—and has seen many persons "who by the reading of it" have recovered their *souls,* or had not till then been sensible that they ever had any."

Kiss Babbie‡ for me. She will be very glad to see you,

* Baring, afterwards Lady Ashburton.
† A friend and compatriot of Mazzini.
‡ Her Cousin, Jeannie Welsh.

the dear child, though her *mess* at present seems to be the counterpart of my own. . . .

God keep you, Dear.

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

I send the money-order.

LETTER 44

"Robertson" is the blusterous John Robertson, whom Mill had at that time as Sub-editor, or Subaltern generally, in the *Westminster Review;* and who took absurdish airs on that dignity. . . . "Masson," whom he introduces, is the now well-known and deservedly distinguished Professor Masson;—whose Portrait is recognisable in every feature as given here.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, care of Miss J. Welsh, 20 Maryland St., Liverpool.

Chelsea, 24th July, 1843.

Dearest— . . . Robertson brought here last night to tea a youth from Aberdeen of the name of Masson;—a Newspaper Editor, poor thing, and only twenty! He is one of your most ardent admirers and imitators. Robertson said "he had come up to town to see the *lions,* and he had brought him to *me.*" ("My brother plays the German flute," etc.) He is a better "specimen" of Aberdeen than I ever saw before; an innocent, intelligent, modest, affectionate-looking creature: I quite took to him. When he went away, which he seemed to do very unwillingly, I said that he must come and see us when he returned to London, and I hoped to make up then for his present dis-

appointment by introducing him to you; to which he answered, with a cordial grasp of my hand, "Eh! what a real shame in ye to say *that.*" He told me if I would come to Aberdeen they would get up a mob for me in Fishmarket Place, and give me a grand hurrah—"and a paragraph, *of course!*" I must tell you before I forget, when Helen was handing me over some of the books, she said, "take care, that ane's the Maister's *Sartor Resart,* and a capital thing it is,—just *noble* in *my* opinion!!" She told me the other day that "Bishop Terrot was really a wee *noughty* body as ever she had set een upon." I like that word "*noughty,*" much.

I have got for reading Fielding's *Amelia!* and *The Vicar of Wakefield,* which I am carrying on simultaneously. I find the first a dreadful bore. . . .

Ever your
JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 45

I well remember all this of the Prussian Officer, etc.; his loss of the *Past and Present* "Inscription"! was ingeniously supplied,—(wrote a new inscription, namely, and sent it to the Publisher to be bound with a new copy!).—The Kay Shuttleworth Dinner, I also remember well.—T. C.

To T. Carlyle, 20 Maryland St., Liverpool.

Chelsea, Friday, '28th July, 1843.'

Dearest—I write to you *in the vague* as you desired that I should, tho' it would have suited my practical spirit better to have waited until you had "found a fixed point."

Well! the most remarkable thing that I have to tell you is that I—little I—have been to Tunbridge Wells!! Went and came in the same day!—You may guess, then, with what *spirit* of locomotion. John Sterling came the beginning of the week; and since then, has been in one thousand one hundred cabs and other vehicles, to say the least. He was going to Tunbridge to visit Mrs. Prior, and Mrs. Prior having as I told you, conceived a wonderful liking for me, he proposed to take me with him; so we left this at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and were at Tunbridge at half after nine! and at the Wells an hour after that. Mrs. Prior gave us the most animated welcome; an early dinner, served on plate, at the most magnificent Hotel imagination ever painted to itself; and drove us back to Tunbridge in her carriage. I should detest *living* at Tunbridge Wells,—even in that magnificent Hotel!—but it was charming to look at with all its "curiosities and niceties," for a few hours; and the drive from the Wells to Tunbridge was really as picturesque as the lover of Nature (not I) could possibly desire. John is back again to-day at Ventnor; whither I could not accompany him, for plenty of good reasons: first because my chaos is not settled yet—and still more since I find that "the X——s" are going to ruralize with him for a month on their own suggestion. He, poor fellow, candidly acknowledged that he dreaded it as a considerable of a bore. A thing almost equal in energy I have to do this very day, viz: to dine with the Kay Shuttleworths at seven o'clock! I am to meet

Mrs. Austin, who is to be here for a little while; and I look forward to the whole thing with a sacred shudder. A dinner is hard enough on me at any time; but on my *own* responsibility, without the Lion to take the responsibility quite off my weak shoulders, "terrible is the thought to me." However the Lady came herself and pressed so hard, and we had used them so scurvily hitherto, that I had not force of character enough to say *no*. To mend the matter I have got a stiff shoulder; but will try the shower-bath on it before dinner-time. All these Daniels too, called again the other day when I was out, and left the most magnificent bouquet, worthy of the Garden of Eden! with many kind messages. So you see I am popular in your absence.

But I must not forget to tell you of another visitor whom I was quite sorry you did not see: a Prussian General-officer sent by Varnhagen von Ense. He sent in his card and letter of introduction, begging to know when you would return; so, recognising Varnhagen's writing, I of course invited him in; and received him in my choicest mood: a thing not ill to do, the man being the very *beau ideal* of a Prussian Officer; so high-bred and intelligent and brave-looking. He is here buying horses for the army. His faculty of English was not great; but happily little Bölte was here at the time, come to tea with me, and he knew some of her relations in the army, and it was a "mutual strike" between them. He is a man about 50, I should think, and stands some six feet two inches high,— "plumb and more." Considering what I could do for

him, I could think of nothing better than sending Krasinski*, who could speak German, and is a *gentleman* at least, and *idle*, to offer him any services in the way of pointing out *sights*, etc. But he was only to be two or three days here at present, and then for a week after the first of August. Krasinski waited on him immediately on receiving my Note; and would show him, at least, that I wished to be civil, if I knew how. He told Miss Bölte that Varnhagen had lent him your *Past and Present* to read on the journey; and that he had left it in the Derby Coach! (Strange fate for the Book sent to Berlin!) He was afraid to go back without it; for tho' he had bought another copy here, Varnhagen would so regret the loss of the inscription. Could you not write an inscription on a blank page and send it to the General's address for him to paste in?

Another German, also sent by Varnhagen, came within the same twenty-four hours; and left a small Book and another Letter; but I did not see *him*, as he went away when he had handed in his documents.

Bless you.—I must not scribble any more at present, for several things are awaiting my legislation.

Ever your affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 46

To John Sterling, Ventnor.

Chelsea, Wednesday, '16 Aug., 1843.'

Dear John—Thanks for your remembrance of my

*See *ante*, p. 109 *n.*

friend. But this situation would never do. Miss Bölte* is a woman of too much mind and heart for being made into mince-meat to indiscriminate boarding-school Misses —at "a small salary" too. Ach Gott! Better one good sixpenny worth of arsenic once for all, than to prolong existence in *that* fashion!—I at least should choose the arsenic if in her place; and I estimate her quick determination too highly not to believe she would do the same.

For the rest, I was never more thankful in my life than to get home again. My disgust at Ryde had reached the point of insupportability; and tho' there had not been "a Mudie" in existence, I must have flown, to save my own life! from bugs, from vacuum, from everything moral and material that I most particularly abhor! What else could possibly come of an adventure entered on under such auspices? Well! I have got *some* good out of it, anyhow: viz., a more open sense for the comforts of my own lot,—especially for the inestimable blessing I enjoy in having a bedroom undisturbed by noise, and without vestige of bugs.

"My Dear," said Mazzini, who came for news of me half an hour after my return, and was amazed to find

*Mrs. Carlyle had been making indefatigable exertions among her friends to find a place for Miss Bölte. Amongst others she had evidently applied to Thackeray, who, on July the 25th, sent her the following amusing little Note:

My Dear Mrs. Carlyle—For God's sake stop Mme. Bölte. I have governidges calling at all hours with High Dutch accents and reams of testimonials. One to-day, one yesterday and a letter the day before, and on going to dine at *Punch*, by Heavens! there was a letter from a German lady on my plate. And I don't want a Gerwoman; and all our plans are uncertain. Farewell.

Your truly *etached,*
W. M. T.

my living self,—"my Dear, you are in four days no longer the same! I find you, what shall I say? looking *strange*, upon my honour! most like Lady Macbeth in the Sleeping Scene!" No wonder—so many hideous nights were enough to have made one with a twelfth part of my excitability into a somnambulist. But it is all over now, thank God;—that is, the great damnatory fact is over, and the consequences—the headaches, etc., will soon be over also.

A Letter from my Husband to-day indicates that he is still in being, and without any present intention of coming home.

I found your *Strafford* on my table when I arrived; for which accept my benediction. . . .

Truly yours,

J. C.

LETTER 47

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

Chelsea, Wednesday, '23 Aug., 1843.'

Here are your bits of buttons, Dearest; which, I think, will suit the taste of a philosopher better than metal prince's-feathers. As for the mother-of-pearl! the bare idea was enough to make one scream! When I said to Helen I must go to get some buttons for you, she tossed her head with an air of triumph and remarked, "Well, it's a mercy there is *one* thing which the Master fancies is to be got in *London* better than in *the Country!*"—a small mercy for which let us be duly grateful. . . .

I had a note from John Sterling about a situation for Miss Bölte (not feasible); in which he says, "Pray read

Strafford, and tell me what you think of it. The critic in the *Examiner* is a fool, and a liar (!!!) to boot. I do not wonder that you preferred fasting with me to dining with him" (alluding to my refusal to stay and dine with Forster, one day that I was scampering about in cabs with John when he was here). Strong words, *fool* and *liar*, because a man cannot swallow one's "Legitimate Drammer!"*

Poor little Jeannie Welsh† has been worse bothered than I am, and does not look as if she were going to get away to Helensburgh at all. First she had to change her cook; and then the housemaid, with whom she thought she could safely trust the new cook (having had some *month or two's* experience of her),—turns out to be "a deception"; "no better than she should be." . . .

It has rained pretty continually ever since I ordered all the feather-beds and pillows out into the green to get aired. They go out, and then have all to retreat into the lobby,—where they lie "appealing to posterity." You perceive that I am utterly stupid; in fact, I am very tired. I am writing at night, in case I do not find time to-morrow.

. . . And so good-bye to you, Dearest. You perceive that I do *not weary* at all rates, since I have never so much as time to write legibly. Bless you. J. C.

LETTER 48

To Mrs. Oliphant.

Chelsea, Autumn, 1843 (?).

Dearest—Your kind words would waken "a soul under

*Many people were at this time noising and bothering very much about the Legitimate Drama, which they called "Legitimate Drammer"; without sympathy here.—T. C.

† Her Cousin at Liverpool.—T. C.

the ribs of death," and I am not *dead*, only extremely sick, having been shattered all to shivers yesterday, and having slept none or next to none last night.

You may fancy my desperation to have been considerable, when I rose in the middle of the night, and took some doctor's stuff with prussic acid in it, *by guess*, in the dark!

The victim himself [Carlyle] looks tolerably composed, is "consuming his own smoke," in a manner which rather frightens me by its novelty, as my Mother once, after lecturing me on the impropriety of crying when I hurt myself, nearly fell into fits on hearing me fall down stairs and utter no cry after it. I wish he would growl a bit.

God bless you and keep you always as happy as one *can* be in this weary world; for you do what is possible to make other people happy. I will speak about Saturday on Friday.—Here come people.—Oh me!

Your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 49

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 30 December, '1843.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—Here comes another New-year already! How one's years do gallop when one is no longer young! The *first* message I charge it with is one of kind remembrance and cordial good wishes to you; and if I add a little trouble to be taken for my sake, I know your good heart well enough by this time to feel quite sure that you will receive the one as gladly as the other.

By the same post which takes you this Letter I send a hood which you will see at the first glance can be intended for no other head than old Mary's! and also a cap for Margaret, which I hope will fit her. If it do not, you must help her to make it fit. And I enclose a money Order for a sovereign,—to be distributed as last year; for Margaret and Mary their pounds of tea; and the remainder to be given to the two old people you told me of. There is also a waist-buckle which I hope you will like and wear for my sake. And, tho' last not least, I send a couple of extinguishers (!) a *Nun* and a *Jesuit*, hollowed out into extinguishers, which you are to present to your Father with my affectionate regards, as a *Supplement* to the *Tablet!* (Which I hope, by the way, he continues to get regularly: my Brother-in-law has taken it into his head to carry it home with him on the Sunday nights, undertaking to forward it punctually; but I liked better when it went direct from here with my Husband's handwriting on it.) Whether these extinguishers, which have had "an immense success" (as I was told at the shop where I bought them) indicate a growing tendency towards Catholicism, or are meant as a satire against it, I cannot pretend to decide! Who shall read in the deep brain of a Cockney Inventor, when he gets into the sphere of the *symbolical?* He wanders thro' the Universe of things, "at his own sweet will," collecting here a little and there a little, combining and confounding, with such a glorious superiority to all laws of affinity and right reason, and such an absolute disregard of conse-

quences, that one stands amazed before him "as in presence of the infinite,"—the infinite-absurd! I saw the other day the "realized ideal" of a butcher, which I shall not soon forget: a number of persons were standing before his shop contemplating the little work of art with a grave admiration beyond anything I ever saw testified towards any picture in the National Gallery! The butcher himself was standing beside it, receiving their silent enthusiasm with a look of Artist-pride struggling to keep within the bounds of Christian humility;—a look which seemed to say: "Yes! you may well admire; but remember, good people, that I am but a man!" And his work of art, what was it? A hare to begin with, hanging in a long row of dead sheep and quarters of beef,—of course a *dead* hare,—it had still its fur on, and was fixed up by the hind legs, pretty wide apart, its belly towards the public; about its neck, and about every one of its four legs was tied a *blue* satin ribbon, and one of *scarlet* satin, in very coquettish bows! Between the hind legs was placed a large and particularly smart—blue and scarlet cockade! And into a large gash made in the belly was stuck a sprig of holly laden with red berries!! Just fancy the butcher lying awake in his bed meditating how his hare should be; and deciding that it should be *thus* and no otherwise! and then sending out his Wife or Daughter, the first thing in the morning, to buy ribbons of the requisite colours; and then anxiously superintending the sewing of the cockade;—and then—and then—till finally his Ideal hung there by the hind legs, a world's wonder!

It would be so at least anywhere else but in London, where such wonders are no novelty. Last Christmas, another of our Chelsea butchers (the people who have to do with the *eatable* here are always the greatest geniuses) regaled the public with the spectacle of a *living* prize-calf, on the breast of which (poor wretch) was branded—like writing on turf—"*6d. per lb.!*" And the public gathered about this unfortunate with the greedy looks of cannibals!

It was a great pleasure to me to hear such particular accounts of you all from my Husband. He was so minute in his details that it was almost as if I had been at Thornhill myself without the painfulness of going. But he says I "must never ask him to do that again: it was too sad." If it was too sad for *him*, what would it not be for *me?*

But often, often, I dream about being at Thornhill in my sleep; and who knows how much or how little of reality there may be in what happens to one in sleep?

My Husband has been very busy since his return from Scotland; but with no result as yet. He brought all that he had written into the room where I was peacefully darning his stockings, the other day, and it was up the chimney in a fine blaze before I knew what it was that he was burning! This *Life of Oliver Cromwell* looks to me sometimes as if it were *never* going to get itself written, work at it as he may. . . .

My kindest regards to Dr. Russell and your Father.—A kiss to yourself, which I wish I could give you without "blowing" it, as the children say. Do not forget me,

as I certainly shall never forget you, but shall love you and be deeply, deeply grateful to you as long as I live.

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 50

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Maryland St., Liverpool, 28 June, 1844.

Dearest—I had only time to address a Newspaper yesterday; not that it takes much time to write such rags of Notes as I send you; but yesterday, before I had got myself thoroughly awake, which one does somehow with an admirable deliberation in this house, everyone coming down to breakfast half asleep and continuing half asleep till they go to bed again,—it was intimated to me that I must get ready to go with my Uncle and four of the others on an excursion in an open carriage. And accordingly, I had some 20 miles of driving thro' very pretty country, and saw a "beautifullest village in all England," called Hale, which is one of the *lions* here, where there is the grave of some human phenomenon called the *Child of Hale*—did you ever hear of him? It was in the time of Charles II. that this child lay down to sleep on a rock and awoke nine feet four inches high!! He was taken to Court as a show, and left the stamp of his hand on some lead at Oxford. The skeleton was raised some thirty years ago by people who considered that *seeing* was *believing*, and found of the reputed length. Here is his Tombstone (*sketch given*).

We came home by a place called Speke Hall—built

1589—the queerest-looking old rickle of boards and plaster that I ever set eyes on; and queerer still was it in writing my name in the Porter's Book, to see the last name there, in ink still pale, W. Graham,* of Burnswark! He had just preceeded us by half an hour! My Uncle seemed to enjoy his pleasure party very much. For myself, these things always make me horribly sad; but I was the better for the movement, I suppose. If I should live for half a century, it will never I believe go out of my head when I am seeing new things that I have not *Her* to tell it all to.

We returned to dinner about seven, and had Mrs. Martin and that unleavened lump Miss——— at tea; —surely a hundred thousand pounds was never more thrown away. She was working diligently all the evening making a sort of trimming for petticoats, which one can buy for fivepence per yard! The produce of her evening's labour would be about the fourth part of a farthing! Indeed the *works* which I see carried on here fill me with sacred horror. I have need to think of you at your *Cromwell* to comfort my righteous soul over so much waste of irrecoverable time and limited faculty.—I have not seen Mrs. Paulet yet; she came yesterday, while we were away, and would find a Note from me, announcing my arrival, on her return home. Neither have I called at the Chorleys: I need above all things to rest myself, after that horrid journey.

I particularly beg of you not to let yourself be fed

*A friend of Carlyle's, from near Ecclefechan.

out of a Cook-shop; and not to take long sleeps after dinner; *that* picture is the very beau ideal of human discomfort! Neither are you to talk too much with these wits at Addiscombe.—Oh, I was so glad over Bölte's new prospects. She wrote me a little Note herself, the happiest of creatures. . . .

God bless you.—Ever your affectionate

J. C.

LETTER 51

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Liverpool, Sunday, 7 July, 1844.

Dearest—They are all gone to Church, save Babbie and me, who, "in verra desperation," have mustered courage to resist such stupid tyranny as attendance at Church for form's sake would have been for us this day. Babbie prudently keeps her bed, professing to be "all over aches" in consequence of our two pleasure excursions; for me, a second Sunday in bed would have been a little too strong; but I founded my claim of immunity on a sore throat, and made anybody welcome to look into my throat, which is in truth very much inflamed. It has been the only disagreeable result of my two days passed in succession in the open air. Both larks have come off beyond my most sanguine expectations. On Friday we sallied forth about twelve,—*we* comprehending Helen, Babbie, Mary and myself; with Gambardella* for our only protector; and followed by Gambardella's maid carrying a basket of pro-

*An Italian refugee, driven from Italy for his too liberal political opinions, first to America, then to England. He was introduced to Carlyle by R. W. Emerson in Oct., 1841. Gambardella attempted a portrait of Carlyle, but it proved a failure.

visions, and a small Scotch terrier that kept us in perpetual excitement by biting our own and other people's heels. Having crossed the water to New Brighton in a Steamboat—a voyage in which even I could not manage to be sick—we were all set down on the beach to spend the day, and the prospect looked to me of the blackest! But before I had time to sink under it, Gambardella, with a sudden inspiration of genius, rushed off like a madman, and returned after a little while on the ugliest of created ponies, followed by two lads leading five donkeys to accommodate the whole party, maid and all; and on these creatures we actually rode eight miles, along the shore to a place called Leasowes and back again, sometimes galloping as if we had been on horseback, thanks to the lads, who shouted and belaboured us from behind,—and all the way in fits of laughter at the stupidity of the creatures and our own ridiculous appearance. At Leasowes we sent them to graze, and spread our provisions in a sand valley all covered over with wild thyme and white roses. And Gambardella sang us Italian songs, and we ate sandwiches and drank a good deal of wine;—and it was a "good joy!" *Your* health was proposed by G. and drunk with enthusiasm:—"success to his *wo'k*, good-humour to him, and a speedy journey to Liverpool!" Even you would have been conquered by the creature's efforts to amuse, and endless consideration for *my* comfort. Just think of his taking off a beautiful light-coloured coat and making it into a cushion for me to sit on, because the ground was damp! He is far best in the open air, being, in fact, a sort of savage.

We all reached home in much better humour than we had left it; but the girls were dreadfully saddle-sick. For me, my old habit of riding, I suppose, had saved me; and I rose yesterday morning quite up to doing Chester. Our party then consisted of my Uncle, a Mr. Liddle (the only man I ever saw in my life exactly resembling a *doll*, I remarked to my Uncle; and he told me with a delighted chuckle that Mary had once a doll which *she* used always to call *Miss Liddle*), Sophy Martin, Babbie, Mary, Maggie and myself. We crossed in a few minutes to Monk Ferry, then got on the railway, and then into an omnibus which landed us at the Royal Hotel, Chester, where I drank a *first* full tumbler of porter; after returning from Eaton Hall (the Marquis of Westminster's show-place), I had tumbler the *second*, two full glasses of champagne, and a glass of Madeira! and I was not tipsy "the least in the world!" Eaton Hall is a magnificent place, something betwixt Windsor and Drumlanrig,*—but "what's the use on't?" all shut up!—I was rather glad we happened to go on one of the two days of the week on which the house is not shown—all fine houses are so much alike—so fatiguing to inspect;—and we had the more time to spend in the gardens and grounds. My Uncle enjoyed it immensely and so did I myself; and yet I could hardly keep from crying all the while,—*my* being there alone with my Uncle felt so strange; and then there is always such a confusion in his mind betwixt *her* and me, when he speaks to me of old times. He will ask me if I remember such a one and

* The Duke of Buccleuch's residence, near Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

such a thing, alluding to people and things that he and *she* used to talk of together; and if, as I seldom do, I answer anything that reminds him I am not she, he will say with a little cough and almost impatiently, "Well, but you have *heard* of it." You cannot imagine how this sort of thing goes to one's heart.

But I should tell you that the Gate-keeper at Eaton Hall refused to allow our carriage to pass,—"quite against his orders on Saturday,"—until Mr. Liddle privately handed him *five shillings,* when he said, "but I suppose since you are come on purpose I must make an exception." Is not the like of that beastly, at the gate of "the richest man in all England?"

After a handsome dinner and all that drink I mentioned, which my Uncle seemed to have as much pleasure in providing for us as if he durst have participated in it himself, we walked all round the walls of the Town, and inspected the Cathedral; and a queer old concern of a place that Chester is. Did I ever see a walled town before? not that I remember of.

We came home as we went; and were here about ten to tea; and if it were not for this stupid sore-throat I would not be a bit wearied.

What a great stroke that was, your calling for the Macreadys! I am real glad you thought of it, for they are good, kind people, and very fond of you.

If you will tell me precisely what you want to know about Preston, I will—bear it in mind. I do not know Mr. Paulet's Christian name, but his "name by nature"* is

*As the Parson of St. Mark's called surnames.

enough; or you can address to the care of the Lady. I adhere to my purpose of going to-morrow: she is to send the carriage for me.

Here is Helen returned from Church, and wanting me to go to Mrs. Martin.

Bless you. Always yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 52

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House,* Friday, 12 July, 1844.

Dearest Good†—You are really a jewel of a Husband in the article of writing! It is *such* a comfort to me when the nice-looking little Letter drops surely in! . . .

My cold is pretty well gone. I dare not take all the liberty I should like with myself in this beautiful place; but I can go out now in *moderation*, and can enjoy what joy is going. It is really curious, however, how the Devil is always busy! No sooner have I got rid of my headache and sore-throat, than a new botheration arises for me in what Geraldine [Jewsbury] *rightly* termed her "Tiger-jealousy." You will hardly be able to conceive how *this* could be anything but *laughable;* but I assure you it has entirely spoiled my comfort for the last twenty-four hours; and not mine only, but Mrs. Paulet's and everybody else's

* Seaforth House is three miles or so down the River from Liverpool, Bootleward; a bare kind of big mansion (once Gladstone, senior's); in these years rented by the Paulets, extensive merchant people. Paulet was a good cleverish Genoese; Mrs. Paulet, an early friend of Geraldine Jewsbury, a strange, indolently ingenious, artistic creature, very reverent of *us* at this time.—T. C.

† "Good" is masculine for "Goody."—T. C.

in the house. We were fancying her (Geraldine) bilious, and it turned out to have been all rage at *me* for "giving *such* a stab to her feelings as she had never suffered the like of from man or woman!" She came here on the understanding that I was to go back with her to Manchester and stay there a few days on the road to London. But the day before yesterday, when she was alone with me, in my room, I, wearied out with my cold, and feeling that I had to go back to Maryland St. in the first instance, it very naturally fell from me, "but since we are together *here*, Geraldine, the going to Manchester does not seem to be any longer necessary?" She answered me pettishly that "if I *wished* to *sacrifice* her to Mrs. Paulet and the Welshes, in God's name to do it!" and went off in a nice little tiff. But I never thought of her being seriously offended. And she had thrown the whole company into consternation by her rudeness to Mrs. Paulet and myself, before we fancied she was anything else than "out of sorts." All yesterday, however, her vagaries exceeded my reminiscences of Mrs. Jordan in the *Jealous Wife!* Nothing but outbursts of impertinence and hysterics from morning till night, which finished off with a grand *scene* in my room after I had gone up to bed;—a full and faithful account of which I shall entertain you with at meeting. It was a *revelation* to me not only of Geraldine but of human nature! Such mad, *lover-like* jealousy on the part of one woman towards another, it had never entered into my heart to conceive. By a wonderful effort of *patience* on my part,—made more on Mrs. Paulet's account, who was quite vexed, than from the *flattering* consideration that *I* was the object of this incompre-

hensible passion,—the affair was brought to a happy conclusion. I got her to laugh over her own absurdity, promised to go by Manchester, if she would behave herself like a reasonable creature; and with her hair all dishevelled, and her face all bewept, she thereupon sat down at my feet and —smoked a cigaretto!! with all the placidity in life! She keeps a regular supply of these little things, and smokes them before all the world. In fact, I am not at all sure that she is not *going mad!* and Mrs. Paulet, too, declares she often feels quite anxious about her.

I like this Mrs. Darbyshire very much; and another lady who was here yesterday, enchanted me with her music. I never heard such singing in my life. So send the *trio*, for God's sake. I keep to my purpose of going back to Maryland Street on Monday. Ever your own

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 53

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House, 15 July, 1844.

Oh, my Darling, I want to give you an *emphatic kiss* rather than to write! . . .* I have put the little key to my chain and shall wear it there till my return. I was vexed that I could not tell you yesterday how much you had pleased me; but the Letters were not given out at Seaforth till it was too late for writing by return of post. Mrs. Paulet sent for them at eleven, but the Postmaster is *evangelical*, and declined giving them out till after Church time!

* The part omitted here may be found in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 290.

On the whole it was a *good* Birthday, yesterday was! Mrs. Paulet knew; for my Cousin Helen, in a Note to her regretted that "Cousin was not to be there on her Birthday." Indeed the wish *not* to be *there* had been one reason for my staying where I was: the *rosbifs* and dreadfully prosaic demonstrations with which such anniversaries are kept at Maryland Street, make me always horribly sad. Mrs. Paulet managed the thing with a better grace: not a word was said on the subject; only after dinner I noticed on the table a majestic cake and a peculiar-looking bottle of wine. When Mr. Paulet had filled all our glasses with this precious liquor (which certainly must have been the nectar that was drunk by the gods), he suddenly sprang up, fetched a large rose from behind a screen, and presented it to me, saying: "Madam, may you have every happiness that your heart desires!" and then drank to me,—the rest all doing the same without knowing very well why; for Mrs. Paulet had told nobody but *him*. She has beautiful taste, that woman! I really love her considerably. It is a thousand pities to see her wasted on such a place as Liverpool.

I am not going back to Maryland Street till to-morrow; . . . and a messenger is just dispatched to tell them not to look for me. They will not be at all pleased; but really it is too hard that when I am having a lark, I cannot follow my own inclinations without exciting *tiger-jealousies*.

Geraldine is returned to her usual devotion; but the recollection of her extravagancies will not be easily effaced from my mind, or any one's who *assisted* at them. I set

the whole company into fits of laughter, the other day, by publicly saying to her after she had been flirting with a certain Mr. —— that "I wondered she should expect me to behave decently to her after she had for a whole evening been making love before my very face to *another man!*" . . .

But, Oh dear, here have they been with a riding habit and the "usual trimmings," and a horse is ready in the stable. I said last night that I used to ride, and *voila* the result. As it is not a Paulet horse, but some other lady's, it is to be hoped it will be sure enough.—God bless you, Dearest.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 54

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Maryland Street, Wednesday, 17 July, 1844.

Dearest most punctual Good!—May your shadow never be less! One Letter to console me on my arrival, another on getting out of bed this morning!! I am more content with you than I choose to express, for fear of you getting vain upon it and giving yourself *airs!* To-day's Letter kept me laughing all the way thro', a signal triumph of genius, as I had not slept till four in the morning! Noises? No, nothing but my own "Interior" to blame for it.

My last Letter was cut short by Mrs. Paulet and Geraldine entering with a riding habit. You felt no misgivings over my concluding words?* In that case you have

*At the end of last Letter.

nothing of the prophetical in you. Lend me your ears and I *will* "hasten to the catastrophe."

Being equipped in the most approved Amazonian fashion I was led forth to my horse; the whole house even to "Pup" (the youngest child) turning out to see what they called the "procession"—and a dashing procession it was going to have been. The groom who was to follow me on one of the carriage horses (besides the eldest boy on his pony), having turned out the whole pack of spotted Dalmatian Hounds to my honour and glory! and there were they all (five in number) barking, capering, leaping up and biting at the horse's neck, after the manner of that species of dog! While I was still seeking in my consternation words of polite protest against this riotous cortege, Mrs. Paulet suggested that "the dogs had better be put up," very much to the disappointment of the groom, who made no haste to obey, till I peremptorily declared I would not ride a step with them. It was these very spotted dogs, if you remember, who tormented the carriage horses into running off with us before.—Well! they were *eventually* got housed; their "'owls" beating all "organs" hollow! And when the coast was clear of them, I had time to look at the steed. The inspection was far from satisfactory; it was a beautiful animal with *blood* enough and to spare; but its manner of tossing its head and foaming at the mouth appeared to me "significant of much!" and in spite of my dislike to be taken for a coward I asked Mrs. Paulet if she were *perfectly* sure that it was *quiet*. "Oh, not a doubt of it! It was Julia Mushprat's Horse; and she exercised it every day." So I mounted

with a modest trust in Providence. The saddle, an old one of Mrs. Paulet's, pleased me as little as the horse. It seemed made with a view to one's sliding off.—"Now, my Dear, for God's sake do get to the catastrophe!" Well! with the long-legged boy on his small pony by my side, and the groom on his carriage-horse behind, I moved off, thinking in my own mind, decidedly I will not go far,—neither "far nor fast." So soon as we got within sight of the Mushprat house my steed "felt it his duty" to intimate to me that he liked that road the best; and a stout debate ensued between us, which after various circumvolutings and questionable conduct on his part, ended in his giving up that point and allowing himself to be guided towards the shore, not however without symptoms of that "subdued temper" which Darwin so justly detests. But no sooner did he feel the sand under his feet, than at one bound he set off like an incarnate devil, and I found myself *run away with* beyond all controversy,—not like Attila Schmelzle "at a walk," but at full race-course gallop! Would he rush on till I became dizzy and fell off and got my brains kicked out with his heels? or would he turn sharp up some back road to his own stable, and dash me against some gate or stable door? I could not predict "the least in the world"; and I was extremely anxious to know. Meanwhile I had the sense not to irritate him by any vain efforts at pulling up, and the luck to keep my seat;—Heaven knows how on such a saddle and all out of practice as I was! Among the innumerable thoughts that passed through my head during this devil's-race was the thought of your last advice "not to be getting into

any adventures with wild horses at Seaforth"; and I could have cried, if there had been convenience for crying; but there was none; and so I rushed along with dry eyes and closed mouth, until, as happened to *you* on a former occasion, the Demon of a brute was stopt by "an arm of the sea!"

There was an adventure for your poor Necessary Evil! which could you have seen thro' "a powerful telescope," the groom would not have been the only person that "trembled all over." When he overtook me he was as white as milk, and heartily approved my determination to risk myself no further. He proposed to put the side-saddle on his mare, for whose good temper he said he "could answer with his life." So I got upon the carriage-horse next; rode on to the Bootle Post-office with the Letter for you, which I had all the while in my breast, and then came home at a decent butter-and-eggs trot, rather gratified than otherwise to observe the loss of the groom's hat, and other difficulties which even he had to struggle with on the back of Miss Julia Mushprat's horse! Decidedly, thought I, "Miss Julia Mushprat" must be a first-rate horse-woman! Perhaps no better than myself after all; for the horse—was none of Miss Julia's! Turned out to have been "Mr. Richard's," sent as a credit to the Mushprat stables, instead of the one asked for,—tho' it had once run away with a Miss Roberts before, and nearly finished her! Can you fancy people doing such things? Poor Mrs. Paulet was almost at the crying when she found how it had all been. However, thank God, I was not even made stiff by the business,—only a little nervous.

Mrs. Ames's musical soiree in the evening,—in a small room with every breath of air excluded,—did me far more mischief. Still I do not regret having gone to see how "they *ack* in the various places." Most of the company were Unitarians; the men with faces like a meat-axe; the women most palpably without bustles,—a more unloveable set of human beings I never looked on. However, I had a long, rather agreeable talk with James Martineau, the only "Ba-ing I could love" of the whole nightmare-looking fraternity. *He* is a man with a "subdued temper," or I am greatly mistaken; but he is singularly *in earnest* for a Unitarian. Bold enough to utter any truth *that he has*, in season and out of season, and as affectionate-hearted as a woman (I use the common form of expression without recognising the justice of it).

My Seaforth visit, in spite of cold and all the rest of it, has been a great success. I have sworn everlasting friendship with Mrs. Paulet. We suit each other perfectly; neither of us has been rash in coming to this conclusion; and now that we have come to it, I feel confident that we shall be each other's dearest *friend* as long as we both live.

My reception here was such that it almost reconciled me to the difference of *atmosphere*. My Uncle not the least ecstatic among them. Still I desire to be home now; and shall go to Manchester, God willing, on Saturday (Geraldine waits at Seaforth for me), and back to my own Good in the beginning of the week,—on Tuesday, perhaps, but I will not fix the day positively till I get there. . . . But I must not write here all day, Good.—You

sent me two most welcome Letters,—from old Betty* and Mrs. Russell. Mazzini wrote to me the other day that he had sent your Letter in the *Times*† to his Mother and that she had written him "a long Letter full of the most fervid gratitude that ever woman tried to express." Poor fellow, he is much to be sympathised with just now.

Your own

J. C.

LETTER 55

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Maryland Street, 21 July, 1844.

Dearest—On beholding this address, your mind I fancy, will be troubled not a little; for really it will seem to you as if my only remaining virtue, a certain decision of character, were going *ad plures!* To have swerved from my program *twice* in one week! is it not most *mysterous?* And yet I am not ashamed of myself —*moi!* Nay, I rather congratulate myself on the late and sudden revolution of purpose which took place in me yesterday. It was the product of natural affection against "*the finer sensibilities of the heart,*" which are sometimes strangely like *in*sensibilities; and I have experienced something almost like virtue's own reward ever since.

I cannot without entering on a very long story give you even "a bird's-eye view" of the *scene* that took place here yesterday; of the excessive annoyance

* Mrs. Betty Braid, once Dr. Welsh's general servant at Haddington.

† On the Letter-opening question.

occasioned to my Uncle and everyone else in the house —most of all to myself, by Geraldine's coming here two hours before the time of starting with a whole string of people to carry me off in a sort of triumph, instead of allowing me to meet her quietly at the railway, and be accompanied there by my own Family. My Uncle's sorrow at parting with me showed plainly enough that he as well as myself had great doubts of our ever meeting again; and Babbie had taken to crying in the morning, and gone on with it the whole day; and the other good little souls were all grave and silent. And into the middle of all this came Geraldine, all flippancy and fuss, bringing with her Mrs. Paulet, Julia Newton, and even Mr. Paulet, to *witness the partings*, having assured them against their more delicate judgements that *she*, "who knew me better than they, knew that I would think them cold and heartless, if they did not come!" Nay, she even began anew showing off her jealousy, asking me with a sneer "what on earth was the matter with me that I looked so poorly?" and when Jeannie came in with her eyes all swelled, she behaved to her with downright impertinence. To accept the intolerable last hour which she had prepared for me was more than my patience could resign itself to. I took Mrs. Paulet out of the room, and begged her to *go away* and take away Geraldine and the rest. *She* could understand such a wish; and only regretted that she had given up her own feelings in compliance with Geraldine's representations. But when she saw me so vexed, she said to me, "you do not wish to go; don't go then;

I take it upon myself to make it all right with Geraldine." The suggestion came irresistibly welcome at the moment. I did so *hate* Geraldine for her unfeeling conduct towards my Uncle and Jeannie! And so it was all settled that I should give up Manchester, and stay here till the Tuesday,—a much more natural place for me to be in. And my Uncle was *so* pleased, and the children all dancing for joy; and the servants laughing when they had to carry up my trunks again. . . .

And now I must "down Town" again, myself with this, or it will be too late for the morning post.—I shall be home on Tuesday, God willing. But I will write you to-morrow to tell the hour.—My poor Uncle has been earnestly begging me to write to you that I will stay another month. Impossible!

LETTER 56

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Maryland St., 22 July, 1844.

Dearest—I have no Letter from you this morning; in the course of nature, none was to have been looked for from London; but there might have come one from Manchester. Perhaps Geraldine did not go on to Manchester on Saturday, after all, but back to Seaforth to flirt with a Mr.———, a brute of a man whom she is *doing the impossible* to inspire with a *grande passion* —or perhaps she was in no haste to forward it (the Letter), and it may still come by the afternoon post; or perhaps there was no Letter to forward,—but that

is not likely,—considering my Good's extraordinary punctuality. In any case it does not signify very much, since I am to see him, please God, to-morrow night.

Helen has just been to inquire about the trains, and I am to go by the one which leaves at half after ten in the morning, and arrives in London at a quarter after nine (so they say, but it is not likely they should be able to predict to a nicety). And now about coming to meet me with a "neat fly": I think that would be a risk. Suppose that in the confusion of the people we should miss each other; or suppose that I should miss the train (not likely, as I am notoriously *too soon* for every train); or that I should awake to-morrow with one of my even-down headaches (not likely either as I can generally "stave them off" when I have *de grandes choses à faire*); but one should take in all possibilities. Suppose then, any of these *contretemps* to take place, and *you* there waiting with a fly! We should both of us be doubly "vaixed." So that I vote for your staying quietly at home, and having tea ready for me, and trusting to my own tried powers of taking care of both myself and luggage.—I shall be so glad to get back again; and I only wish the journey were over. If "association of ideas" should make me *sea-sick* to-morrow again! But we hope better things, tho' we thus speak.

I am rather knocked up to-day; my stewing in that Church yesterday morning, and my visit to the Martineaus at night, were too much for one day;—not that the visit

bored me like the sermon; on the contrary, it was far too entertaining. I found there the Clergyman who had preached to me in the morning, and three other men. And there was a great deal of really clever speech transacted—which was the more exciting that one is not in the habit of it here. If you had heard me "putting down virtue and all that sort of thing," in opposition to the sermon I had been forced to listen to in the morning, you would have wondered where I had found the *impudence*. As for the arguments, I got them, of course, all out of you. But the best of all was to hear James Martineau backing me out in all that,—almost as emphatically as yourself could have done. In taking me down to supper, he said, with a heavy sigh, "that it was to be hoped the world would have soon heard the last of all that *botheration* about *Virtue* and *Happiness*." He is anything but happy, I am sure: a more concentrated expression of melancholy I never saw in a human face. I fancy him to be the *victim* of conscience, which is the next thing to being the victim of green tea! His heart and intellect both protest against this bondage; and so he is a man divided against himself. I should like to convert him—*moi!* If he could be reduced into a wholesome state of spontaneous blackguardism for six months, he would "come out very strong." But he feels that there is no credit in being (spiritually) *jolly* in his present immaculate condition. And so he is as sad as any sinner of us all.

But what am I chattering for at this rate, when I am to be home to-morrow? Your Own JANE CARLYLE.

Please notice if a Newspaper come to me from Thornhill. I expect one as a token.

LETTER 57

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Monday, 27 Dec., '1844.'

My dearest Mrs. Russell—I send a money Order for a sovereign, and I know you will not grudge the trouble I impose on you. I send also a collar for Margaret and a worsted handkerchief for old Mary. Such handkerchiefs are probably more common in Thornhill than in London; but Mary will find one sent to her all the way from London and direct from me, infinitely superior to a better bought at her own door. And old Mary is not the only person in this world who thinks that "far fowls have fair feathers."

I have still to thank you for your last interesting Letter. If you only knew with what eagerness I read all sorts of news about Thornhill, you would think nothing that happens there too insignificant to tell me.

Here we are going on as usual, except that for the last five weeks I have been shut up in the house, having speedily fallen a victim to "the inclemency of the season." But I am now so far recovered that I feel no other inconvenience from my illness but some cough, which hinders me from breathing with all the freedom I would wish, and for which, besides keeping me in the house, I "feel it my duty" to breakfast in bed,—a thing I mortally dislike doing, as it knocks the eye out of one's day. Another inconvenience I may mention, which you, a good housewife, will sympathise with me in, viz.: that I find myself running out of everything, even to tapes and threads. My Husband, not being one of those ladies' men who can do my shopping for

me, and there being no one else at hand just now to do it! My Husband truly would almost as soon have an affair with a mad dog as with a Cockney shopman! To such a pitch of sacred horror had he brought this reluctance that *I* used to have to order even his own coats and trousers at the tailor's! till some four years ago that being sent to choose him a coat I chose one *sky-blue* with glorious *yellow* buttons, which made him "an ornament to society in every direction," and quite shook his faith in my judgement, he said, so far at least as the dressing of *him* was concerned. Since then he has bought his own clothes very nicely; for it was not the want of judgement which hindered him so much as the want of will. Nay, the other day he had the incredible audacity to buy *me* a cloak for a Christmas present! And a very world-like cloak it is, I assure you: warm and sober, and a good shape! So in case of necessity he may even by and by learn to buy tapes and threads.

I had a Letter from Liverpool the other day, with good enough accounts of my Uncle. He seems to be standing this Winter better than he did the last. Jeannie and Maggie are gone to Glasgow, and will soon, I suppose, return home. You did not tell me anything about Margaret Hiddlestone in your last Letter. Let me know how she is going on, and if her little girls grow rapidly big. I never renounce the idea of having her about me some time or other if we both live long enough. At all events, she must bring up one of her little Daughters to take care of me when I am old*! should I live to be old, which, to say the truth, I do

*Mrs. Carlyle's last housemaid was one of Margaret's daughters. See *post*, Letter No. 261.

not think very probable. I have still the same little Helen for servant, who tugs on better or worse; never within many degrees of being a *perfect* maid-of-all-work; but tolerable on the whole; and I always go on keeping her longer, chiefly because I *have kept her* so long.

What is your Husband saying to this new Gospel of Animal Magnetism? We here are sick of hearing about it. Harriet Martineau expects that the whole system of Medicine is going to be flung to the dogs presently; and that henceforth, instead of Physicians, we are to have Magnetisers! May be so; but "I as one solitary individual" (my Husband's favourite phrase) will in that case prefer my sickness to the cure. One knows that sickness, at all events, comes from God; and is not at all sure that *such* cure does not come from the Devil. The wonder is that sensible people who have heard tell, ever since they were born, of Witchcraft and Demoniacal possession, and all that sort of thing, should all at once fall to singing *Te Deums* over Magnetism as if it were a new revelation! Nay, anybody that had ever seen a child tickled might have recognised the principle of Animal Magnetism without going further!

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 58

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 12 July, 1845.

My dearest Mrs. Russell—I wonder how you are all going on at Thornhill, it is so long that I have had no

news of you. Do write: there is nothing you ever tell me that is not deeply interesting; there is not a tree or a stone about Thornhill that I should not like to hear about, never to speak of the *people!*

For us here, we go on in much the old fashion: my Husband always *writing,* I always *ailing,* which is perhaps the most laborious business of the two, tho' yielding less result. I was confined four months to the house during Winter and Spring, taking care of a cough; but it went when the warm weather came. Since then, however, I have never felt to have got back my usual limited amount of strength and spirits; so I am going to try what people call a "change." My Husband is going to Scotsbrig, so soon as his weary Book* is completed,—which he expects will be in the course of next month,—and he has been very urgent on me to go to Scotland also, and even without waiting his time, which will be rather late in the season. But I do not fancy the object of my going from home would be attained by encountering so much painful emotion as a visit to a country made so desolate for me would excite. I have tried to bring my mind to it, but it will not do. So I am going to Liverpool some ten days hence; and then to Seaforth, a place in the neighbourhood belonging to a favourite friend of mine†; where I enjoy the inestimable advantage of being *let alone.* My Uncle and Jeannie start for Helensburgh again on the 1st of August and would have had me go *there* with them; but on one hand there was the sea voyage which occasions me such

* *Cromwell.*
† Mrs. Paulet.

horrible suffering that only the hope of seeing my Mother at the end of it ever could make me undertake it;—or if I went by land I must have passed thro' Dumfriesshire, staid some days at Scotsbrig; and the notion of all that was too sad. If there were any positive duty to be accomplished by going to Scotland, I hope I would not be so weak as to let the pain of it withhold me. But going there merely to recover my strength and spirits! No, no, it would be labour worse than lost.

I had my Uncle Robert's eldest son here for two or three weeks lately. He wrote me a Letter about "natural affection" and all that sort of thing, which was taking me on my weak side; and as he stated moreover his intention of coming to see London, I was simple enough to invite him *unknown* and *unseen* to take up his quarters here,—tho' pretty well aware in the secret of my heart that the sudden development of his "natural affection" for me had just this for its object, to get himself invited! And so he came; and in my life, I was never more thankful when a visit ended. For a young gentleman full of self-complacency and Edinburgh logic, and without the faculty of being *still* for two minutes of his existence, was no joke in a household like ours. He is not a bad fellow at heart, nor stupid; but he has grown up in the idea that he cannot possibly be *de trop* in any environment; and that *his pleasure* is to be the law of the Universe—so far as he can make it so—and *his opinion* the dominant opinion of the times! Then he was out and in, in and out, at all hours. like a *dingle-doosy!** sight-seeing, alas, by night as well

*See *post.* p. 356 *n.*

as by day, and taking it as the most natural thing that I should sit up for him night after night till two in the morning, while he frequented the House of Parliament, the Theatres and what not! Oh Heaven defend me thro' all coming time from young gentlemen educated in Edinburgh, who come to London to see sights! Hating *sights* myself, I have no sympathy with the passion some people put into seeing them.

I saw a very curious sight the other night, the only one I have been to for a long while, viz.: some thousands of the grandest and most cultivated people in England all gazing in ecstacy, and applauding to death, over a woman, not even pretty, balancing herself on the extreme point of one great-toe, and stretching the other foot high into the air,—much higher than decency ever dreamt of! It was Taglioni, our chief dancer at the Opera; and this is her chief feat, repeated over and over to weariness,—at least to *my* weariness. But Duchesses were flinging bouquets at her feet; and not a man (except Carlyle) who did not seem disposed to fling *himself*. I counted twenty-five bouquets! But what of that? The Empress of all the Russias once, in a fit of enthusiasm, flung her diamond bracelet at the feet of this same Taglioni—"Virtue its own reward" (in *this* world)? Dancing is, and singing, and some other things still more frivolous; but for Virtue? "it may be strongly doubted" (as Edinburgh people say to everything one tells them).

Monday is my birthday; how fast they come, these birthdays of mine! and how little are they marked by any good done! *I* cannot even balance myself on the point

of my great-toe! but *that* perhaps is not much to be regretted.—I send remembrance for Mary and Margaret;—for Mary tea,—to Margaret perhaps you had better give the money, in case she might like some other little thing better.

God bless you, dearest Mrs. Russell,—you and all that belong to you. My gratitude for your kindness to my Mother in her last days, is as strong now as it was in the first moment I read that Letter in which *she* so touchingly expressed her gratitude to you and your Husband. May your kindness to her be returned to you when you most need it!

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 59

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth, Wednesday, 20 Augt., 1845.

My dear Husband—I "did intend" that you should have had plenty of Letter to-day, but the pigs have run through it—and be hanged to them. A Letter has come from Jeannie, which I have had to answer in the first instance, and the post leaves so ridiculously early. Jeannie might have waited so far as she herself was concerned, so that my Good had the benefit of her waiting. In her present apathetic phasis anything like "anxiety" might have been a wholesome emotion for her; but my Uncle had taken it into *his* head to be anxious about me, and had ordered her to beg that I would send "one line," which of course means many,

and my Uncle takes impatience after the true Welsh fashion,—so as to be tormented with it himself, and to torment everybody about him. Besides he is an old man, and my one Uncle, and very fond of me withal. So I have written *them* a satisfactory Letter, and my Good must content himself with a hasty one.

This is the Fencham day* and according to use and wont I have broken down,—thanks to Geraldine chiefly, who put me into such a passion yesterday afternoon, when "for reasons which it may be interesting not to state," a passion was peculiarly hurtful to me, that I could not sleep for hours after I went to bed,—the first sleepless night I have had since I came here. Up to yesterday she had behaved like an angel; but verily yesterday she "had a devil," and, as usual selected *me* for the object of her fury, "because," as she tells me when it is over, she "*loves* me better than all the rest of the world put together!" I had my experience of last year to guide me in this last emergence. Ignoring her impertinence then only served to prolong it for three days; so this time I put her down *par vive force.* So long as she merely cried and sulked in rooms by herself, *looking daggers* at me whenever I appeared, I took no notice; but when she set herself down beside Mrs. Paulet and me in the evening, and fell to speaking *at me* the most inconceivable rudenesses, I rose up abruptly and said in a good hearty rage, "Geraldine, until you can behave like a gentlewoman, if not like

*Day appointed for their visiting the Fencham Plate-glass factory.

a woman of common-sense, I cannot possibly remain in the same room with you," and walked off to the Library. Mrs. Paulet also left her. And in half an hour's time she came to me drenched in tears, and making the humblest apologies. I had "hurt her feelings" in the morning; she could not say *how*; if I "were told ever so particularly" I "could not *understand it*; nor Mrs. Paulet either: it was a something in your *manner* that grated on my soul!" When I saw her penitent I felt no more angry, but I told her that I could not pretend to feel towards her exactly as if this new folly had not occurred. This morning she has been making new apologies such as *I* really could not bring myself to make, except to God Almighty; and caressing me with kisses and tears. Decidedly she is more "powerful" in the Christian virtue of humility than I am!—But all that does not give me back the sleep I lost thro' having had to get in a rage. Now, as I do not sleep the first night in a new place, and felt little mission for *doing* a glass-manufactory to-day, I took the resolution to stay at home provided the rest would go without me. And Mrs. Paulet always does the really polite thing,—lets one have one's way whatever that may be.

The "pierced Letter" you sent on Sunday was nothing less than a *Plague*-letter from Cairo—from *the Egyptian*, of all people on earth! He writes to express his "favourable sentiment," and to continue (with "the reciprocity all on one side") the conversation "*memorable*" which he held with me at his last visit; and to

request with due modesty that I would write a Book on "*femme, dégagee de toute influence masculine* quelle qu' elle puisse être!!!" He demands also "*des nouvelles de l'excellent Monsieur Carlyle à que vous prie de faire agréer mes salutations les plus affectieux. Parmi mes amis il y a beaucoup de personnes qui le connaissent maintenant et leur admiration lui est acquise!*" If your head can stand *that* it must be superhumanly strong! . . .

I was sitting at dinner, alongside of Geraldine, when your packet came that day; and as she keeps a sharp lookout on everyone's correspondence, she recognised first the Letter of the Egyptian, her *declared lover* for the moment, and then the other; while I was innocently reading *your* Letter, thinking only of *that,* I was startled by Mrs. Paulet exclaiming "Miss Jewsbury, what have you, in the name of God?" She had turned first pale as milk and then all over crimson; while her eyes were fixed on the Egyptian's Letter as if reading it thro' clairvoyance! "Who can that be from," said I. "I can tell you," gasped Geraldine: "it is from the Egyptian, and why he should have written to *you* instead of to *me* is a mystery I cannot pretend to fathom." "And now, can you tell me who *that* is from," said I, handing her Robertson's Note, which had no signature as usual, and I could not for the moment tell whose handwriting it was,—only that I ought to have known. "Yes, it is from Robertson." The whole of us even to little "Pup" burst into laughter—such a complication! Next day she also had a Letter from her Egyptian, but it was *short* "because he had spent all his time in

writing to Mrs. Carlyle." We fancy this "*because*" was at the bottom of the phrenzy of yesterday. "I could understand," said Mr. Paulet, "that if I made much courtship to a particular lady my Wife might be jealous; but to be jealous of a little old decrepit glass-eyed Egyptian with one Wife already!—*that* I can *not* understand!"—

Your Own

J. CARLYLE.

LETTER 60

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House, '22 August, 1845.'

Dearest—I was [in my last] going to tell you that if you came here, Mr. Martineau will show you something we fancy you might like to see—Oliver Cromwell's Writing-desk, "perfectly authenticated"—a queer old wainscot thing ornamented with plates of gold. It belonged to Charles I. originally, then came into the possession of Cromwell, and was again given by him to Ireton, whose name is on it. It is now the glory of one Dr. Shepherd.

What do you think now about coming here on your way to Scotland? I can answer for the strong desire to have you and to entertain you like Beauty in the Castle of the Beast!

> "Speak your wishes, speak your will,
> Swift obedience meets you still."

I fancy you might spend a few days here,—until you were "*detected,*"*—agreeably enough. Nevertheless, I would

* As a bad sleeper!

not have you put the least force on yourself to do it by way of obliging me. Only if you are *not* coming I must know in time to spend some days at home with you before you leave. I have already been absent a month past on Thursday. They are not tired of me here nor I of them: I could remain another week or two in expectation of your coming; but if I am not to have a deliberate view of you here, I must have it at home.

In any case I should not leave Helen long by herself. There is plenty lying for me to do at home; and I cannot go on long in idleness,—however speculative and ornamental. You may say my life at home is vastly like *idleness*, so far as you can see into it; and in truth, it might be busier,—at least busy to better purpose.

I promised Geraldine to go home by Manchester, and spend a day or two with her,—her Brother being in Ireland. For the Wales visit, I am afraid it must remain a devout imagination. The enthusiasm which enabled me to regard it as possible, has gradually evaporated. I should need first to have it (my enthusiasm) lighted up again by a new interview with Miss Wynn, or a Letter from her. Darwin's ominous statement that . . . has thrown "a dark brown *shad*" over the Welsh mansion.

Here is your Letter this instant come, and with it news that the gig is waiting to take me a drive,—I also being in the valley of the shadow of headache to-day.

Had I not better come home to you, Dear? My "human speech" is not the most edifying that might be desired, but it is better than none. I feel quite comfortless

in thinking of these carrots, and you going out to seek Craik, and all that.

God keep you.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 61

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth, Monday, 25 Aug., 1845.

Ten hours of "fresh air" at one pull!—if *that* is not *doing* the Country! First we drove to Liverpool in the carriage; then crossed to Rock Ferry, in the steamboat; then wandered about in quest of what Mr. Paulet persisted in calling "*some donkey,*" the people hardly deigning to answer him, imagining evidently that he wanted it to *eat!* Eventually we realised an Irish-car, and were trundled in that three miles on the road to Eastham; the fourth mile we walked, thro' a wood, and then we were at Eastham, the favourite place for Liverpool picnics. Why favourite, I cannot imagine; for it is merely a large Gin-palace-looking house facing the sea, with a small garden all dotted over with arbours,—in the style of our Chelsea *Tivoli!* and swarming with Liverpool cockneys from the "chiefly merchant" class down to sailors and their—let us hope—wives. "The only cold fowl had just been bespoke," so we had to dine on ham and eggs,—which rather obscured my sense of the picturesque. It was just half after two when we finished our repast; and till six, when the next steamboat should sail, we were to enjoy nature,—very hard

work! For my part I thanked Heaven, when "*Pa* —sion" broke for a moment on the *ennui* of the scene, in the shape of a matrimonial quarrel betwixt an Italian called Angelo and his Wife, who seemed to be partially drunk. The Wife made repeated flies at him, and was held back by two or three young women who were perhaps the cause of her ill-humour. Angelo endeavoured to pacify her in broken English; and when she would not be pacified he broke into Italian, made that movement with the hands on the nose, which is the last insult with an Italian; snatched up his umbrella and struck her over the back with it, and stalked off towards the wood. One of the girls followed, calling "Angelo, Angelo!" but he would not stop till she laid hold of him, and then (Mrs. Paulet's dog having been unfastened), we heard gentle remonstrances and invitations to "cider," to "ginger beer" even. But Angelo would not go back then; he "would come to them in the garden after he had made the round of the wood;—he would indeed, upon his honour." So the girl went back; and Angelo, having inquired of Mrs. Paulet the road to Rock Ferry, posted off in that direction to go back to Liverpool by another boat!

We sailed all the way from Eastham,—an affair of half an hour,—found the carriage waiting at the pier, and got back to Seaforth at eight. And there lay your Letter, thanks God; and there was great joy over all Israel at the prospect of your coming. Are you aware that you did not enclose FitzGerald's Letter? So I cannot send back any part of it. I could not sleep for fancying myself assisting at *getting you off*, in the first instance, and then assisting at

your instalment here. I felt in two places at once, which is not a feeling favourable to sleep.

I hope you will be suited with cigars . . . My Cousin Alick does not smoke enough to be knowing in the article; besides he is not a person to take any trouble for "the welfare of others." So I applied to Mr. Paulet, who knows good tobacco from bad and is besides in the way of all sorts of dealings. He knew of some cases of cigars of "quite superior quality," which had been in the possession of a friend of his for two years; and the length of time they are kept is as great a point almost, he says, as the quality of the tobacco to begin with. . . .

Whom do Dickens and Fuz expect in all the world to get for audience in September? five hundred friends still left in London at that season?

Geraldine is going home for a couple of days to-morrow; I fancy to compose her mind that she may be able to write a sufficiently penetrating Letter to the Egyptian. As Mrs. Paulet says, "Well, I would sooner die at once than go on living as Geraldine does on *faute de mieux!*" The rain is splashing away to-day as bad as ever; and the fatigue of yesterday, together with the patter-pattering on the window make me as stupid as an owl. So I will have done and go and hear Mrs. Ames singing! She has come through the tempest of wet to give Julia her music lesson, just as if it had been the finest Summer day. God be with you.

Ever yours,

J. Carlyle.

LETTER 62

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House, 28 Aug., 1845.

My Dear—I find you excessively provoking. Now that you are done with your work, why cannot you *appoint a day* for coming off? I made sure of knowing by to-day's Letter when you would come: and not a word on the subject!

I have been to Liverpool. Started before the post came in, and was flying back faster than the horses to get your Letter; and *voila!* speculations about dining with Scott, Browning, etc., etc. I am quite angry, and that is the truth of it; for if I had thought you were to dawdle so long, I would have been at home with you by this time. The worst for *you* is, that I have not time to subside; for the starting hour of the post is just at hand. Certainly I did not expect you *this* week; but I expected to have got by this time a "fixed point" for my expectation.

I would not have written at all till I could write in better humour and with greater deliberation, but you said something about "morbid fancies," and I am not disappointed enough to wish to inflict such on you while there is a minute's time left to hinder them.

Yours, in breakneck haste,

J. C.*

*In reference to the above, Mr. Froude says (*Letters and Memorials*, i. 331), "She had written him an angry letter about his change of plan, which had disturbed her own arrangements." There was no change of plan at all on Carlyle's part: he had finished *Cromwell* only the day before, and had not had an hour's time to form any plan. He, "still deep in Cromwell rubbish," replied (on Aug. 29th) pleasantly to her "angry Letter"; "Oh impatient

LETTER 63

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House, 29 Aug., 1845.

Dearest—To-day I am restored to my normal state of —amiability. . . . I am sorry now that I did not repress my little movement of impatience yesterday. . . . It is more important just at present that you should be instructed of the state of—the tides! With that beautiful spirit of divination which characterises a good Wife, I had been propounding this subject at breakfast—before you had said a word of sea-bathing—and it happens quite fortunately that next week is the best bathing time throughout the whole year. I am afraid you would not be permitted to bathe here naked, any more than at Ostend,*—at least if such a thing got wind all Bootle and Seaforth and Waterloo would turn out to look at you; but there are nice machines, constructed for the purpose, to be had at a short distance. And the water looks clear, and there is a nice sandy bottom. There will be possibility of bathing every day next week,— at convenient hours. So make haste,—so many delights are awaiting you!—the chiefest a sublime box of cigars.

Goody! what an image you have got of the possibilities of human travel! Nothing to do but rub one's bill on one's toe, take wing and straightway arrive!" But before Mrs. Carlyle had received this Letter, she herself had written on Aug. 29th: "Dearest,—To-day I am restored to my normal state of—amiability through the unassisted efforts of nature, I beg to assure you, without having waited for the Post-hour and your Letter. I am sorry now that I did not repress my little movement of impatience yesterday." There was no need except for mischief-making to call the little Note an angry Letter, while suppressing it; and no excuse for garbling Mrs. Carlyle's apology for having written it.

* Referring to an incident in Carlyle's "Tour to the Netherlands."

Poor old Sterling. I feel sincerely sorry for him: surely, surely Anthony ought at least to have seen him brought home to his own house before streaming away on objectless travels. . . . Pray bring a *Past and Present* for Mrs. Paulet. Telo borrowed the one she had bought, and will not, or cannot, return it, in spite of repeated Notes. Besides she heaps kindnesses on me till I feel almost ashamed. She brought me down an old bonnet the other day to save me going up for my own, and the shape happening to be very becoming to me, off she sent for the seamstress who makes all her things,—even her velvet gowns,—and set her to making me a beautiful new bonnet on the same principle;—"because she wished me to look particularly well when Mr. Carlyle came, that she might have some credit in me." To-day she is gone to Liverpool in an Omnibus to seek something else—Heaven knows what—which she wishes the seamstress to make for me.

You are to be sure to let us know the train you will come by, that we may go with the carriage to meet you.

Maggie is coming to-day. She starts for Scotland next Wednesday, so that there will remain only Alick whom I have never seen since I left. Tell Helen, with my kind regards, to keep up her heart, for I shall only stay over your time here, and then take up her thread.

Yours affectionately, JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 64

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Monday, '15 Sept., 1845.'

. . . Nobody knows that I am here except Helps

and Elizabeth Pepoli, who had called and been told by Helen last week. Accordingly I was surprised by a visit from Helps yesterday forenoon, and in the afternoon I walked with John to see Elizabeth. He (John) went on to Mrs. Fraser's to tea. . . .

I find that with servants, washing, and one tag-rag and another, my Journey has cost me ten pounds and some shillings. The rest of the handsome donation you made me may lie over for future travel, or if I should take a notion to have a "*zweite Fliege*" in your absence, I shall let no prudential terrors withhold me; or perhaps I may dip into it for some little matters of household rehabilitation.

Poor Isabella! for once I do wish a trial of animal magnetism could be made on her. What a life for herself, and also for poor Jamie, who deserves all sorts of good things in his lot!—Give my kind regards to them all. John seems quite peaceable, with no "plans" for the present so far as I hear.

I must write a Note to Duffy, to thank him for his beautiful little Book,—and still more for his "sincere respects and regards." To be *respected* by Young Ireland at two seeings is a compliment I feel duly touched by.— And so, Goodbye to you, for the present. Mr. Paulet was waiting for me in Liverpool with a bottle of eau de Cologne,—his last delicate attention—how kind they have been to me from first to last!

Ever yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 65

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Sunday, 28 Sept., 1845.

Well, if yesterday was rainy and dreary enough to set one on reading *The Purgatory of Suicides* (had there been time for it), to-day I have had, as Gambardella would say, "some pleasant excitements"—as pleasant almost as his last feat,—which appeared in the *Times*,—running a race with Green's balloon and being *in at the Descent!* To-day I have sat an hour with—Lady Harriet!* and a quarter of an hour with old Sterling!

Last night I received a Note from Lady Harriet stating that she was in Town for only a few days; not able to go out, but would send the brougham for me to-day, at two if "perchance" I could come and see her. Of course, to-day at two, I was all in readiness. I was rather surprised to be set down at a great Unknown House,† and conducted thro' large Halls and staircases by unknown servants. If it had not been for the indubitability of the brougham, I should have begun to fancy myself kidnapped, or in a Fairy Tale! "Eventually," in a large dressing-room at the top of the house, I found the Lady on a sofa; a gentleman was just coming out,—Irish I should fancy from the fact of his leaving his *hat* behind him! On search being made for it by a servant some five minutes after, it was found, with difficulty, under the chair I had sat down upon! The Lady was ill only in a modified sense: "My Dear, I

* Baring, afterwards Lady Ashburton.
† Bath House.

am not up to going out, just at present"; but she "would be able to return to the Grange on Tuesday." She spoke of being to dine at Lansdowne House on Monday.—She was very gracious and agreeable; repeated pressingly the invitation to Alverstoke. I told her all about the Play,* which she had heard of with immense applause, from—Lady Holland! who was there! It seems that a great many of the aristocracy assisted at the tom-foolery,—"*entertained* (by *me* at least) *unawares*." I thought it rather a "rum-looking" gathering! The German Books had reached her safely;—if you wrote about them, that Letter had not yet reached her; the one you wrote on your arrival, she bade me say, was duly received, and she would have answered it before now, "if she had not been moving about more than she had anticipated." When she got back to the Grange, she expected to rest for a while, and would then write. It was to Richard Milnes I owed the pleasure of seeing her; he had been there the same evening he called on me, and mentioned having just seen me in an unprecedented state of confusion.

I recommended her to read *Cecil* (which I like immensely), and she recommended me to read Blanco White's *Memoirs*, about which she was all agog. She asked what I had heard said about it, and I told her Darwin's criticism: that "it greatly took away from one's sympathy with a man's religious scruples, to find that they were merely symptoms of a diseased liver." To which she replied, very justly, that "until the dominion of the liver was precisely ascertained, it were safer to speak respectfully of

*Dickens' and Forster's Amateur Theatricals.

it!"—The brougham was waiting to take me back again, and she was on a sofa; so for both reasons I was careful not to make my visit too long, although she did ask me in a sort of way to stay and dine with them at five o'clock. On the whole our interview went off quite successfully; and I dare say, in spite of Mrs. Buller's predictions, we shall get on very well together; although I can see that the Lady has a genius for *ruling*, whilst I have a genius for—*not being ruled!*

On my return Helen met me with the surprising intelligence that old Sterling had called!—a lady in the carriage with him. "Not very lady-like," she fancied it must be his landlady. "So thin she could not have known him; and so glad that he even shaked hands with her!" It was "most waesome to see him!"—John also had been down and left a Note on the table, in French—longer and more genial than he is in the habit of writing in English. Decidedly he should stick to French! So soon as I had swallowed-in a mouthful of dinner I went off again to see the poor old goose, whose visit under such circumstances quite melted my hard and stony heart. I called for John on the way, in case he chose to walk up with me, but suggested he should not go in, in case Sterling fancied we wanted to make a job of him. "Better not stay above five minutes, you may bring on another fit if you do," were John's rather alarming last words. But I seemed to do the old man nothing but good. Physically he is stronger than I expected; can walk alone, staggering a little. I do not know whether it be his thinness, or the consciousness of death being quite near him, but he has much more

dignity in his appearance than ever he had in his best days. In the first minutes I thought he looked more intelligent, too, than I had ever seen him. He made me less of a *scene* than was to have been expected;—merely stretched his arms towards heaven as if "thanking God for having created friendship—the consolation of the unfortunate." Ah, but he is not laughable any more.—"I am very glad to see you so well as this," said I. "And I am very, *very* glad to see you—at all," said he. He offered me the easiest chair, offered me wine, with a courtesy that reminded me of the German Noble (what was his name?*) who took off his hat, when dying, to his Bishop. None of the old bluster, but a quiet painful eagerness to do all that was polite and kind by me. After a few minutes' talk about his illness, he said in a whisper, pointing to his head, "It is *here* that all is over with me! gone, gone, gone!" and then tears ran down his cheek; almost down mine too; for he said *that,* not as he used to say such things, but with the simplicity of truth. The *thought* about his head seemed to *produce* confusion in it; for from the minute he spoke of his head, he talked quite incoherently: could not remember any name or any date; began mysterious sentences and left them unfinished.—John was waiting in the street to go home to tea with me: he got afraid that I would stay till I "brought on another fit"; so had himself shown up. I promised to go to him again to-morrow evening; and kissed his brow; and he gave me his *blessing,* which really sounds *now* as if it were worth something.—

* Franz von Sickingen, who when dying of a wound received in battle against the Archbishop of Trier, took off his hat to him.

And here I am (John long gone) writing at half after eleven,—which is not wise. But to-morrow will bring its own businesses.—I will send you a Letter I have had from Julia Paulet; read it pray, and judge if it be not promising for a girl of fifteen.—Kind regards to all.

Your own,

J. Carlyle.

LETTER 66

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Sunday night, 5 October, 1845.

. . . Yesterday evening I dined at the H——s'; dining there is like seasickness; one thinks at the time one will never never encounter it again; and then the impression wears off, and one thinks *perhaps* one's constitution has undergone some change, and this time it will be more bearable. They had been sending me invitations, ever since I came home, and this one could, I thought, be accepted in even an *economical* point of view, as Craik was to be there and could escort me on foot. And on this principle was the thing transacted, with no harm done except the dreadful boring while it lasted. The only thing I heard worth mentioning was that your horse was lately seen in good health, "living upon apples and pears!" They thought it much "out of condition when it arrived, and that it would take a while to get up its flesh again." The favoured individual who had made your horse's acquaintance, "quite promiscuously," was Spedding. He dined with us yesterday, of course, and the C——s', male and female; and a Mr. Roupelle, the Son of somebody and

the Brother of somebody else,—"a man of immense humour," but unluckily "not in force" when I saw him. Who ever is *in force* in that house? Thomas Wilson perhaps, who "sways a leaden sceptre in society" might "come out strong" in the H—— element,—nobody else! Fancy me in the drawing-room with Mrs. C. and Mrs. H. talking the whole time of their children! My old idea of vanishing in a clap of thunder, was getting to be a fixed idea, when the men came up, and introduced a bagatelle board. At a quarter before ten I waved my lily hand and took the road. Mrs. C. told me with a charming air of condescendence that she "had been *so* long meaning to call for me,—if she were not such a sad cripple!" "Indeed!" said I; and snatching up one of the small children carried it off to romp with it in the back drawing-room. Mrs. C. is some dozen years younger than I,—and a hundred years stupider; is new-married, whilst I am old-married; in fine is Mrs. D. C. whilst I am Mrs. Thomas Carlyle;—for all which reasons she had better wait *to be called upon.*

Did you know that Alfred Tennyson is to have a pension of £200 a year after all? Peel has stated his intention of recommending him to Her Gracious Majesty, and that is considered final: "*A chaqu' un selon sa capacité!*" Lady Harriet told me that he wanted to marry; "must have a woman to live beside; would *prefer a lady,* but—cannot afford one; and so must marry a maid-servant." Mrs. Henry Taylor said she was about to write him on behalf of their housemaid, who was quite a superior character in her way.

Will you write a Note to Mrs. Russell before you leave; they might think it mere forgetfulness, if they heard of you being at Dumfries without going to see them.

John has been here to tea to-night again, and kept me from writing till too late. He had Scott * dining with him yesterday. . . . He (Scott) has seen his Translation of *Dante*, and finds it "quite a surprising thing." I also am to pass judgement on it.

Darwin is returned; was here the day before yesterday, "most thankful to find himself in London again after *his* country experiences: two such months, good Heavens!"

Ever yours, J. C.

LETTER 67

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Friday night, 10 October, 1845.

I wish Dear, you had got the Letter which was lying at the point of my pen for you last evening when Mr. Browning came and sent it all to "the Back of Beyond." *This* evening I am too tired "for anything." . . . The dinner at the Pepolis' "went off with effect": well-cooked, well-served, and well-eaten; it was really a little "work of art" the whole thing,—no incongruities, no *ver*failed attempts. Never did a new house bring a more marked blessing with it. Elizabeth in her new atmosphere of order and cleanliness, looks herself again; even Pietro has bloomed up into a Christian waiter! I do not pretend to get much "good joy" from witnessing "the happiness of *others*," but it was really a sort of pleasure for me to see the light and order

* Revd. Alexander Scott, once Edward Irving's Assistant.

which Elizabeth has managed to bring out of the chaos given her to rule, and to hear her innocent genuine thankfulness for her small mercies! Darwin remarked as we drove home, that "things seemed to be going on there very nicely indeed; a little too much disparity in the ages still; but as Pepoli was growing regularly older and Madame younger, even *that* too would come right at last!"—I have made no other visit,—not even to old Sterling. He came to-day while I was out; but as he forgets that he has seen me, so soon as I am out of his sight, it did not matter. Last Sunday I walked up to see him, and sat with him half an hour; and before I was well home again, I received a visit from him here, "anxious to know how I had been."

. . . Another little bit of quite obscure news I heard from Elizabeth: she was in a carriage with her Cousin, old Mr. Rhoid, the other day, when he showed her a man walking along, who he said was once the reigning Dandy of London; "he had seen that man following the hounds, in silk-stockings and pumps and always taking the lead of the whole hunt, nevertheless." Elizabeth asked his name. "James Baillie!"* "He has been sadly reduced since then," said Mr. Rhoid; "but I am told he is now getting up in the world again, by speculating in Railway shares!" Don't you remember my predicting *that* course of industry for him? What a curious whirligig of a world after all! And people go on expecting to find "the solution." One fancies sometimes that if the *solution* be not "im-

* Mrs. Carlyle's once rich Cousin.

mortal smash," it will be "better than we deserve." "That minds me" (as Helen says) of something Browning told me last night: An old gentleman of 84, a Unitarian, had been disputing a whole evening with an old gentleman of 92, a Something-else,—let us call him a Carlyleist,—of course they could come to no agreement on their respective Creeds. "Well," said 84, in conclusion, "at least we are both in *pursuit of Truth!*" "*Pursuit* of Truth!" repeated 92, with an intensely Middlebie accent, "By the Lord we would need to have *got it* by this time!" Yes, indeed! one should try if possible to *get it*, to "lay salt on its tail," a good way on this side of 92; or, if one cannot get it, —to do without it. . . .

Here has just been John Mill; but hearing you were not at home, he would not come in,—"would call again."

"If I promised to spend the whole Winter with Lady Harriet!" Bah! When did you know me to do anything so green—so pea-green as *that? She told me* I had promised it formerly; that was all. Oh depend on me for "taking in my ground wisely" in that matter,—with a wisdom equal to the solemnity of the occasion! I have already taken in a bit of my ground very wisely, in stipulating that when I *did* next time visit her I should have some little closet "all to myself" to sleep in.* . . .

Ever yours, J. C.

*This is in reply to what Carlyle had written to his Wife, on the 4th of October: "If you promised Lady Harriet to 'stay the whole Winter,' there will be no possibility of keeping such

LETTER 68

Addiscombe Farm, in the Croydon suburbs of London, and Bay House, at Alverstoke on the South shore of Hampshire, were residences of the first Lord Ashburton's Son, the Hon. H. B. Baring. The Grange, near Alresford, in central Hampshire, and Bath House in London, were Lord Ashburton's residences. In May, 1848, Lord Ashburton died and Mr. Baring succeeded to the title,—the Grange and Bath House becoming his property.

Mrs. Carlyle had met Lady Harriet Baring, probably for the first time, at Bath House (as we have just seen), in September, 1845, while Carlyle was away in Scotland. She "owed," as she says, "the pleasure of seeing" Lady Harriet, not to Carlyle directly, but to Richard Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton). She and Lady Harriet "took to each other" and at once became fast friends. Mrs. Carlyle was soon invited to one or other of Lady Harriet's Houses. She went with Carlyle to Bay House for a visit of six weeks from the middle of November, 1845. And at the date of this Letter, she is at Addiscombe Farm alone with Lady Harriet,—Carlyle remaining at Chelsea, busily engaged on the Second Edition of *Cromwell*, and coming out to Addiscombe only from Saturdays to Mondays.

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Addiscombe Farm, Sat., '28 March, 1846.'

My dear Mrs. Carlyle—Carlyle has sent me the enclosed Letter, with a hint to forward it to you. For me, I am so used to Lady adorers of all sorts turning up for him, that

a promise! Indeed, as Mr. Croaker says, I wish we may be all as well at the end of that business as at the beginning! For which purpose we will try to take in our ground well; and, dealing wisely, hope to get through well, too: why not? Decidedly it is a good the gods provide, and a credit to you, as Mahomet says." Mr. Froude cites from this Letter of Carlyle's (*Life*, iii., last half of p. 368), but, needless to say, he does not quote the above passage.

the fact of a new one, or of a new half dozen, occasions me no particular emotion. My chief thought about them is whether they will not sooner or later be left on *my* hands; for he makes no conscience of turning them over to *me* whenever he finds them becoming bores to himself. This one, however, seems a good woman enough: "an owl innocently" as she modestly says of herself. At all events, her Letter gives me a natural occasion for giving you my kind regards at first hand.

I am glad to hear that you have got over the Winter so well. I also have been unusually well,—in the matter of colds at least; and for the rest—the headaches and all that sort of things, like the pigs to having their throats cut, one gets used to it.

I have been here for a week with Lady Harriet Baring, whom you have doubtless heard Carlyle speak of with enthusiasm, a very clever woman, and very loveable besides, whom it is very pleasant to live with—if she likes you—and if she does not like you, she would blow you up with gunpowder rather than be bored with your company; so that one clearly understands one's footing beside her. I am to stay three weeks longer until she returns to Town. Carlyle comes on the Saturdays and goes back on Mondays,—generally Charles Buller also.

The Second Edition of the Book* will soon be done, it is to be hoped; for Carlyle has worked too hard at it, and is got quite out of strength and spirit. His horse is to return next week, and that will at least force him to take more exercise,—being too much imbued with our national

* *Cromwell.*

virtue, *thrift*, to let it stand in the stable eating off its own head, as the phrase is.

Kind love to Jamie and Isabella, and all the rest. With true affection, ever yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

In the early Summer of 1846, Mrs. Carlyle's health broke down, and she again accepted an invitation to Seaforth House, near Liverpool, the residence of the Paulets. She left London on Saturday, the 4th of July, much depressed in mind and body, and, if we are to believe Mr. Froude, filled with jealousy against Lady Harriet Baring. There was, at this time, it is true, a trifling misunderstanding between Mrs. Carlyle and her Husband regarding their intimacy with Lady Harriet; but it was only a fleeting cloud, and was almost immediately dispelled. Mr. Froude, in his *Life* of Carlyle, has made a mountain of a molehill in writing of the Lady Harriet episode. Nothing could exceed his exaggeration, inaccuracy, and, I fear I must add misrepresentation, in treating of this affair. To make his story a plausible one, he cites largely from Carlyle's anxious Letters to Mrs. Carlyle, whose long delay in writing to him he mistakenly attributed to unwillingness to write instead of to the real cause, illness and want of the proper postal address; he misdates some of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters, gives garbled extracts from others, and entirely suppresses some very important ones.*

I give in this Collection the whole of the unpublished Letters of 1846, including some of those from which Mr. Froude has published extracts, and they tell the true

*Take only two examples: Letter 86 (*Letters and Memorials*, i., 365), is dated from Seaforth House, "2nd of July"; but Mrs. Carlyle did not leave London for Seaforth House till the 4th of July! And Letter 75 of the present Collection, which gives a very reasonable explanation of the cause of her delay in answering her Husband's Letters, is entirely omitted.

story without need of comment. They seem to me cordial and kindly Letters to have been written by an invalid; and not such as a jealous and aggrieved Wife would be likely to indite to her Husband. They justify Carlyle's anxieties about his Wife; they excuse her for seeming neglect in writing to him; in common fairness they ought not to have been suppressed by any one making such charges against Carlyle and his Wife as Mr. Froude has made.

That Mrs. Carlyle was sometimes displeased with Lady Harriet cannot be denied (there are few of Mrs. Carlyle's friends in whom she did not at times find serious faults); but that there was anything between them deserving the name of "jealousy," in the ordinary sense of that word, there is no reason to believe.

Mrs. Carlyle's ruling passion throughout life was to be thought clever; and it is tolerably plain from her Letters and Journal, that her chief grievance against Lady Harriet arose from chagrin at unexpectedly finding herself much inferior to her in witty and brilliant conversation. Mrs. Carlyle was herself a clever talker, and she knew it and prided herself upon it. It may well be that she overestimated her talent in this line; for she had been, as she says in a Letter of 1823, "stuffed with adulation ever since" she "left the boarding-school"; and at a later date, she writes of Carlyle's "little well-timed flatteries which roused" her "from inactivity." Indeed, Carlyle appears to have been (unintentionally) one of the chief sinners in this respect himself,—having from their first acquaintance lavished such flatteries upon her as led her to believe that she was unquestionably a genius of the first order,—a natural feeling in a man all his life in love with her. However that may be, she had, up to the time of meeting Lady Harriet, been accustomed to reign supreme among all the ladies of her acquaintance and in any circle of society she had hitherto entered. But once in the presence of Lady Harriet, who was "out of sight the cleverest woman she had ever met in her life," this fond illusion of

being supreme among intellectual women, was quickly dispelled. She found she was no match at all for this highly gifted Lady; and she was pained at, and perhaps in a sense, jealous of, the admiration Lady Harriet was wont to receive. The following sentences from her Journal and Letters indicate her feelings on this point: "My Shuping Sing* faculty (as Mr. C. *used* to call it, when there was no Lady A. to take the shine out of me in *his* eyes)" (*MS. Journal*, p. 9). "He (George Rennie) looked at me once as if he were thinking I *talked* rather well" (*post*, p. 373). And in 1860, writing of the "Second Lady Ashburton," she says: "a really amiable, loveable woman she seems to be; much more intent on making her visitors at their ease, than on shewing off *herself* and attracting admiration" (*post*, letter 204). These give a clue to the origin of her occasional fits of pettishness and spleen against Lady Harriet Baring.

It seems, according to Mr. Froude, that Mrs. Carlyle was made uncomfortable at the Grange, etc., "because she was not accorded the social rank of her Husband." But Mr. Froude forgets that he has devoted a large part of his *Life* of Carlyle to show that Mrs. Carlyle's "social rank" was much higher than Carlyle's. He calls her, again and again, the "cousin" of *Lord* Jeffrey, whilst Carlyle is always the peasant's son.

Then Mr. Froude argues that it was Lady Harriet's "little ways" that irritated Mrs. Carlyle. Why, it may be asked, should Lady Harriet have gone to the trouble of inviting Mrs. Carlyle to the Grange, merely to torment her by "little ways"? Mrs. Carlyle herself says nothing about "little ways," tho' she hints, in the following passage, that if she had not been liked by Lady Harriet, she would have been disposed of in anything but a "*little* way": "I have been here," she wrote, "for a week with Lady Harriet Baring, . . . a very clever woman, and a very

*Shuping Sing is a Chinese character in a Novel, who can see almost through millstones.—T. C.

loveable besides, whom it is very pleasant to live with—if she likes you—and if she does not like you, she would blow you up with gunpowder rather than be bored with your company" (*ante*, p. 185). Of the two ways of getting rid of poor Mrs. Carlyle, worrying her life out by "little ways" and "blowing her up with gunpowder," I decidedly think Lady Harriet would have chosen the gunpowder plan! But she liked Mrs. Carlyle; and there is not a tittle of trustworthy evidence to show that she treated her otherwise than kindly and magnanimously. And after all that has been said, or insinuated, to the contrary, Mrs. Carlyle must have enjoyed herself at these great Houses; for she never refused an invitation thither, when it was possible for her to accept, but on one occasion, and then she was engaged on a particularly interesting house-cleaning. She was oftener, and for longer periods at a time, a visitor at Lady Harriet's Country Houses, than Carlyle himself was. She did not even eschew the "eternal Bath House," but went there often, as her Journal shows.

Carlyle did not "insist on her keeping up an intimacy" with Lady Harriet. She was not even introduced to her by him (tho' she had the honour of being invited to the Grange, etc., in the first instance, solely because she was Carlyle's Wife): she went thither, or to Addiscombe, etc., again and again of her own free will whilst Carlyle was away from home,—in Scotland, or elsewhere. It even appears from Letter 67 (*ante*, p. 183 *n.*), that Carlyle thought it necessary to warn her against staying too long at Lady Harriet's. He wished her to go to the Grange, etc., now and then, simply because he knew that she could find enjoyment, amusement and instruction there, and that she would return home in improved health and spirits. But that he forced her to go there unwillingly and would "allow her to visit nowhere else," is purely a figment of the disordered imaginations of Mr. Froude and Miss Jewsbury.

LETTER 69

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House, Monday, 6 July, 1846.

My Dear—I was not up to writing yesterday. . . . To-day I am more awake, and entertain a devout imagination of going to see my Uncle and Cousins; but something whispers to me that it will be *no go*.

My journey was highly prosperous; the *Bubechen* and *Madechen* [little boy and girl] who were in the carriage with me felt no temptation to address me in articulate speech, nor to address one another; so that we came from London to Liverpool in profound silence. Before the train had well stopt, the Navigator's* face was grinning welcome in at the window on me, and Betsy waited a few yards off, that she might not fuss me till the Navigator had possessed himself of my luggage.

Seaforth looks beautifully calm and green, except when it thunders and lightens, which it almost continually does. Betsy has got a cough, and seems to be rather out of spirits, for *her*. Paulet has renewed his age, and has two clear eyes, and is, with the best intentions, always wearisome as heretofore. I shall do quite well here for a while, as I have the amplest tolerance granted me to be as ugly and stupid and disagreeable as ever I please,—the only satisfaction in life which I aspire to for the moment. For *you*, you must

* The "Navigator" was Mr. Paulet, and "Betsy," his Wife.

feel as if a millstone had been taken off your breast.*

My kind regards to Helen. I will write to herself soon, giving her some directions for her practical activity, which I had not head for before I left. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

J. CARLYLE.

LETTER 70

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth, 10 July, 1846.

My dear Husband†—Your two Letters, the one dated Tuesday and the other Wednesday, are both come together this morning. The Seaforth Post does not appear to do its duty so well as England might expect. The Newspaper which you only received on the same day with my Note [*i. e.* Letter 69] was sent off on Sunday in good time for the Post.‡

* This only means that Mrs. Carlyle, after having had time for reflexion has become conscious that she had been during the last week or two a rather disagreeable companion to her Husband, through her ill-health and consequent fretfulness, impatience, and unreasonableness. She appears to have written no Letters in May or June preceding this; but Carlyle's Letters of the period in question make many references to her great weakness and ill-health, "ever since our Summer heats came on."

† While staying at Seaforth, Mrs. Carlyle generally uses notepaper having the words, "My dear Husband," printed at the top of the page.

‡Mr. Froude, with his usual inaccuracy, says (*Life*, iii., 379), "She did not write on her arrival as she had promised to do." "There was a violent scene when they parted." Both of these statements are untrue. The *facts* are simply these: Mrs. Carlyle, as we have seen, left London on *Saturday*, 4th July. She had not promised to write *a Letter* on her arrival: Carlyle's words are: "You did expressly promise to *announce your arrival* straightway." This Mrs. Carlyle did by posting a Newspaper the very next day, which, had it not miscarried, would have "announced her arrival" at the very earliest hour possible for Carlyle to have heard from her; viz.,

. . . My Cousins Helen and Mary spent the day here yesterday. My Uncle I have not yet seen,—he was out when I called. They all find me looking shockingly, especially Betsy, who told me the other night (with the same want of tact which put her on telling Geraldine that she "had lost her looks very soon") that I had "got exactly the look of her Sister Marianne before she died of brain fever!" I suppose I shall improve in appearance, however, since I am certainly "eating above two ounces a day," and taking Dr. Christie's medicine very faithfully. My cough is still very tiresome; but I have no pain with it, so that it may take its time.

The horse department is in the greatest confusion still; but I do not see that it would be at all *remedied* by the addition of Bobus*—without his Master. A carriage horse is still to be bought; but it must be seventeen hands high, to match a great strong beast that is already here,—the new carriage weighing nearly *two* tons! You are a greater man than Abdel Kadir, but not so identified with your *horse* that a visit from *it* should be aspired to as the next best honour to a visit from yourself. Still they are very good-natured here, and if you are in a decided difficulty with your horse, send it.

on Monday morning,—there being no Postal Delivery in London on Sunday. Having posted this Paper on Sunday as a signal of her safe arrival, she wrote on Monday Letter 69, which tho' somewhat despondent, contains not an angry or unfriendly word. Mr. Froude's "violent scene" therefore existed only in his own imagination.

* Carlyle's horse.

We have almost constant rain hitherto, and our exercise has to be taken in the verandah.

I feel myself a dreadful bore—though Betsy's patience is immense.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 71*

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House, Tuesday, 14 July, 1846.

Oh, my dear Husband, Fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! But it is all right now; and I do not even feel any resentment against Fortune for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, even when I seem to you most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing like so bad as I deserve. But you shall hear all how it was.

Yesterday in coming back from the Post-office, where I had gone myself with the Letter to you, my head took to aching, and ached, ached on all day in a bearable sort of fashion, till the evening, when Geraldine came over from Manchester, and the sudden bounce my heart gave at the sight of her finished me off on the spot. I had to get myself put to bed, and made a bad wakeful night of it; so that this morning I was nervous, as you may figure, and despairing of all things,—even of the Letter from you that I expected so confidently yesterday. Encouragement came however, from a quarter I was little dreaming of: *before* the Post-time—before I was dressed, in fact—

* Part of this Letter is printed in *Letters and Memorials* i., 367.

Heaven knows how she had managed it—there was delivered to me a Packet from—Bölte! at Cambridge,—a pretty little collar and cuffs of the poor thing's own work, with the kindest Letter, after all my cruelties to her! Well, I thought, if *she* can be so loving and forgiving for me, I need not be tormenting myself with the fear that *he* will not write to-day either. And I put on the collar there and then, and went down to breakfast in a little better heart.

At ten, the Post hour, I slipt away myself to the Post-office, but was *detected* by Betsy and Geraldine, who insisted on putting on their bonnets and accompanying me. I could well have dispensed with the attention; however, I trusted there would be a Letter, and their presence would only hinder me reading it for a little. And *two* were handed out which I stretched *my* hand to receive. Both for Betsy! none for *me*, the Post-mistress averred!

Not a line from you on my Birthday,—on the fifth day! I did not burst out crying—did not faint—did not *do* anything absurd, so far as I know; but I walked back again without speaking a word, and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you who know me can conceive. And then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you finally so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so ill that you *could* not write? That last idea made me mad to get off to the Railway and back to London. Oh, mercy! what a two hours I had of it! And

just when I was at my wit's end, I heard Julia crying out thro' the house, "Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! are you there? Here is a Letter for you!" And so there was, after all! The Post-mistress had overlooked it, and given it to Robert when he went afterwards, not knowing that we had been. I wonder what *Love-letter* was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my Dear, I am not fit for living in the world with this organization. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come thro' an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I cannot even steady my hand to *write* decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you by return of Post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little Card-case. And now I will lie down a while and try to get some sleep,—at least to quieten myself. I will try to believe—O why cannot I believe it once for all—that with all my faults and follies, I *am* "dearer to you than any earthly creature!" I will be better for Geraldine here; she is become very quiet and nice, and as affectionate for me as ever.

Your own

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 72

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Seaforth House, 15 July, 1846.

My dear Husband—I was not meaning to write today, having had to get up at two in the morning, and spend the rest of my sleeping hours in reading Geraldine's new MS.; and in walking about the room. It is best, under these rather exceptionable circumstances, to "do nothing

to-day that can be put off till to-morrow" (the Wedgwoods' motto); but you seem to want a speedy answer about the horse; so *that* at least you shall have before I go to Liverpool *for a drive*. . . .*

Jeannie writes me from Auchtertool that the old Minister is suddenly dead. So Walter is now in possession of the appointments of his Office as well as of the labours. There is something rather shocking in one person's death being necessarily a piece of good fortune for another; but it is all one to the old man himself *now* whether they make sad faces at his departure or gay ones. And who knows? perhaps "somebody loved that pig,"† and will give him a genuine tear or two. Poor mortals "after all!" what a mighty pother we make about our bits of lives, and Death so surely on the way to cut us out of *all that* at least,—whatever may come after! Yes, nobody out of Bedlam, even educated *in Edinburgh*, can contrive to doubt of *Death*. One may go a far way in Scepticism, may get to disbelieve in God and Devil, in Virtue and Vice, in Love, in one's own Soul, never to speak of Time and Space, Progress of the Species, Rights of Women, Greatest Happiness of the greatest Number, isms world without end, everything in short that the human mind ever believed in, or "believed that it believed in,"—only *not* in *Death!* The most outrageous Sceptic—even I after two nights without sleep—cannot go ahead against *that*,—a rather cheering one, on the whole, that; let one's earthly difficulties be what they may, Death will make

* A long passage about Carlyle's horse is omitted here.
† See *Letters and Memorials*, i., 369.

them all smooth, sooner or later; and either one shall have a trial at existing again under new conditions, or sleep soundly thro' all Eternity. That last used to be a horrible thought to me; but it is not so any longer. I am weary, weary to such a point of moral exhaustion, that *any* anchorage were welcome, even the stillest, coldest, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,"—understanding both by the *wicked* and the weary—myself. But, if I had been meaning to moralize, I should have taken larger Note-paper.—Adieu, then.—Ever yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.*

LETTER 73

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Speke Hall, Near Seaforth, 19 July, 1846.

The fate of Bobus? I sincerely wish he may be safe

* In his reply to this Letter Carlyle, after tenderly expressing his sympathy with his Wife's ill-health, which he well knew to be the real cause of her present unhappiness, conveys in the gentlest manner his disapproval of her dwelling on these sad and despairing thoughts about Death, and hints that it would be wiser and more profitable to think more of *living* than of *dying*. He says (16 July): "Still very unwell, my poor Goody;—but you will be *better* in a day or two? It is very sad work watching thro' sleepless nights in company with these haggard thoughts, alas;—but what can we do in the interim! Death is indeed very indisputable; but *Life* too, Life I should think is not less so, and that is our present concern. Compose thy poor Soul; and *know well* that to the wise no sorrow is in vain, no sorrow is not precious. God be with thee." . . . Two days earlier, he had written encouragingly, probably in reply to something his Wife had said (in a Letter, now lost) touching Christianity, in which she had little or no faith: "As for the Redeemer,—yes, 'the Redeemer liveth': he is no Jew or man, or image of a man or Jew, or Surplice or old Creed; but the Unnameable Maker of us, voiceless, formless within our own Soul,—whose voice *is* every noble and genuine impulse of our Souls: *he* is yet there in us and around us, and *we* are there: no Abbess, Eremite, or fanatic whatever, had *more* than we have; how much less had most of them!"

at Seaforth! But I don't know "the least in the world." Only as I left injunctions that an *express* should be sent after me in the case of his having arrived dead or mad, or not arrived at all; and no express having yet come, I may reasonably hope that all has gone well with the poor brute; and that along with this Letter you will receive one from Charles (the only member of the family besides Pup who has remained at home) to give you positive news of your *worser half*,—I mean the four-footed half. Charles promised that he would write to you, and foolish as he looks, I have never found him neglect anything he undertook to do.

Had I been told in time, I should certainly have remained at Seaforth to welcome the creature; but when I got your Note of Friday morning, I was already engaged to drive here on Saturday, and stay till Monday. The rest had accepted Mr. Brereton's invitation on the understanding that I would accompany them, and chiefly indeed on my account, thinking it might amuse me perhaps, to pass the night in a haunted house. Had I afterwards drawn back for the horse's sake, I should have occasioned an amount of disappointment and perplexity which I did not feel up to fronting. So after a good deal of silent cogitation, I decided, with a certain trust in Providence, on fulfilling my engagement.

But who is Mr. Brereton? "God knows!" I never saw him with my eyes till he received me yesterday on the threshold of his own drawing-room. He seems a harmless man enough; polite, hospitable, and "not without" a sort of slow sense. And certainly he lives in

the most interesting house that I ever fell in with out of the Romances of Mrs. Radcliffe,—so dead-old, so rickety and crumbling and "Elizabethan" in every feature, that it would scarcely surprise me when a door opens, if the Maiden Queen and all her Court should walk in in their winding sheets and set themselves on the high-backed chairs to have "a little comfortable talk" with me about the other world. There are Screech-owls behind the tapestry in some of the bedrooms, who *breathe* and *moan* all night long in a way to freeze your blood! And once when a Liverpool dandy was sitting alone in the old drawing-room, the plaster of the ceiling began to shower down on him, and then the whole ceiling, beams and all, descended slowly, *not* killing him, for he had time to save himself, but nearly frightening him to death. The bedroom in which I have passed one night without any supernatural adventure, I am sorry to say, is all tapestried over with gigantic figures in a tremendous state of excitement,—about *what* I have not yet made out; but *shall*, perhaps, before I have done with them. I was sure there must be a secret door behind this tapestry; and after I had gone to my room for the night, I began to tap and feel all about, like the Heroine of the mysterious Udolph, and, O joy! I actually found one! and discovered the trick of the spring, after half an hour's puzzling, and slipt in, expecting to find myself in a spiral staircase; but I found myself in a closet *newly shelved*, where no object was discoverable except—my own bonnet!

There were at dinner yesterday, besides ourselves, two splendidly dressed Liverpool ladies, whose intellect

had chiefly developed itself in their mode of curtsying and holding their arms "rather exquisite!" and three Liverpool gentlemen—"chiefly merchants, Mr. Carlyle!" Two of them chimeras, the third a fine substantial old fellow of a Scotchman, Forster by name, "from the Langholm side," a friend of Mrs. Richardson's,*—and really "no fool." He stays on with us; the rest went back at night.

I wish you had "Beauty's" *mirror* to see me in at this moment, without any explanation of my whereabouts: the spectacle would be infinitely surprising! The rest are all at lunch. I am sitting writing to you, in the recess of a painted window—all over Virgin Marys and what not; in a great Hall of carved black wainscot,—ceiling and all carved in the richest manner,—and about twenty feet high, with a chimney-piece some twelve feet long! The light, double-dyed *green* by the yews and willows outside, or some other colour from the painted glass. The furniture all of a piece with the carving of the room. For further particulars I will refer you to *The Baronial Halls of England* (with illustrations) by S. C. Hall. But you must come and see the place, for really it is a paradise, of its kind. I should like nothing better than to spend the rest of my life in it,—if Mr. Brereton would take himself out of the way. Such beautiful bathing too! You might run naked out of your bed into the sea, under cover of tall mournful trees.

I am to be taken to the Hall this afternoon, and will not fail to draw you a right picture of the Child's Tomb-

* Novelist mentioned in the *Reminiscences*, ii., 247.

stone.* But the grand thing of all would be (and therein I fear I shall be balked), if I could get my eye on the ghost,—a white lady with a baby in her arms, whom she goes up and down with at nights making the gesture of flinging it into the moat. But the moat being long since filled up, it is too probable that the lady has ascertained by this time that drowning her baby there is "no go." I am just in the humour to welcome a ghost, however, in any shape; and I have still one night to spend in that haunted room.

Miss Wilson's note is perfectly harmless this time.—† Mrs. Buller wants me to find her a Lady's-maid with every earthly perfection.

I need not say how glad we shall be to pick you up at the Railway, whenever you desire it. You know all that without telling.—Ever yours, J. C.

If the American Box‡ is to be made up here, be sure to bring the *cloak*, with the boots, I have it not with me. There is also a pair of cork boots, which I paid twenty shillings for and have worn very little on account of my bunions. They might be worth taking to your Mother. Helen can get them.

LETTER 74**

Carlyle joined his Wife at Seaforth on Tuesday, 23d

* See *ante*, p. 136.

† *I. e.* it didn't contain an invitation to dinner!

‡ The "American Box" was a large one filled with a promiscuous assortment of presents, sent to his Brother Alick and family in Canada.

** Carlyle did not receive this Letter (which is undated as usual, but Postmarked "13th August, 1846"), until the 19th or 20th of

July, and remained with her at the Paulets' till the 6th of August, when he sailed from Liverpool to Annan, for Scotsbrig. His next Letter to her is dated 8th August.

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

30 Carlton Terrace, Green Heys, near Manchester,
Thursday, '13 August, 1846.'

In the first day or two after your departure I *could* not write any Letter that you would not have found worse than none,—and—so you got none! . . . The only thing like a purpose that would stay an instant in my mind, was at all rates to get out of Seaforth as soon as possible. That great echoing, disorganised place had got to look to me a perfect madhouse; and Betsy, with her fixed idea of my "liver-complaint," and incessant tactless remarks on my "wild looks" reminding her now of "Nodes after he had taken poison," now of "Marianne before her brain fever," now of "old Nannie in her last illness,"—of the Devil and his Grandmother,—had become more like a tormenting demon for me than the kind friend I had been used to think her. I tried hard to get away on

the month, being away from Scotsbrig on a short tour with Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring. Replying to it, after his return to Scotsbrig, he writes (on the 20th of August): "Thank Heaven I have heard from you! Two Letters lying here on my return, and another very swift and hasty which has arrived since. You are better too, far better, than my gloomy notions had represented you in these late watching nights." Mr. Froude had this Letter of Carlyle's, plainly dated 20th August, 1846, before him when he was writing the thing commonly called a Biography of Carlyle, for he cites a passage from the Letter (at the foot of p. 392, vol. iii.); but, to make it appear that Carlyle had not heard from his Wife till the 25th of August, he suppresses that part of it which shows that Carlyle had had *three Letters* from her by the 20th of the month, and proceeds at once to give Carlyle's Letter of the 26th of August, which begins: "My dear Goody,—I had thy Letter yesterday at last; many thanks for it,—and do not keep me waiting so long again!"—A very characteristic example of "*Froudulency*."

the Saturday; but she would not hear of it . . . On Monday, however, I got away with decency, to Manchester for the moment, with little hope of getting more good there than I had got in the other place; but with that sort of blind, instinctive seeking for relief which makes sick people turn off one side upon the other. The journey freshened me up a little. Geraldine received me at the Garden-gate with a quiet kindness that boded well; and every hour that I have been here, I have thanked God that I came just when I did. The stillness, the good order, the modest elegance of this bright little half-town half-country house feels like a sort of *cradle* into which my good angel has laid me for a little while to lie still and make-believe to sleep.

. . . But I must not stay long; for this house is not Geraldine's, but her Brother's; who tho' also most kind to me,—carrying his consideration the length of proposing "to hire in a Piano for me, if it would amuse me to play a little,"—might nevertheless get bored if his privacy were too long invaded by his Sister's friend. So I have determined in my own mind to go to Maryland Street on Monday, where I shall not be so cradled and rocked,—far from it; but where I cannot avoid going without giving pain. What after? Many a scheme has been in my poor head, one after another cast out as distracted; and the feasiblest thing I see for the present is to go home to Chelsea. Scotland looks to me more *difficult* and more *useless*, the longer I think of it. . . . Neither with you nor without you could I front all that, without the painfullest emotions; and emotions are cer-

tainly what I should not go out of my way to seek! just now,—at least not sad ones.

I might take my Cousin Helen back with me for a while as a social restraint in a small way, and to leave you more at liberty from the fret and responsibility of me. I should spend less money, too, living at home than streaming about in this fashion. The ruling virtue strong in death; my ideas of economy will, I suppose, be the last sane ones to leave me!

Give my kind love to your Mother and the rest there.

I do not know where to address you; but they will either forward my Letter, or it will be lying for you on your return to Scotsbrig. Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 75

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Carlton Terrace, Green Heys, Manchester,
Monday, 17 August, 1846.

My dear Husband—I am very grieved at all this uncasiness you have had for want of Letters. To punish you was far as possible from my thoughts. Often as I have pained you, first and last, I *never* caused you *intentional* pain, so far as I remember, and cannot fancy that I should ever be so "far left to myself" as to do *that*.

I did not answer your first Letter to Seaforth by return of Post, because I was feeling myself really *frightfully* ill, and *could* not have written at the moment without saying so; and I did not wish to make you anxious about me,—more anxious than you already were. I could have written on my arrival in Manchester on Monday, but in the Letter

I got from you that morning before starting, you said you were going to Dumfries. I had been mistaken as to the day you were to be at Carlisle—fancied it Wednesday—and so, that you would not return to Scotsbrig but go through from Dumfries to Carlisle;* and then I was meaning to go myself to Maryland Street [Liverpool] on Thursday. In the helpless sort of mood I was in, I let myself believe that no Letters *could* pass between us for two or three days; and when I wrote on Thursday, it was in full assurance that I was "taking time by the forelock," having a Letter at Scotsbrig lying ready for you on your return. And so I managed to have it there just exactly in the wrong moment, the very day you went away,—as I discovered to my sorrow on Friday night when I received the Letter you wrote on your return from Dumfries. It had been to Maryland Street as well as to Seaforth! The other two followed on Saturday and Sunday, every one making me more vexed. But there was then nothing to be done but just to let the result of my miscalculation and mismanagement work itself out.

For the rest, I have no cause to regret my visit to Manchester, but every reason to be thankful that I came when I did and staid as I have done. I shall have many things to tell you of it when we meet; for by Geraldine's skilful management my mind has been kept wide awake with one thing or another all day long.—But I must not

*A reasonable inference: Carlyle merely said, writing on the 9th of Augt: "To-morrow we go, Jack and I, to Dumfries, if it do not pour. You shall hear a word (from there) if there be Post-time when I arrive; which I doubt." He says not a word about *returning to Scotsbrig;* and Carlisle, she knew, was the place appointed for his meeting the Barings.

get into "narration" just now, for having walked four or five miles thro' the fields last night *after dark*, I lay too long in bed this morning,—considering that we have to start at twelve to spend the day with—Bamford! who promised to tell us witch-stories among the glens of Balachly. He is a fine sturdy old fellow, Bamford. . . .

It follows then that I do not go to Liverpool to-day either,—not till Wednesday; for, to-morrow, I have to see a Foundry and a Printing-mill and a Warehouse.

I saw the Box* nailed up and sent off to the Counting-house before my departure. . . . I am very indisposed for Maryland Street; in fact look forward to Wednesday with a sort of terror!

My kind love to them all. Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 76

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Insurance Office, Manchester,
Tuesday, 18 Aug., 1846.

My Dear—There never was such a breaking up of all my punctuality! I am not going to Liverpool to-morrow either. Write by return of Post, and address to: 30 Carlton Terrace, Miss Jewsbury's, Green Heys, Manchester.

I have written to Liverpool to bid them forward any Letters immediately. I am keeping various people waiting for me, and have not a minute to spend in writing. But do not find fault with my bustle; it is all for my good; and my good is more important to you than to myself.

Ever yours, J. C.

* See *ante*, p. 201 *n.*

LETTER 77

From Lady Harriet Baring.

Beattock Inn, Moffat, Tuesday,
'18 Aug., 1846.'

Dear Mrs. Carlyle—In the uncertainty of where this should be directed to you, I deliver it to Mr. Carlyle, who goes from us to-morrow.—The only check to our felicity has been the missing you; and more, the accounts he gave of the little permanent good Seaforth had as yet done you when he left you. He may find some better account of you, now that we have had some fresher and less oppressive weather; and you will have had a long track of quiet and ease.

You are very, very foolish to go on without some trial, at least, of advice and remedies. I *am sure* your headaches could be very much mitigated; and cough and all kinds of derangements will come upon neglect. Whatever one's own belief and feelings in the matter, it is a thing one owes to those who are anxious and careful, to neglect no reasonable care for one's health and life. And you are really trifling with the first.—Nevertheless, against my harsh strictures, I will set the hope that you are really bettering ere this; and that we shall improve and take still further care of you in November at Alverstoke. You must spend that dreary month with us there, where I hope we shall be fixed by the end of October.—

We have had a deluge the like of Noah's. To-night I had the first pony-ride I have been able to manage, to look down from a Hill on the Glasgow Road on the Village and Valley of Moffat;—a nice quiet smiling country, with-

out any remarkable thing to create enthusiasm of any kind. The day after to-morrow, we sleep at Hamilton, and so onward Tarbert way, to Glengarnock,—and South the end of the month of September.

Your ever affectionate

H. Baring.

LETTER 78

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Carlton Terrace, Manchester,
Sunday morning, 23 Aug., 1846.

My Dear—I came here meaning to stay two days, and behold, I have staid two weeks! *Four* several times I have engaged to be in Liverpool, and broken my word,—a thing unprecedented in my annals of visiting! But really Maryland Street is no pleasant outlook—only to be undertaken, in fact, from a sense of duty: and then Chelsea after? I cannot profess to feel any impatience for *that* either, as the case stands. So that, finding myself well, here, for the time being, I have needed only *pressing* enough to keep me. I am to go to-morrow, however, at last; and if I should never see Manchester again, the recollection of the kindness I have experienced in it, and the good it has done me will make it dear to me as long as I live.

I long to tell you all I have seen and done; but it would fill a volume; and must lie over till we meet. The amount of exercise of body and mind I have gone thro' has astonished myself, and proves, I think, clearly enough, that I have no "liver-complaint," whatever other devilries I may have. Geraldine no sooner perceived that I

took interest in the practical activity of this place than she applied herself to getting me admission into all sorts of Factories; and day after day has passed for me in going up and down in "hoists" and thro' forests of machinery for every conceivable purpose. I have seen more of the condition of my fellow-creatures in these two weeks than in any dozen years of my previous existence; and shall return to London quite as well qualified to write little Books on the "Manufacturing Districts" as either Camilla Toulman or Arthur Helps. Only one day we let ourselves be kept at home by rain, of which there has been plenty. And two days were spent out of Manchester; one with Bamford in his "Cloughs," and the other with a very interesting lady at Bolton. There is no lack of interesting people here, and they have a great superiority over the London people, inasmuch as they do not answer, "God knows!" to any question whatever, but every man knows what he is about and is able and willing to give a straightforward account of it. Whitworth, the inventor of the besom-cart, and many other wonderful machines, has a face not unlike a baboon; speaks the broadest Lancashire; could not invent an epigram to save his life; but has nevertheless "a talent that might drive the Genii to despair." And when one talks with him, one feels to be talking with a *real live man,* to my taste worth any number of the Wits "that go about." We spent yesterday at his house in the country (for I am now in Monday morning) which is the reason of your being a day longer without Letters. His cab which was to fetch us arrived in the midst of the writing, "quite promiscuously," at half after

eleven! and we did not like to keep it standing in the rain till I should finish. A young Greek merchant,* whom I very much like, an admirer of yours, but still more, I am afraid, of Emerson's, came home with us and staid till 12; and even at that late hour, I started writing after I had gone up to bed,—not knowing what might come in the way this morning to hinder me. But the Fates had decided once for all that I should not sign and seal a Letter for you yesterday. While I was sitting scribbling with all my clothes still on, even to the brooches and bracelets, down plumped my candle into the socket, and left me in total darkness,—to scramble into my night-clothes as I could.

I start at 12 from this house; but shall only go from Manchester by the 5 o'clock train,—having several *Offices* to take leave at, besides being to dine at Mr. Whitworth's Office at 2,—along with the Town-clerk!! Geraldine has kept to her purpose of not leaving me a single vacant hour up to the last minute. And her treatment, I believe, has been the most judicious that was possible. It has brought back something like colour into my face, and something like calm into my heart. But how long I shall be able to keep either the one or the other, when left to my own management, God knows, or perhaps Another than God knows best. Nor is it to Geraldine alone that I feel grateful; no words can express the kindness of her Brother. To-night I shall be with all of my Family that remains. But that thought cannot keep the tears out of my eyes in quitting these strangers who have treated me like the

* Dilberoglue.

dearest of Sisters. You will write to Maryland Street. I shall not stay there beyond a week, I think. I will write to Lady Harriet, my first leisure, tho' her Note did not seem to want any answer.

My kindest regards to your Mother and the rest.

Ever yours, J. C.

LETTER 79

To [T. Carlyle], Scotsbrig.

Maryland St., Liverpool, '27 Aug., 1846.'

To tell you the prosaical truth, I am afraid I should not take half as much interest in the *Lakes* as in the Manchester Mills! my tastes being decidedly *Utilitarian* for the moment! There, the Speddings are good people certainly, but as old Sterling used to say of the Bartons, "so damnably unstimulating!" And it strikes me further, that I and my luggage would considerably encumber you on that journey. *Two* rooms would need to be stipulated for beforehand, and two are not to be had in every house, so conveniently as one. Besides, the embarrassment of having to state one's sleeping difficulties to strangers. And then when one man with his portmanteau and carpet-bag can be transported commodiously in a gig, two people with two sets of luggage cannot get along without post-chaises,—at a ruinous cost!

On the other hand, I am sensible that *movement* and *change* are good medicines for me; and also that when you kindly offer me *a pleasure* I ought not to *look it in the mouth*, but take it thankfully. And so, do *you* decide for

me how it shall be. I am ready to meet you at Lancaster on a day's notice; ready to return to Chelsea and do a little in the earth-quaking line. In short, ready for anything except to stay on here, with an everlasting smell of roast meat in my nose, no sleep to be had for cats and carts! no talk to be had except about gowns and bonnets! Truly, since I left Geraldine, I feel to have fallen from the "Indian Horse" into "a quickset hedge, and scratched out both my eyes,"—how impatient I am to "scratch them in again" is not to be told!

Your Letter this morning found me in the determination to go home on Monday, at farthest; but I shall take no further steps till I hear from you again, beyond sending Helen* a little money to go on with. My own notion is, that I should be as well at Chelsea *sorting things* till you come, as going on the uncertain adventure of the *Lakes;* but I know that I am very faint-hearted, and that my *own notion* is not always the best "to carry out." So I await your decision. . . .

Ever yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 80

To T. Carlyle, Dumfries.

Maryland Street, Liverpool,
Monday, 31 August, 1846.

My Dear—Your Letter on my plate yesterday morning, along with one from Geraldine, was all that I took for breakfast, everything else at the table was so overlaid

* Helen Mitchell, servant at Cheyne Row.

by a dense population of lazy flies that I turned from it in sacred horror. . . .

"Thanks God," however, I shall have but two days more of this disgust. On Wednesday night I hope to get some clean tea at Chelsea. I should have gone to-day, only that with the possibility of meeting you in Cumberland I had to send my linen to the washer-woman and cannot have it back till to-morrow morning. To-morrow I will pack, and see Harriet Martineau . . . and on Wednesday home! thankful to "come out of this" anyhow! Helen* does *not* accompany me; I did invite her from a feeling of *duty* more than of inclination. . . .

I went to hear J—— M—— yesterday morning, as a compromise betwixt going to the Family Church and causing a Family disturbance by staying at home. The Sermon was "no go." The poor man had got something to say which he did not believe, and could not conceal the difficulty he found in *conforming*. Flowers of rhetoric world without end, to cover over the barrenness of the soil! I felt quite *wae* for him; he looked such a picture of conscientious anguish while he was overlaying his *Christ* with similes and metaphors, that people might not see what a wooden puppet he had made of him to himself,—in great need of getting *flung overboard* after the Virgin Mary, "Madame sa Mère." The heat of the place, coming on the back of no breakfast, made me quite faint; so that I had to lie down in the "Boot"† till dinner-time.

On Saturday Helen, Mary and I dined at Seaforth with

* Welsh, her Cousin.
† The little bedroom at her Uncle's.

a party. The Dickensons are still there, and this was a grand *flare-up* to their honour and glory. Mr. Rawlins was as amiable for me as ever, in spite of your cruel usage of him. Among the many charming things he said to me, I remember only this:—"that it was a source of deep astonishment and regret to him that a woman *like Mrs. Carlyle* (tremendous emphasis on the three last words) should *make a point*, as it were, of seeing *the Devil* everywhere. For his part, he utterly disbelieved in the Devil." The rest of the people were still more tiresome, especially the old S——, who is like a sort of thing one sees in a nightmare. I would not have gone at all; for a party at Seaforth is always a terrible affair; only that Betsy looked hurt, and my Cousins disappointed. So I sacrificed myself, as one does occasionally, to the welfare-of-others principle. . . .

My kind regards to Jean and Jenny. I wrote to Lady Harriet [Baring] on my arrival here a longish Letter, as *amusing* as I could make it.

Ever yours,

J. C.

LETTER 81

To T. Carlyle, Maryland St., Liverpool.

Chelsea, Monday, '7 September, 1846.'

A line to Maryland Street to-day, as I am bid, in hope however, that you will *not* be there to-morrow to get it! Ireland, Young and Old, is surely too large a thing to be *done* in a couple of days, especially when there is nothing pushing! I know you *beat the world* for the quantity of

even *correct* impressions which you bring away from what M'Diarmid would call the most "bird's-eye view" of any place—witness Bury St. Edmond's!* But the material and spiritual aspect of Ireland should be looked at more leisurely by even *you*. All is ready here any hour you like to come. Helen has been most diligent in my absence, and left nothing for *me* to do but a little "top-dressing." Even here the sky is passably bright, only this morning there has been a touch of fog. And the pianos, "thanks God," are calmed down and reduced to reason. The new family on the Lambert side seem to *have* no piano, tho' children are to be seen in the garden from time to time. They make no noise however,—on that side of the wall there is absolutely no offence. And the Chalmers piano sounds only at stated hours, from nine to eleven,—a thing that one can easily do with.

The Town seems very quiet. I have seen most of our acquaintance left in it: Mazzini, Elizabeth Pepoli, the Sterlings, Father and Son, Fleming and *par-malheur* Robertson! I called at Darwin's on Saturday, but found the house locked up. I saw that same day old Sterling—in bed, having had a new attack—but rallying again they tell me. Helen told me he had been coming here constantly, in dreadful impatience to know when I would come. So I wrote him a Note which Anthony opened, and then *he* brought the carriage to take me to him. I disliked very much going to South Place, tho' Mrs. S. is at Dieppe; but the old man *would* have me sent for, and there was no possibility of refusing. Anthony wished to

* See *Past and Present*, Bk. ii., Cap. 2.

shew me his Pictures, but I positively declined setting my foot in any other room than the bedroom where the poor old man was lying. I declined the offer of what Patten calls "refection" also, tho' I needed it on coming down stairs; for it had pained me very much to get thro' that interview. He held my hands and kissed them incessently, and cried and laughed alternately. . . . Robertson had called ten days ago, and left a request that I would "send him word to the club when I returned!" I should have been "gey idle o' wark,"* I think! He came again, however, on *speculation*, a little cleaner . . . and very quiet. I was disappointed to find Mrs. Buller gone; she was to have staid a month in London. I suppose there are no women in Town but Elizabeth [Pepoli]. I mean to try at Clarence Terrace tomorrow.

Oh, Harriet Martineau! I forgot to tell you I saw her the day before I left Liverpool—the picture of rude, weather-beaten health. Of course she was all in a bustle, and we were only a short time together; but there was not a word about animal magnetism. Her eloquence was chiefly directed against the Lion-hunters who tormented her existence at the Lakes. "A friend had advised her to hang a basketful of *autographs* outside the Garden-gate." She is coming to the Wedgwoods, by and by. She has never got her copy of *Cromwell*, and asked why you had not kept your promise. I told her I saw her name down for one, and bade her write to Chapman for it.—There are two American copies of *Cromwell* here, and

* Have had "very little to do."

two or three other presentation Books of no moment,—"chiefly religious, Mr. Carlyle."

Should you go to Manchester and to Geraldine's, pray ask her to let you see Dilberoglue. What is it? A man! a young Greek that I have sworn eternal friendship with, and whom I am sure you also would like. He is a sort of young merchant that one might expect to meet in the *Wanderjahre*, but scarcely in Manchester. You must also be sure to see Whitworth's machinery.

Ever yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 82

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 24 Sep., 1846.

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I write to you to-day on my own business, tho' meaning to write at any rate to announce my return to Chelsea, without having been in Scotland after all! Alas, this year I absolutely had not courage for it. My stay in Lancashire did so little towards strengthening either my body or soul that I could not muster resolution for going further north. Another year perhaps I shall do better. God knows. I begin to lose faith in my own capabilities.

My chief object in writing to-day however, is to ask once more about Margaret Hiddlestone. Is there any earthly chance of my getting her *now?* Helen *is* going this time, for certain; and she could never have gone at a time when I should have been sorrier to lose her. For her conduct during the last year has been quite exem-

plary. And so, for once, virtue is getting its reward. A Brother in Ireland has been rising into great prosperity as a manufacturer of Coach-fringe—thanks to the immense consumption of it on the Railways; he has now 200 girls in his pay, and in point of money (if he tells the truth) quite a *gentleman*. He has never done anything for Helen hitherto, beyond coming to see her for a quarter of an hour when his business called him to London;—never given her to the value of a farthing; but suddenly he is seized with a fit of brotherly love; comes here last evening, and invites her to go to Dublin and be his House-keeper,—engaging that should he hereafter *marry* he will settle an ample provision on her. Of course nothing could be done with such an offer but accept it. Helen cries about leaving me; but to be made a Lady of all on a sudden, does not fall in one's way every day!—For myself, I am far from feeling the confidence *she* does in this Brother's promises and prospects; still I can do no other under the circumstances than encourage her to try this opportunity of providing herself an independent home. And so all that remains is to look out for another in her place. But before I stir a step further, I must have another *No* from Margaret; for the idea of having *her* for my servant some time, has never left my imagination, or rather my heart.—I think I told her formerly that she should have £12 a-year,—tea and all that, found her,—and her expenses paid to Chelsea. You know how she is situated at present with regard to her children, and everything else; and if you are already sure she will not come there is no use teazing her any more about it; but if you have any doubt,

take the trouble once more to tell her my wish, and hear what she has got to say to it!

What a time of it people have in this world with one change and another! Very sad for those who like myself are the slaves of habit.—Margaret's children must be pretty well grown up now; by and by one might find them little places in London beside her, if she come. Long here at a distance from her children, I am sure she would not like to be.—Kindest regards to your Father and Husband.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 83

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 'End of December, 1846.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I am recovering out of one of my serious *colds* just in time to write you my New-year's good-wishes. Nothing could have been more inconvenient than my falling ill the very week after my poor little Helen went away;—she understood so well how to do with her Master when I was not there, and kept my mind so easy about *material* things that an illness in her time was of comparatively little moment. But with *her* departure everything went to sixes and sevens. The new maid* whom an old servant [Betty Braid] in Edinburgh had selected for me, proved to have been selected more on account of her pretentions to "*Free-grace*" than of any "*works*" she was capable of;—in fact, my Aunt Anne, it turned out, had had a hand in her education. If I had

* Called "Pessima" (the worst).

only known *that* sooner, she should never have sailed to London at *my* expense! But I relied on the practical understanding which old Betty used to manifest before she became an enthusiast for the Free Church; and made myself sure of being able to *do* better or worse with any servant of her recommending. Alas, the girl had come out of a family where eight servants were kept; fancied it would be nice to get to London, where she had "seven Cousins," and was willing to undertake anything till she got here. And then she satisfied herself within the first twelve hours that it was "too lonely" to be a single servant; that all-work "spoiled her hands," and having with all her "Free-grace" no more sense *of duty* than a cat, she threw up her engagement for six months at the end of six days! and declared that if she were not allowed to depart (to the Cousins) she "would take fits" as she had "once done before in a place that did not suit her, and lie in bed for a year"! ! !—I being already laid in bed thro' the fatigue and unusual exposure to cold which I had had in trying to set her a-going, the chance of *her* taking to bed was not to be risked. So Carlyle bade her go then in the Devil's name—rather glad to be rid of such a "lump of selfish dishonest fatuity" on any terms. She "could not" repay her expenses; so she walked off with her two guineas, as happy as a pig—on a Sunday morning! leaving me very ill in bed, my Cousin Helen here on a visit, and no servant in the house! So much for the whim of bringing a servant from Scotland!

A lady in the neighbourhood, who was meaning to discharge her Cook at any rate, on account of her constant

rows with the other servants, dispatched her to *us* at a moment's warning; and this woman,—an old half-dead grumbling soul,* has been acting as a provisional Help, till I should get well enough to look out for a permanent and more effective one.

Three weeks confinement to bed, and the quantities of tartar-emetic and opium given me to stop the inflammation on my chest, have left me as weak as water, and little able to fall energetically to the rehabilitation of my house. . . . Now I have engaged a girl whose face and history so far as I know it promise well. She is to come the last day in the year, and I am brutally sending my Cousin home the same day, that I may have a fair chance at settling the new-comer into her place myself;—full time, for Carlyle has been giving signs of having reached the limits of his human patience; and if he do not soon have a pair of shoes cleaned for him, and his Library swept, he also will take "fits." Oh, how I wish that Margaret had come to me! All this would have been spared us, even my illness, for I was quite well of cold when that horrid Free-Church woman arrived, and might have continued so with proper care of myself. . . . I have one blessing here, however, in the way of service, which I ought to be thankful for: our Postman's Wife, who has baked the best possible bread for us a long time, and who, living at hand, is always going and coming, since I have been in a puddle, to help me in the quietest and nicest way.

But it is not good for me to be writing such a long Letter; for I am still confined to two rooms, with order

* Whom they called "Slowcoach."

to "keep myself perfectly quiet,"—more easily said than done!

Will you take the old trouble for me, in transmitting my New-year's remembrance to Margaret and Mary, and the others you know of? The small sum you advanced for me in July was given to my Cousin Helen, who said she punctually sent an Order for it. I hope it came all right?

I send you a pair of card-racks from the Falls of Niagara,—more curious than beautiful; but you will give them a place in your drawingroom anyhow for the sake of one who will ever think of you with affectionate gratitude. My kind regards to your Husband and Father.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 84

The Carlyles went to Bay House in the middle of January, and remained there about five weeks.

To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries.

Bay House, 'End of January,' 1847.

My dear Jane—I had best not delay writing to you any longer, lest I find myself again in the condition of that poor Ecclefechan woman whom I often remember with interest and sympathy, "a-maist *ashamed* to say a's no better." For the moment, I have the *proud* consciousness of being really better,—enough for practical purposes. . . .

I have now no cold about me, and am stronger than

when I left London. I have been out twice for a few minutes in the Garden; but the weather is still too cold for my regular exercise.*

For the rest, what I do here, or what anybody does, it were hard to say:—to *learn to go idle with dignity* seems to be the highest aim proposed. On the whole, I cannot reckon it amongst my complaints of Destiny, that I was not born to be a fine Lady; and I shall not be sorry to get back to the training of my maid-of-all-work, and the rehabilitation of my house, which Helen's departure, followed by my sickness, had made a horrid mess of.

My little new maid looked as if she were going to answer rather well. She seemed orderly, cleanly and careful; is a much better cook than Helen was, and has, I think, more "basis of reason"; above all I was charmed to observe symptoms in her of a capacity of getting *attached.* (*The remainder is lost.*)

LETTER 85

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Sat., '6 March, 1847.'

My dear Mrs. Russell— . . . And then I have been for five weeks with Lady Harriet Baring in Hampshire, where I went the previous Winter. It was a great

* "Jane has greatly improved in health," writes Carlyle from Bay House, to his Mother, 15th of Feb., 1847, "indeed, she is now about as well as usual, and we hope may now do well henceforth." And to T. Ballantyne, about the same date: "A pleasant, totally idle rustication, which in spite of the cold weather, has almost completely restored her (Mrs. Carlyle's) health." Mrs. Carlyle had been very ill, "confined to bed for three weeks," before leaving Chelsea for Bay House. See *Letters and Memorials*, i., 378. And *post*, p. 224.

risk for me travelling at the time I set out, for I had been for many weeks shut up in two hot rooms where no breath of wind was allowed to reach me. But I was sick of the confinement, rendered so unusually wretched for both my Husband and myself by little Helen's loss*; and I thought *care* had done so little to improve my strength that I would try what *rashness* could do. And *that*, as usually happens for me, answered quite well.—On the day of my arrival I dressed for dinner,—not choosing to accept the part of *Invalid*, which is not popular the least in the world in great Houses where the aim of existence is to *ignore* as much as possible that there is such a thing as human suffering in any form. And the next morning, the housemaid, having of her own volition prepared a *cold* bath for me, I plunged into it from a sort of Scotch sentiment of *thrift*, that the cold water and the woman's trouble might not be wasted. This sort of a thing held out for a week, when I was laid up [for] some days with sore throat, and had to get Sir John Richardson to come and see me. After that, however, I went on getting stronger, and am now, since my return, able to go out and even take a long walk every day.

The new maid who came at New Year's Day continues here, and promises to become a fixture. She is a remarkably cleanly, orderly, quiet, little woman, with a superior faculty for *cooking*. I have been extremely lucky, I think, in realizing so useful and respectable a servant out of the great sink of London, by means of a Newspaper advertisement. She has a lover, a butcher, who is ex-

* *I. e.* Servant Helen Mitchell's departure.

tremely attentive; but they are a rational pair, and not likely to marry till he gets a business of his own; and meanwhile it rather pleases me to know of a little decent love-making going on in the house. By and by I shall have her trained into all my ways,—which are many, and some of them curious for the Cockney intellect; and then I hope to be even better off than I was before; for this one has no tendency to drink, and has more *solidity* than Helen had.

My kindest regards to your Husband and Father.

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 86

To Miss Helen Welsh, Maryland St., Liverpool.

Chelsea, Tuesday, 25 May, 1847.

Dearest Helen—Do write me a few lines; I want so much to hear about Sophy.* Does her Brother still intend going abroad? Will Sophy in that case keep on her house? Pray tell me all you know. Give her my kindest remembrance. Poor little thing, I am very sorry for her; but what comfort *can* be got in such circumstances she will get from you and the rest.

The sudden heat has taken as strong an effect on me as the cold did, in a different way; *then* it was my chest which suffered; now it is my *liver*. The result of the discomfort to myself is much the same. I go about, however; but, as poor Darley said, "like a serpent trying to stand on its tail." And for the rest, the household goes on well enough.

* "Sophy" Martin, Mrs. Carlyle's "Cousin." See *post*, p. 244.

Ann is to-day, and will be to-morrow, the same as she was yesterday,—good so far as she goes, but not "going the whole hog" with the *emphasis* one could wish. However, the being a little slow, a little ineffectual, is perhaps the least offensive fault she could have; and *some* fault, being human, she *must* have. She is perfectly orderly and respectable, and likes me as much as it is in her languid nature to like any mistress. I miss the enthusiasm, the *birr*, that was in Helen; the-ready-to-fly-at-everything-ness; but on the other hand things go on equably, without *flare-ups*, and having to help her a little with her work is perhaps good for me in the main.

I wish *you* had only one servant instead of three; you would find your problem, I am sure, much less complicated. They spoil one another.*

*Carlyle has been accused of allowing his Wife to keep only one servant, and a cheap and untrained one, at that. The accusation is entirely baseless. Carlyle never interfered with Mrs. Carlyle's choice of servants, except to urge her, as he himself says, to engage *two* instead of one. She herself *preferred* to have but one, as the above Letter shows; and a highly trained servant (when not trained by herself) she particularly disliked (see *post*, Letter 232). And when, in 1860, she did act on Carlyle's advice and engage two servants, she "was ready to hang herself," and "found the change nearly intolerable" to her (see *post*, Letter 213). She had been accustomed from her earliest years to have but one servant,—at a time. Her Mother never kept more than one at Haddington, and never paid her servant more than eight pounds per annum; indeed, she generally paid about half of that sum, and frequently she managed to do without any servant at all, as Dr. Welsh's book of Receipts and Expenditure, clearly shows. The very romantic story Mr. Froude tells of Miss Welsh's having been brought up in "luxury," and of never having "known a wish ungratified for any object which money could buy" (*Life*, i., 366), etc., etc., is, as intelligent readers will guess, a myth not even "founded on fact!" Dr. Welsh's Book tells another story. And it tells it in a way that does not admit of doubt. It begins in June, 1802, and ends on 11th September, 1819, and thus covers the whole of his married life, except the first year or two. It records every item of expenditure, from the yearly Butcher's Bill down to the "Penny to the poor" at Church on Sunday. It shows that Dr. Welsh managed his establishment, like the sensible man he was, on strictly econ-

Geraldine has been at the Ashursts for ten days, and I have seen her only once. She has never got rid of the black dog that jumped on her back during your visit here.

. . . You ask about Plattnauer: he continues sane enough for all practical and speculative purposes; comes here about once a week; has become an immense favourite with John Carlyle. But I wish he had employment. He does me no ill,—rather good.

Kisses to my Uncle.

Ever yours,

J. C.

LETTER 87

To Mrs. Jameson.

Rawdon, near Leeds, 'August, 1847.'

My dear Mrs. Jameson—Your Note has found me far from Cheyne Row,—away on a hill-top in Yorkshire! and I can honestly say the only moment of regret I have experienced at my change of place, was in finding I had missed a sight of *you*. Your very face always does me

omical principles, saving every penny for the object he had in view, viz.: paying the purchase money of Craigenputtock. This cost him, I have been told, £10,000. As this sum, together with £500, the price of his dwelling house, had to be saved from his Practice in about twenty years, it will readily be understood that plain living and strict economy, and not luxury and opulence, was the order of the day in Dr. Welsh's household. Compare these two extracts from Dr. Welsh's Daybook with Mr. Froude's story of "affluence" and boundless wealth:

"6 Oct., 1802. Paid for cleaning coat and dying [dyeing], a second time, breaches [breeches], 3*s*.

"2 Jan'y, 1811. Paid Mrs. Welsh in part of her allowance of £25 *per annum* for her and Jeannie's clothes, £2 10."

Even if he had been in a position to gratify his Daughter's every wish for any object that money could buy, Dr. Welsh was not the man to have practised or sanctioned that folly. He spent liberally on her education alone; and for the rest, he taught her both by precept and example to look upon thrift as a cardinal virtue. She learnt the lesson well, and practised it to the end of her life.

good, and it is long since I have looked on it. But you will be in London before long, and I shall be there before long; for I do not intend accompanying my Husband further North; Scotland is become a desolate place for *me*, since all I loved there are dead and gone. And so, while he is visiting his relations, I project a great household earthquake at Chelsea.

It is three weeks to-day since we started on *The Pursuit of the Picturesque under Difficulties*,—the first time in our married lives that we ever figured as declared Tourists. And I fancy we should have broken down in the first blush of the business, but for a special interposition of Providence in the shape of a spirited young Quaker* who came to the rescue at Matlock, and guided us triumphantly thro' all the sights of Derbyshire, northwards to his own habitation, where we have remained stationary for ten days,—in a state of comparative resignation to "things in general."

I never enjoyed a visit so much before; and so far as I can dive into the secret of my contentment, it lies in the fact of there being no *women* in the house, except servants! So that I have as fine a time of it as *Beauty* in the Castle of the Beast!

> "Speak thy wishes, speak thy will,
> Swift obedience meets thee still."

The only time I have been reminded that I live in a conditional world, was two days ago when our young Host and myself were pitched heels over head out of a gig; but

* W. E. Forster, afterwards the Right Hon., etc.

except bringing me back to what Carlyle calls "the fact of things," even this misadventure did me no harm; indeed I have felt rather better for the tumble.

I want so much to hear from you about the Brownings; want so much to give you a good kiss.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 88

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Long Car, Barnsley, 7 Sep., 1847.

Good Gracious! what a sudden snatching away of Proserpine! I fancied the man who got into the carriage,* while I looked under the seat for that confounded box, was *you* come in to take leave of me, and get out when the train should stop, like the Euston Square ones, at the end of the covered space. In which comfortable ignorance I addressed him, "but, my Dear, will you have time to get out?" Then having got my eye on the box, I added, "Oh, here it is," and looked up and saw—the sickly gentleman (who had cast such a die-away glance on you, as we were walking up and down). I flew at the window, like a wild thing, and could not pull it down, and saw you in a state of distraction, ordering the train to halt, while it went its way like Destiny, "never minding!" Not a single kiss executed! Really it was "*very* absurd"; and I have not yet recovered from the sort of shock to my feelings. The sickly gentleman whom I had addressed as "my Dear" testified his gratitude by telling me of "daily

* In the Railway Station at Leeds.

accidents on that line" which were, he said, "most iniquitously concealed from the public"; but he "had written to his friend Strull about it," and hoped that measures would be taken;—meanwhile he took himself off at the first station, and I went one stage *sola*. At Normanton a lady came in, who within the first minute gave me a pear, and regretted that she could not accompany the gift with the offer of a knife! I spoke a few words of thanks, when looking deeply interested in me, she said softly, "I easily perceive that you are not English!" "No, I am a Scotchwoman." "Indeed! I took you for a Foreigner! I should never have dreamt of your being Scotch!" Perhaps she would not have given me the pear if she had. Mrs. Newton was waiting for me with the brightest looks; and we went the three miles to Barnsley in a nice "neat but not gaudy" omnibus which we had all to ourselves.

I lost no part of my luggage, nor was the kitten dead. When taken from its basket it *spat* to right and left in a way *à faire peur!* But the children all set themselves to "loving the Devil out of it,"* and now it is pretty well domesticated in the Nursery. Nodes† came home at four to dinner, and they are both as heartily kind as can be. We went in the evening for a walk, and as far as the views were discernible thro' a thick haze, the country hereabouts is even more beautiful than at Rawdon. . . .

I long to hear your news; above all that you have had

* Emerson to a pettish child of his.—T. C.
† Mr. Newton, a Brother of Mrs. Paulet.

a good night's rest at Scotsbrig. There is no privacy for writing here; and besides my Host and Hostess are counting the moments till I shall be ready to start. So I must make an end, and use the *lighted* candle which Mrs. N. is holding for me.

Love to them all, and a kiss to—Jamie!

Ever yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 89

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Chelsea, Thursday, 23 Sep., 1847.

You must have another little Letter to-day, Dear, in case you take a notion to fret.

I continue to mend rapidly; had a good deal of sleep last night, without henbane, and to-day I astonished Ann by telling her I was "very hungry." I have absolutely nothing to complain of but weakness, and that will not hold out long against such a good appetite.

After I had sent off my Letter yesterday Lady Harriet [Baring] called. She would not, of course, venture into a sick-room; but she sent up a very kind message, That she would be at Addiscombe till Wednesday, and if I would come there "out of this paint" she would send the carriage for me any day. "This paint" is not very bad; it is only the *outside* that is getting done; and in my bedroom the smell does not reach me at all. But in the Rooms Ann says it really is very unpleasant. I accepted the offer at once, as I always do every kindness she offers me.

That is to say, I sent word that I expected to be quite strong enough for going on Saturday, in which case I should be most happy to go if she would be so kind as send for me.*

One of the people who has been kindest to me during my illness is Mr. Chalmers's old John.† He has actually reduced all the *pianos* to utter silence. Hearing Ann say that the noise of his ladies was enough to drive her Mistress mad, he said, "I will put a stop to *that!*" and went immediately himself into the Drawing-room and told the ladies then at the Piano, he "wondered they were not ashamed of themselves making such a noise and Mrs. Carlyle at death's door on the other side of the wall." And there has not been a note struck since,—five days ago.

John [Dr. Carlyle] is here now—writing Letters on Dr. Campbell's business, in the Library,—this being his *flitting* day at home.

I hope I shall have a Letter from you to-night.

Ever yours faithfully,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Love to your Mother and the rest.

* Mr. Froude prints part of this Letter (*Letters and Memorials*, ii., 6); but of course he suppresses the foregoing paragraph! It is a paragraph, however, of some importance; for it affords irrefragable evidence that Mr. Froude was consciously "telling the thing that he knew to be untrue," when he wrote, in reference to this very invitation to Addiscombe, which Mrs. Carlyle had at once accepted without even consulting her Husband: "One asks with wonder why he [Carlyle] insisted on the continuance of an intimacy which could never become an affectionate one." (See *Life*, iii., 414.) It is difficult to say whether the *suppressio veri* or the *suggestio falsi* is the more abundant in Mr. Froude's Life of Carlyle. There is enough and to spare of the one and the other! "Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Thomas Carlyle! Keep it awhile, he that would know James Anthony Froude."

† The Butler at No. 4 Cheyne Row.

LETTER 90

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Addiscombe, Tuesday, 28 Sep., 1847.

I meant to have written a line yesterday on my arrival here. . . .

Lady Harriet is looking extremely well, and in first-rate spirits. She laughs at your complaints of her silence, and says she has been "so busy reading Clarendon, on the journey"; and another time she said I could tell you it was because you took part with Lady Ashburton in calling her Letters like sticks. The fact is, I suppose, Lady Harriet writes Letters as I and other women do, chiefly to bring Letters in return; and if she get plenty of Letters all the same, whether she answer them or no, *tânto mêglio* for her. She sends you a paragraph* which she cut out of the *Times* for your express benefit. She thinks it may be useful for you to know of such a road to Fame in your present state of drinking new milk under various forms.

. . . I had a very kind Letter from Lady Ashburton yesterday, offering me any quantity of apples and pears, and announcing some game—most useless all. If she would have sent me a little honey instead!

Mr. Baring is at his yeomanry, so we are quite alone.

*"Confidential assistance.—A practised reviewer and classical scholar, whose acknowledged productions in various departments of literature have elicited from The *Athenæum*, The *Times*, Quarterlies and other Periodicals, testimonials which will furnish incontestible evidence of his competence, engages to enhance or create the fame of diffident aspirants in any branch of the Belles Lettres. Poems, tales, essays, lectures, prefaces, leaders, sermons of any length composed. Works prepared for the press. Manuscripts critically corrected. Secrecy. By post to X.Y.Z. Phelp's, bootmaker, 3, Haymarket."—*Times*.

. . . There was a Letter to be written to John too, who wished to hear how I stood the journey. So I must break off. . . .

Ever faithfully yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 91

To T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig

Chelsea, Tuesday, 5 October, 1847.

I *meant* to have written yesterday, Dear, but the intention went to paving a square inch of the *Bad Place*. At my last writing I had rather crowed before I was out of the wood: the pain in my head and face returned when I was in the act of sealing my Letter, and this time did not go away at 5 o'clock (!) but continued all day and all night, to the exclusion of any wink of sleep, and all day again. On Sunday night, John found me pretty well out of my wits. "What in the world will you do, do you think?" said he looking quite blank. "What do *you* think I should do?" I answered as blankly. "Did you ever take any—any what-do-they-call-it?" "Any Prussic acid?" said I, impatiently. "Yes—yes (!) that is to say muriatic acid." "No." "Shall I send you some? But perhaps it will take the skin off the inside of your mouth." "Could not I take some *chrysolite* then?" "Some what?" "That essence of tar thing." "Oh, *creosote*! yes, that might do better." And the creosote was got forthwith, and applied, and in a quarter of an hour I was well; and have had no more of it since.

. . . When I told Ann you were likely to be home

on Monday, she asked if she should go up and sleep in your bed for a few nights to take the damp out of it. I thanked her for her self-devotion, but said we would air it more effectually with good fires. The fact is she wished, at any risk, to be even with Mrs. Piper, who, before *my* return, slept three nights in my bed to air it. Her Husband said "it would be such a thing if Mrs. Carlyle caught cold just at the beginning of Winter!"

So many little schemes of improvement about the house have got all choked under the extinguisher of this sickness; even my spare bed is not rehabilitated yet. But "there's no use rebelling against Providence!"

Ever yours,

J. W. C.

LETTER 92

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

A woman never dates her Letters?
5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, England, 16 Nov., 1847.

My dear Mr. Forster—It is as well to tell you "soon as syne" that my Husband swears by his head and "the splendour of God," he will *not dine* with you on the Play-day, but only drink tea. It is needless going on my knees to him, or calling in the assistance of the neighbourhood. I see he is quite resolved. "You are too good a landlord":—You pour wine into unthinking men—and women—till they *approach* the point of *intoxication*;—and next day it is not so pleasant.

You will expect us then to *tea* at *six*. We will dine

here at four, and I will take care *not* to go round by the Markets and Law Courts.*

Ever your affectionate,

JANE CARLYLE.

My "Means of abridging human Life†" is very escapable *to-day*.

LETTER 93

To Mrs. Carlyle, Scotsbrig

Chelsea, 'December, 1847.'

My dear Mrs. Carlyle—We are very thankful to hear you are getting rid of your giddiness; and for my own share I have *double* cause to be thankful; for when anything ails his Mother, my Husband is so unhappy that I have *two* to feel uneasy about. Jamie says he thinks you *read* more than is good for you; and Jamie always knows what he is saying better than most men. "In every '*inordinate* cup' there is a devil"; so it may easily be that even in the apparently laudable 'inordinate cup' of reading, there may be a devil of giddiness! So don't, like a good woman, read at such a wild rate! Besides I want you to do something for *me*, which, if you will undertake it, will leave you less time to pore over books. You sent me a pair of stockings by Carlyle, which are very warm and very pretty, but a degree too small,—especially the legs of them, which seemed to have been knitted for two pot-sticks rather than for well-shaped, goodly-sized woman's legs like mine. Carlyle told me that Margaret

* Had missed the way once, I suppose.—T. C.
† The name of a Book.—T. C.

Austin knitted them; and I have been thinking to have her knit *all* my woollen stockings; only from a pattern, with room for a certain amount of *calf*, which I could send her (not the calf, but the pattern!). But if she have not fine soft yarn to make them of, no matter how well they are shaped! So I have also been thinking to ask you to spin the yarn for me, and then I shall have a "perfect article," as the shopkeepers here say;—besides the *sentiment* of the thing. . . .

We continue all pretty well, tho' the sickness around is quite sad to hear tell of,—so many people dead of influenza and scarlet fever. When I remember last year at this time, I cannot be too thankful that things are as they are, so far as our own house is concerned.

The little servant I got last New Year's Day has turned out a real godsend,—so quiet and orderly and honest. The house was never so peaceably managed since I was Mistress. I have not had to transact *one* scold since this girl came to me. She is an excellent cook, and the only objection I had to her in the beginning —a sort of want of *enthusiasm* for things in general and *my* work in particular, has gradually disappeared. She seems now quite as much interested in us as Helen was, tho' she does not make such a prodigious *fuss* about it. I have heard nothing from the said Helen for a long while; her last Letter was so full of nonsense about her "servants," and "country house," and "housefuls of visitors," that I had not patience to answer it.

Tell Isabella, with my kind love, to send us frequent news, suppose it were only a couple of lines at a time.—

A kiss to Jamie,—and to you and Isabella, if you like.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 94

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, January, 1848.

"Great God!" (as you say) is not our young friend* "coming it rather strong?" More *actresses!* more "hysteric seizures and all that sort of thing" which played the deuce with her last Book! But what can you or I help it? since as herself said of herself long ago, she "has absolutely no *sense* of *decency*." What I regret more than the *questionability* of these chapters is the total want of common sense.—But perhaps my illness makes me see things worse than they are. At all events I feel it idle for *me* to protest any more.

I am out of bed now, most of the day, but see no prospect of being able to follow [my Husband] to Alverstoke. Perhaps you will come and see me some day. By the way was it not from *you* that I took this cold?

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Write me a line to acknowledge the MS. as I shall be uncertain whether it has gone safe, else. (*Saturday.*)

* Geraldine Jewsbury.—T. C.

LETTER 95

To T. Carlyle, Bay House, Alverstoke.

Chelsea, Friday, 14 Jan., 1848.

Thanks for your Letter, Dear, wrested it would seem,—that is the *time* for it,—from "the Black Dog's maw." You will have slept better the *second* night, and be in better heart to-day.

I said that in solitary confinement I should have nothing to tell you,—unless about my own feelings; whereon as the Chorus in *Agamemnon* says, "an immense dead weight of silence has fallen on my tongue,"—happily! for descriptions of feelings are only surpassed in wearisomeness by descriptions of scenery. Contrary to expectation, however, I find myself already with more things to tell than strength to put them in writing. The day you went Darwin called about dinner time; I was still in bed; so he went his ways again *re infecta*. . . .

Anthony Sterling came yesterday, on his way from Headly, to ask the Alverstoke address. . . . He asked if I would be up in the evening; was told I hoped to; that at all events John would be here. At midday I rose, and on the strength of a good night's sleep, put on "*Stays* and the usual *etceteras*"; tidied my bedroom, and disposed the furniture so as to give myself more space; then sat down to my two thick volumes on *Insanity*—a very interesting study indeed. But Darwin came again, and this time I had him up,—very quiet and kind. Then Miss Williams Wynn came, and undaunted by the fact of a bedroom, staid with me two hours,—not letting me talk too much, but amusing me all she could. She is a very kind woman,

I think, and with plenty of sense when she dare come out with it. . . .

In the evening, John and Anthony Sterling; they had tea together in the Library, and I went in there after, and John* read us *Agamemnon*, during which Anthony slept,—under cover of his spectacles. I was too wearied with so many people, and did not sleep so well as the night before; but I am not worse to-day. I feel more weak now than while I was getting no sleep. For the rest, my cough (or as Mazzini would say, my *cuff*) is less frequent and does not tear my chest so badly. . . . Tell your gracious Lady I will write to-morrow or next day. I am not up to more writing to-day—have tired myself in fact. My head aches more since the *cuff* abated.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. W. C.

Nothing can be more kind than Ann; I want for nothing.

LETTER 96

To T. Carlyle, Bay House, Alverstoke.

Chelsea, Friday evening, 21 Jan., 1848.

Oh dear me! I am so annoyed about these Letters!

*"John" is Dr. Carlyle. He has fared badly at the hands of Mr. Froude, not being a favourite with "the too candid biographer" of Carlyle. The Doctor was, as a rule, very kind and attentive to Mrs. Carlyle, especially in Carlyle's absence. As a small example (one amongst a thousand such) of Mr. Froude's bias against Dr. Carlyle, I may observe that in the original Letter 103, *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 27, Mrs. Carlyle has written: "John is to dine with Darwin to-day, so I shall not have him in the evening. He has been very kind, coming early every evening and reading to me when I could bear it." These words have been suppressed by the Editor without notice. They ought to have followed the words "not without worth,"—five lines from the foot of page 27.

If they have missed the post, what will you think about me, and what will Lady Harriet think of me to-morrow morning? . . . The day before yesterday, Ann putting in her head with the look of a person who had good news to tell, informed me Sir Harry and Lady Vernay were in the Library. "Oh dear!" I said, "if you would only ask me whom I choose to receive!" "Have I blundered again?" said the little woman. "I thought the gentleman looked nice, and that you would like to have him up." And so he did look "nice"—ten years younger than when I saw him last; . . . and what shall I say? lively, upon my honour! I have heard no such hearty laughing as he laughed since *you* went away. . . . They set to "working it out of me" about the Cromwell Letters.* "Pray, Mrs. Carlyle, will you tell us what we are to believe about these Letters of Cromwell?" "I suppose," I said, "there will be nothing for it but just to *believe that you believe* in them." "But," said Sir Harry, "I can't understand," etc.—A great deal he could not understand, as it seemed, and I did not feel it my business, especially with my cough, and at my time of life, to furnish him with understanding. I am told that Landor says *he* wrote the Letters for a joke against Carlyle—this comes from the Procter side of things; but fool as he is (practically), he would hardly, I think, indulge in so bad a jest. . . . I wish I had kept to the idea you left me in: to give up my visit altogether from the first. In the weak state I am in, this hithering and thithering has been very hurtful to me, and must have been tiresome enough to "others."

*The "Squire Papers."

When Lady Harriet is *quite* done with *Sterling*,* I should like to have it back. (*Ends abruptly for want of space.*)

LETTER 97

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, Friday night, 'Jan., 1848.'

Dear Mr. Forster—Thanks for your Note. *She*† desired me to send the chapter on to *you*, and so I send it, tho' it will just have to travel back to her. This is worse than anything in *Zoe*‡, to my judgement, in fact perfectly disgusting for a young Englishwoman to write, — and from Chapman's point of view, quite "unfit for circulation in families." I would not have such stuff *dedicated to me* as she proposed, for any number of guineas. But I am done with counselling her,—her tendency towards the unmentionable is too strong for *me* to stay it.

. . . Perhaps you will get over next week?

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 98

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 7th March, '1848.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I am afraid it is long past the time when I should have sent old Mary's money; and there is no excuse for my having neglected that *duty*, as it required no *exertion* but only a little thought. Any-

* Archdeacon Hare's Life of John Sterling, then just published.
† Geraldine Jewsbury.
‡ A Novel by Geraldine Jewsbury.

thing needing exertion I have indeed been little up to latterly. When I wrote to you at Newyear-time, I boasted of having kept well, for a wonder, while everybody about me had been laid up with Influenza, or some such thing. But no good ever comes of crowing before one is out of the wood! Just the day before we were to have started on the visit I told you of,* after all our portmanteaus were packed, and the house partially pulled in pieces, I took a sore throat which developed itself during a sleepless night into as serious a cold as anyone could have wished *not* to have. I could not quit my bed, never to speak of travelling. My Husband waited a few days to see me over the worst, and then went by himself, expecting I should be able to follow in a week or so,—a wildly romantic hope on his part after all he had seen of my colds! Ever since, that is for two months, I have been closely confined to the house, toiling on with morphia and mustard blisters, and all that sort of unpleasantness. I have never, however, felt so dreadfully weak this Winter as I did the last; which my Brother-in-law imputes to his superior doctoring. Last Winter I had so much opium and tartar-emetic given me, which John [Dr. Carlyle] says was "very little better than arsenic" for a person of my constitution. I have also been free this time from all household worry, my little maid being quite able to keep things going on

* At the end of the year Mrs. Carlyle had written to her: "For the rest, I am keeping free from cough this winter, and have even hitherto escaped the prevailing Influenza. On the 8th of January, we go to Bay House (Lady Harriet Baring's) where we have gone for the last two Winters,—to stay till far into February. There the climate is much less trying than in London, so perhaps I shall escape being laid up this Winter altogether."

comfortably without my interference,—and very quiet and attentive to me she is besides. So on the whole, I have great cause of thankfulness that it has been no worse. As my cough is now much abated, I mean to go out so soon as it is a little warmer. Confinement *does* depress one's spirits, do what one will!

You too were laid up when Dr. Russell wrote. I hope you are now quite strong again. I meant to have written as soon as I had settled myself at Alverstoke to ask more news of you, but after I fell ill myself, writing was for a long time dreadfully fatiguing to me; and when I got a little stronger I persuaded myself that by then, your illness had gone to the *things past*. Let me have a few lines now: I want much to hear how old Mary and Margaret have got thro' this sickly Winter. . . . Have you heard of my Cousin Alex's intended marriage with Sophy Martin? It is to come off soon I suppose. Kind regards to your Husband and Father.

Ever affecly. yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 99

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, '20 March, 1848.'

Not *Thursday*, dear Mr. Forster, C. dines with Emerson at the Barings' on Thursday. To-morrow night, do come. Witherington Heights, or anythin*k!*

Being in the Strand on Saturday, per omnibus, and a-passing of Bookseller Chapman's door, I bethought me to go in and ask news of our *Half Sisters*, that I might

write such to their Parent.* Chapman was not in the shop, and I sent for him "to answer me a single question." He did not appear, but sent for *me* to walk up. I followed a shopman up two pairs of stairs, and there was handed over to a maid who led me up another flight and deposited me in the arms of—Emerson! who stood waiting to receive me, without his hat, and called me "a noble child!" for coming so far to see him, and would not let me explain that I had *not* come to see him—far from it—but conducted me to his apartments, where nothing seemed any longer possible for me but just to make him a regular half-hour's call. You will understand I had gone to the wrong Chapman's, and he not knowing me, fancied I must be come for Emerson, who lodges with him!

Ever yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

Mr. C. is out.

LETTER 100

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Addiscombe, 4 April, 1848.

Thanks for the night-cap and the Note,—chiefly for the Note, my head having pretty well learnt to sleep in a Handkerchief.

Lady Harriet does not go to London this evening: her Opera has been knocked on the head by James bringing news of the death of Sir Thomas Baring. So now, instead of *her* going up, Mr. Baring comes down to dinner. Saddler will bring the cap to-morrow,—she having to go up for

* Geraldine Jewsbury; the "Half Sisters," one of her Novels.

mournings;—"black for three weeks, and grey for three weeks more." She is also to bring a quantity of oranges, to be made into marmalade under *my* direction! If Mr. Baring would *go at it*, cut the chips and so on, *direction* might make some marmalade as good as mine; but it is not Mrs. Achison* that will ever choose to learn the making of marmalade, any more than the making of cakes. . . .

Yesterday we were in the open air all day, walking, driving, sitting. Lady H. was so tired at night that she went to bed before ten, and breakfasted in bed this morning. She is now gone out on the pony, I believe, while I have had a lazy drive in the carriage. Fleming's model horse came down on the crown of its head some time ago, and broke Mr. Baring's chin. So now it is looking forward to a glancing future of corn without work.

Something was said yesterday of Charles Buller coming on Thursday, "if he could get away." At all events I fondly trust he will not be able to stay away. If the quiet of to-day and yesterday could only last while these beautiful sunshiny days last, it would be my own fault if I did not get refreshed as by a bath of new milk. This morning I walked half an hour, and sat sewing out of doors for a whole hour, before breakfast, without catching a headache.

Kind love to John [Dr. Carlyle]. I will write to him in a day or two.

Ever yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

* Lady Harriet's housekeeper.

LETTER 101

To T. Carlyle, Chelsea.

Addiscombe, 7 April, 1848.

Yesterday was a decided case of marmalade-making: nothing else could be got done or thought of. At ten in the morning I saw the oranges and sugar weighed; and it was half after eight at night when I made my last visit to the kitchen, and returned with a spoonful of completed marmalade, in a saucer, which Mr. Baring and Lady Harriet supped boiling hot, and pronounced "perfectly excellent"; as indeed it *is;* and such a quantity of it! So *that* is one job "got thro' with an honourable throughbearing,"—a *Savoy's Expedition,* in its own way, *not* turned back by a toll-bar! For I assure you I would rather lead a "few brave men" against the Austrians than present myself alone in that kitchen* amidst the scowls of women in pinafores, and suppressed cries of "*à bas la système,*"—to give

* Mr. Froude, asks apparently with wide-open eyes and incredulous amazement, "What was Carlyle doing in that galley?"—referring to his visits to the Grange, etc. One might reasonably ask, "What was Mrs. Carlyle doing in *this* galley?" Surely the drawing-room at Addiscombe would have been a more fitting place for a delicate guest than the kitchen! Was it necessary for Mrs. Carlyle to "permanently injure her health and undermine her constitution" by doing "drudgery and hard menial labor" in Lady Harriet's kitchen? No, it was merely a frolic, exactly on a par with her self-imposed "drudgery" at Craigenputtock. There was no more occasion for Mrs. Carlyle to indulge in menial labour in the one case than in the other. That is the plain and simple truth, and "nothing but the truth." This Savoy's Expedition to Lady Harriet's kitchen would doubtless have been seized upon by Mr. Froude as the occasion for a harrowing tale of oppression and abuse of a delicate lady, nurtured from her infancy in luxury and opulence, now sent by her brutal Husband to work like a slave in the dingy kitchen of an aristocratic Lady of "lofty pride" and "little ways," only that it would have shown,—what Mr. Froude particularly wished to conceal,—that Mrs. Carlyle was treated exactly like a member of the family at Addiscombe, and that she and Lady Harriet were mutually trustful, intimate and familiar friends.

orders and see them obeyed. Mrs. Achison, however, is fairly *got under* now, and the kitchen-maid would go thro' boiling sugar for me. And they are all quite well this morning, in spite of Lady Harriet's prediction that "poor Mrs. Achison would be perfectly knocked up!" On the contrary, Mrs. Achison is perfectly radiant this morning with "virtue its own reward"; and came to the drawing-room with a pot of marmalade in each hand to return me her "most sincere thanks and obligations for having taught her such a good and beautiful thing!"

Myself is brashed to-day, not with the marmalade so much as with the *cold* thro' the night, which kept me awake coughing. To-night I will decidedly realize another blanket.

Charles Buller did not appear yesterday,—the *why* not generally known. He is supposed to be "full of anxiety about his family at present." "Don't his family wish it may get it?" Perhaps he may have an interval of comparative peace of mind to-day. He possesses a stall at the Opera all the same; but that may be to soothe his *anxious* breast.

. . . Tell John with my love that I have had a Letter from Plattnauer, in which he speaks most *fervently* of *him*, and indicates that he (Plattnauer) will on no account go to be Emperor of Germany unless we all "consent to accompany him." It is a beautiful Letter; and makes one ask whether a slight dash of insanity may not be a gain to some natures.

Ever yours,

J. W. Carlyle.

LETTER 102

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, 29th December, 1848.

My dear Mrs. Russell—Here is another year done, and you and I are still here to say "rest in peace" to it. I hope the new one finds you better in health than you were last Winter. . . . There has been much sickness here, tho' pretty free from cholera,—chiefly small-pox and scarlet-fever. I do think these *mild* Winters are dreadfully unwholesome; still *I* individually may be thankful for the delay of the frost, as I am still going about free from cough. I suffer plenty with my headaches and sickness at stomach; but all that only lays me up for a day at a time; and I have got to be quite content if I can only keep out of bed and the confinement to my own room during Winter.

Pray write me a good long Letter about yourself and Father and Husband and everybody I know there. You have no notion how welcome a Letter of home-news always is to me, even when there is nothing new or strange to tell.

I went no further than Hampshire this Autumn: we staid six weeks at a fine place called The Grange, belonging to Lord Ashburton.* The visit was anything but a *retirement;* for in London we should not have seen half so many people,—the house being filled with company the whole time. On my return to Town I had to undergo a change of servants—if change it can be called this time:

*Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring had now become Lord and Lady Ashburton,—the first Lord A. having died in May last.

the nice little woman I have had these two years had made up her mind at last to conclude her five-years' courtship and go off with her Husband and live in Jersey. I was very sorry, for I had got to like her extremely well; and she was very sorry too; but people must get married before all! She was quite willing, however, to wait till I could get "settled" (as they call it here) to my mind. And before I had so much as begun to *un*settle myself, there comes a Letter from my old Helen,* giving me to know that her Irish adventure had been *no go;* that she was returned to Kirkcaldy, keeping "a small shop" there, which was not like to be a *go* either; and in short, that she would like to go to service again,—if I knew any place for her in London. It was plain enough she wished to come back *here,* and in my horror of strangers I told her to come then, since Ann was going at any rate.

I hardly think I did wisely: the two years of insubordination and breaking up of all old habits, were likely to have increased all the faults it had taken me so long to put down in her. And I do find her very tiresome as yet; and if she do not improve thro' the Winter, I shall have to change again when the warm weather comes, and I am likely to keep on foot.

I send you a Christmas Book,† written by the cleverest *popular* writer we have just now; but hardly worthy of him, I think. The plates are the best of it.

I send, too, a money Order for Margaret and Mary's

* Helen Mitchell from Kirkcaldy.

† Dickens' *Haunted Man.* The illustrations were by Frank Stone and John Leech.

tea and what else you like; and two worsted things to keep their heads warm.

God bless you, dear Mrs. Russell, and all who are dear to you.

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 103

To Mrs. Russell, Thornhill.

Chelsea, Thursday, '22 Feb., 1849.'

Dearest Mrs. Russell—I snatch two minutes from confusion worse confounded to send old Mary's money, which I fear is already past time. It has been in my mind for the last three weeks; but I could not come at the needful in the country place where we had gone for a short visit; and since our return to London I have been "troubled about many things," with a vengeance.

On Monday last we drew up at our own door in Captain Sterling's carriage (the gentleman with whom we had been staying*) meaning to drive on to *his* Town house to settle some concern of a Governess for him, when I should have deposited my Husband and luggage at home. We rapped and rang a long time without being opened-to; at last the door opened, and an apparition presented itself, which I shall certainly never forget as long as I live! There stood Helen; her mouth covered with blood; her brow, cheek and dark dress whitened with the chalk of the kitchen floor, like a very ill-got up stage-ghost;

*At Headly Grove, Anthony Sterling's Farm, 20 miles from London.

her hair streaming wildly from under a crushed cap; and her face wearing a smile of idiotic self-complacency! My first thought was that thieves had been murdering her (at one in the forenoon!); but the truth came fast enough: "she is mortal drunk!" Mr. C. had to *drag* her down into the kitchen; for she was very insubordinate and refused to budge from the door,—Captain Sterling and his coachman looking on! Of course I remained in my own house for the rest of the day. A woman who lives close by came to help me, and take care of the drunk creature, who, so soon as she got her legs again, rushed out for more drink! She had had *half a pint* of gin in the morning, in the afternoon *half a pint* of rum, and some ale!! That is what one would call good drinking! Between nine and ten she returned; and lay locked up all night insensible; then she had a fit of delirium tremens; then twenty-four hours of weeping and wailing and trying to take me by compassion, as she had done so often before; but it would not do. I have never liked her ways since she returned to me. The fact has been, tho' I did not know it, that she was always partially drunk. So I felt thankful for this *decided* outbreak to put an end to my cowardly off-putting in seeking myself a new servant. The very day this horror happened, a very promising servant was sent to me quite providentially to look at, by a lady who has been a good while urging me to be done with Helen; and who thought it a pity I should not have the refusal of this one.—So I went after her character, and engaged her the following day; but could not have her home till the wretched being was removed, and the

horribly dirty house cleaned up;—in which process I am now over head and ears.—I wished Helen to go back to her Sister in Kirkcaldy, and offered to pay her expenses, but she won't. She was determined to stay here! But I put her into a carriage yesterday, whether she would or no, and carried her off to a woman she has been long intimate with, and established her in a room of her house, —for a fortnight,—to look after a place; but who will take her without a character for sobriety? I certainly will not be criminal enough to conceal her drinking propensity, if I am asked. God knows what is to come of her! I told her yesterday she would be better *dead!* . . . . . for all morality is broken down in her. I find now that she has not been even *honest* since she returned from Dublin;—a pretty mess that Brother of hers has made of his own flesh and blood! But I must not scribble any more here,—having a hundred and fifty things to do.

God bless you. Kind love to Dr. Russell and your Father.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 104

The poor Screen that is still here! The most ingenious and beautiful of the sort, I ever saw. Continues here till I myself depart!—T. C. (Oct., 1869.)

To John Forster, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Chelsea, Tuesday, '15 May, 1849.'

My dear Mr. Forster—You said that *perhaps* you could

give me some more prints for my Screen. I thought at the time I should not need them; but since I have seen that glorious Costello-Screen I cannot resign myself to *not* trying to make my other side on its model; and for that I am short of *de quoi*. And if you can help me to *a few* I shall be thankful: if you cannot, never mind the least in the world; I shall believe in your undying affection all the same,—with mental reservation to avoid risking it in future to the excitement of Greenwich dinners!

Now, pray, understand that it is not with any feeling much beyond "don't you wish you may get them" that I remind you of this "perhaps" of yours; and that I have not, after all, much serious interest in the completion of my screen:—

"To stick by this trade is not my intention,
I am driven to it by—the mother of invention!"*

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

LETTER 105:

To T. Carlyle, Post Office, Dublin.

Chelsea, Tuesday, 3 July, 1849.

Well! here I am at home, my poor Dear, if *home* it may be called under the circumstances. But "it is fair to state"† that the whole thing looks rather disgusting this morning, after the roses, and cream, and "wits" and other "blandishments" of Addiscombe. . . .

*A frost-bound rhyme of Birmingham workmen singing for charity on the streets (first time Brother John went thither,—19 years ago, or more)!—T. C.

† Francis Jeffrey's oft-repeated phrase in reviewing, etc.

Bölte was waiting for me when I arrived in my cab (they put me into a cab at Vauxhall); and the "airs" from Chancellor's "Livery-stable"* were awaiting me! I really believe Lady A.† is right about that stable-yard having a great deal to do with my *nausea*. When I felt it last night "with an entirely *fresh nose*," I wondered how we could live beside it, for the mere unpleasantness of the thing,—to say nothing of health. I was not the least bit *sick* at Addiscombe—whatever else—and could eat like other people. This morning again, it is the old story. But on Monday I shall wave my lily hand to it, and cry "adieu." By Saturday I could hardly get ready; but on Monday I *must* be off. I feel just now as if nothing less than my *life* depended on incessant movement in the fresh air. I sometimes wish you could know what a weight of physical illness I am carrying, that you might wonder less at the little way I make. But "it will come all to the same ultimately!"

I think Miss Wynn must have been out of her mind yesterday. I found a Note from her last night to "prepare me for not hearing from you so soon as I expected." Mrs. Lindsay had told her these Steamers "never kept their time by many days, so that the passengers were often *short of provisions!*" She "thought it best to tell me this *in case of my being uneasy!!*" I shall really be relieved to know you are on dry land again.

*Cab proprietor's establishment near the foot of Cheyne Row.

†"Lady A." is Lady Harriet Ashburton. It is worth noting that, in the sentence, "I don't say 'dear' in the Lady A. sense, but really meaning it" (*Letters and Memorials*, ii. 345), Mrs. Carlyle does *not* refer to Lady Ashburton, but to another Lady whose name she writes in full in the original Letter.

The *Examiner* has come as usual. Was I to take any steps about it? I send it on to your Mother this time. Moreover Elizabeth told me that "there is a new Letter of Mr. Oliver Cromwell for Master, which the gentleman who has it does not think is yet published!" "What gentleman?" "A Mr. P., I think, but I can't be positive: his *Letter* might be *something*, but I don't think himself was *much!*"

Hartmann has been to paint me since I began this Letter. Bölte begged so hard last night that I would yield her that "last consolation." He was to come at eleven, and has kept his time for once. It is now after three, and I am painted—quite done with—thanks God! And an excellent little Sketch he has made of me,—I think—a side face again, but the other side from Laurence's; quite as sorrowful-looking, but hardly so severe. I must wind up anyhow. . . .

Ever yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

LETTER 106

To T. Carlyle, Imperial Hotel, Dublin.

Chelsea, Saturday, 7 July, 1849.

Now, I tell you what, my Dear, you shall not write me such *long* Letters while you are *touring*. I don't say you shall not write so often,—I am not so absurdly generous as that comes to; besides with such a perfect writing-apparatus and such a talent, "to drive the Genii to despair," you *may* manage to send me plenty of Letters without much

trouble to yourself, provided you make them brief; but I will not have you hurrying and worrying to get me told all your doings, while you have so much to do. After all, the most important for *me* is that you are well and thinking of me kindly; and assured of that much, I can patiently await your "reasonably good leisure"* for all the rest. I am a horrid little egoist, as you know; but even in that may lie a *certain* advantage for the man who knows how to use it.

Perhaps I enter into your situation more feelingly from being allowed myself so little leisure to write: not one evening have I had to myself since you left! nor shall have while here! The day before yesterday I had returned from Sloane Street, and was just going to have "my simple repast" (the wing of a chicken), at 4 o'clock, when Aubrey de Vere came and staid till half after 5. He asked your address, to send you his Paper on Ireland; and I gave it to him, as I then had it: Post Office (Dublin), so you must call at the Post Office in case. I said to him, as one says all sorts of polite things, "farewell, then; I suppose I shall hear no more of you till I find you again in London." To which he answered, with "the down still on the cheek of that beautiful enthu-si-asm,"† "Nay, Mrs. C., that depends on *you;* if you will only be kind enough to send me your address in Scotland, I shall be only too happy to write"—another Letter of 24 pages I can well believe!—At last he went, and I sat down to my chicken; but the knocker was at it again before I

* Cromwellian expression.
†As Miss Benson said. See *post*, Letter 138.

had eaten two mouthfuls! I rushed wildly into the passage to bid Elizabeth deny me;—but "It is *only* Mr. [John] Forster, not going to stay." "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Carlyle! I am going out to dinner—ought in fact to be sitting down to dinner at this moment! My dear Mrs. Carlyle, God bless you! I am only come to ask if you will let me come *to-morrow* evening? You will? God *bless* you! I have a thousand things to say;—but—God bless you till to-morrow!" etc., etc. And eventually *exit.* After this I had a good moment on the sofa reading your second Letter, which was quite a surprise:—two in one day! Very "creditable to your head and hort!" Then I put some of my clothes in the portmanteau; then sat down to tea; and while drinking my first cup, John Fergus walked in! "Very dull! It must have taken a great deal to make a man so dull as that!"

Yesterday my whole forenoon was cut up by Laurence. From there I went to another *Artist;** but of that transaction I am not going to tell you just yet: "Lord! what fun!" At six came Fairie; and after eight, Forster, actually, who staid till eleven! And that he did *not* kiss me when he went away seemed more a mercy of Providence than anything else! To-night I am to have Miss Wynn; and to-morrow night, poor Bölte, as usual. On Monday at three I start, having announced myself to Neuberg. But, mercy! Mr. Neuberg is *so* delighted that, as Phœbe Baillie felt with Macleay,† I hardly like to venture to him "without an escort of dragoons!" Did I send the

* A phrenologist and character reader.

† The Artist who painted Miss Welsh's miniature in 1826, just before her marriage.

Jane W. Carlyle. (1849).

Letter he wrote to *you?* I have no recollection of putting it up, and if not, it is "swept into the general flood of things." That one was kind, but perfectly composed, and without any poetry of expression. This to me, is, "What shall I say? passionate, upon my honour!" Poor Rome forced to capitulate after all!—Oh, dear me, twelve o'clock already! and I am meaning to take a fly to-day and leave the plate at Bath House; and ask for Mrs. Chorley and take a Book written for by Croucher, and do a thousand things.—

God keep you, with good sleep,—and good appetite and good everything.

Yours ever,

J. C.

LETTER 107

To T. Carlyle, Post Office, Cork.

Rawdon, Sat., 14 July, 1849.

Goodness Gracious! what is to be done? Will a Letter directed Post-office, Cork, be still in time to find you? "It may be strongly doubted!" So I will make a compromise betwixt a Letter and no Letter:—will write what Mazzini would call "a pair of lines" to notify my safe arrival here, leaving all the details till a more certain opportunity.

. . . On Thursday, after breakfast, I left Nottingham with Mr. Neuberg and his dear little Sister, and went partly by Railway partly by open carriage to Chatsworth, and returned to Rowsley to sleep in a beautiful little rural Inn, about half a mile from Haddon Hall. It was very strange to go squealing in a Railway train past all those

crags and paths at Matlock where I had wandered so silently with *you!** At midday yesterday (Friday) I parted with the Neubergs at Matlock Station,—they returning to Nottingham, I proceeding to Barnsley, where I was received with transports of affection by poor Mrs. Newton, a very loving woman if not a brilliant one,—dined and had tea with her (Nodes is in London), and then she drove me herself in a gig to the Station, three miles off, where I again deposited myself in a Railway carriage at eight at night, expecting to meet Forster [W. E.] at Leeds. But at Normanton, two stages from Leeds, the door of my *coupé*, where I sat all alone, was thrown violently open and a man jumped in—rather impertinently I thought—and seated himself, and then said, "Well, how are you?" I turned and stared, and behold it was Forster! At Appleby the Gig was waiting with a very frisky horse; and also Nicol, the Glasgow man, who was to come here to sleep, on his way to the water-cure, whither he is now happily gone. Forster, too, is off to Bradford, to be back in two hours,—perhaps with Mrs. Paulet.

And so you see how I am situated (as your own phrase is). For the rest, I am precisely in your own case—"Well, really well, ever since I got out of London," "but hardly any sleep to be had."—Enough on an uncertainty. When I know where a Letter will *surely* find you, you shall have further particulars. God keep you.—

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

* In August, 1847. See Letter 87 (*ante*, p. 227).

LETTER 108

To T. Carlyle, Post Office, Limerick.

Rawdon, Monday, '16 July, 1849.

Ah, my Dear, nobody knows what he can do till he try! You see you can travel, like other people, when you are fairly committed to it, and have not me at hand to complain to! Really you seem to be going ahead famously!

I wrote to Cork the day before yesterday: "don't I wish you may get it!" Yesterday I began a Letter, but had to leave off, and betake myself into the open air. My head ached, and I had a presentiment of the old sickness which nothing seems to stave off but continued movement. All the time I was under the providence of these blessed Neubergs I felt perfectly well, tho' sleeping little. They kept me always driving or walking; and after dark we played at Chess. Here things go on more stagnantly. Contrary to all previous experience, I am likely to be "too well let alone" here. William Edward [Forster] is no longer the devoted "Squire of Dames" he was, but the Squire of *one* Dame and that one is not *me!* The Paulets came on Saturday,—the day after my arrival,—and Mrs. P. is still here, and to stay till after a meeting in behalf of the Romans, that is to come off on Tuesday (to-morrow) night. Paulet went back to his water-cure last night. The Gig cannot carry *three* —so I *walk* "maistly by mysel'." . . .

He, W. E., still *talks* of joining you; but "cannot set out till his Partners return, if" I "were to go to-morrow."

Would write to you to-day, he said. In short has no intention of going, in his private mind, I feel pretty sure; —cannot tear himself away, etc., etc. I was very ready to tear myself away forthwith, but Marioni is written for to attend this meeting, and I am curious to see "how the creature will get through it." And on Wednesday I am to go to Benrydden and have a *douche;* and if I started for Scotland on Thursday, I could not carry out the program in my head without running a-ground on the Sunday. So I must stay here, I suppose, till Monday next, this day week. I am not going to Liverpool,—never thought of going there just now when my Uncle and so many of them are at Auchtertool.

. . . Dear! dear! here they are going to the post already, and I must end.

God keep you always.

Your affectionate

JANE.

LETTER 109

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Rawdon, Monday, '23 July, 1849.'

Dearest John—I am still here, but to start for Auchtertool (*via* Newcastle and Berwick) to-morrow morning. God knows but to-morrow night I may sleep at Haddington!—to-morrow night or the next. I have this notion in my head, that the first place I stop at in Scotland should be *there,* and that I should do best there unknown of by any one.—I mean to visit the Donaldsons by and by; but not yet. I could not front all the fuss they

and others would make about me—not till I had got used to the feeling of being in Scotland. And so I purpose stopping there one day, all by myself, in the first instance. It may not be to-morrow night, however; for I am determined not to overdo myself. Better stay a night on the road, and have a small bill at an inn, than have the blood sent to my head for weeks by too much *railing*. So if I find myself getting fevered, I will stop for the night at Newcastle or Morpeth,—at all events I must be in Edinburgh at twelve of the day on Thursday, having written to Jeannie to meet me then. . . .

I went to Benrydden on Thursday morning and staid till Friday night,—quite long enough for making up my mind that the place is "no good" (as Elizabeth's phrase is). The doctor strikes me as a good-natured humbug; and the whole thing to "have a *do* at the bottom of it."—Like a fool I let myself, out of a scientific curiosity, be what they call "packed"—a process which I was told afterwards requires a certain preparation and caution; but I submitted myself to it, on the Doctor's suggestion, "quite promiscuously." A bath-woman in a thick white flannel gown, like a white Russian bear, came to my bedside at six in the morning, and swathed me tightly like a mummy, first in wet sheets, then in dry blankets, then heaped the feather bed and bed clothes a-top of me, leaving only my face uncovered. Then—went away, for an hour! committing me to what Paulet calls my "distract ideas," and the sense of suffocation,—all the blood in my body seeming to get pressed up into my head. One only thought remained to me; could I roll

myself over, feather-bed and all, on to the floor; and then roll on towards the bell,—if there were one,—and ring it with my *teeth*? I tried with superhuman effort; but in vain. I was a *mummy* and no mistake! So nothing remained to me but to put off going *raging mad*, till the last possible moment. When the bath-woman came back at seven she was rather shocked at my state; put me into a shallow bath and poured several pitchers of water over me to compose my mind. But I have not got over that accursed "packing" to this hour:—it shattered me all to tatters.

Pray don't dawdle too long *considering* about Miss——. "He who considers everything will never decide on anything"; and I will not have you squander away Miss——— like all the other young women you have cast a practical eye upon.

Now, Good night. I have my clothes to pack and a Letter to write to Mr. C.—Kind regards to them all.

Ever yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

Next address:

Auchtertool Manse,
Kirkcaldy.

LETTER 110

To Dr. Carlyle, Scotsbrig.

Auchtertool Manse, '28 July, 1849.'

Thanks, dearest John, for your Note and for your kind "anxiety." I *have* had my humour out, and no harm done. It was very sorrowful;—in fact I can imagine

nothing *more* sorrowful than that inspection of poor old Haddington, all alone and unknown, undreamt of by any one! But it was a sorrow more satisfactory to me than any *pleasures* could be at this date. And after all, it was no worse than I am in the habit of *dreaming* at Chelsea every time there is a headache in the wind! If I was to go there at all, it was much the best way of going. To have had almost irrecognisable people receiving me with kisses and tears and "all that sort of thing," would have upset me altogether; as it was, I played my part of stranger at the Inn very well, and got thro' the whole business with wonderful little crying.

But, mercy of Heaven, how changed is everybody and every thing!* The Town is ruined; the Railway has ruined it, they say. Almost all the names I knew had disappeared from the *Signs* and I found them on the tombstones of the Churchyard. My Father's tombstone was grown over with moss; the Inscription illegible, except the first two lines that somebody had quite recently cleared! Who? Who was there still caring for *him* besides myself?

Forster came to Morpeth with me on Tuesday, and we staid there till Wednesday at two o'clock, that I might not get into Haddington till evening, when few people would be about. I went to the George Inn (where the people were all strangers, had been there *only twenty* years), and settled my things for the night, and had some tea. I then told the Landlord I should like to "look

*Mrs. Carlyle had not been at Haddington since Autumn, 1829, when she and Carlyle went there together from Craigcrook (Jeffrey's residence). See *Reminiscences*, i., 86.

at the old Church there," if the key could be got; and immediately the man who kept the key was sent for. When he had opened the outer gate, I told him to wait for me; that I only wished to walk thro' the Churchyard. But when I had to come back with my face swelled with crying, he was sure I was no stranger; and after a fruitless question or two,—which I staved off by questioning him,—I asked if he lived far from the Inn (I was thinking how I should get into the Churchyard again before breakfast), he answered, looking sharply at me, "just next door to the house that was Dr. Welsh's!" Then he said, "excuse me mentioning *that*, but since ever I set my eyes on you, I have had a notion it was her we used all to look after, when she went up or down!" I gave him half a crown not to tell any one, and to leave the gate open for me next morning. And then I walked two hours all about the places I remembered best, and returned to my Inn after dark, and sat up till one in the morning writing to Mr. C. (and tore up the Letter next morning, and wrote a brief business-like Note instead); and I should actually have slept,—so worn out I was,—if it had not been for a cat soiree on the opposite roofs. Then at six I was up and out again. Examined the outside of our old House while its occupant, young Thomas Howden, was still asleep; found iron stanchions on all the cellar and closet windows; and the Garden-door locked!—innovations indicating a new and worse state of morality in the Town; left silent salutations at the doors of the few people I knew to be still alive; then back to the Churchyard. But the man had not yet come

to open the gate, and I had no time to wait, for I wanted to clear *all* the Inscription before I went on my way. So I recollected that I had often enough climbed the wall (some ten feet high I should think), and thought what I had done I might do again. When the man came at eight he found me *inside* the gate. "God preserve me" he said, "how have you got there?" "Over the wall." "Hear to that! Will there never be an end to you?" After this feat however, I could not have remained long in the place unknown. It had been seen from a distance by a gentleman* taking his morning walk.—When I got into the railway carriage at eleven, this gentleman sat in it alone; and I recognised him at once; tho' very old, his *expression* was the same. My veil, a thick black one, was down, and the instant I saw him, I turned away my face; then taking hold of his arm, I said, "thank God, here is one person that I know at the first glance." "I don't know you," said he (he was always a very silent man), "who are you?" "Guess," I said with my head still turned away. "Are you the Lady that climbed the Churchyard wall this morning? If it was *you* that did *that*, then you must be Jeannie Welsh. I thought to myself at the time, it could enter no woman's head but Jeannie Welsh's to get over the wall instead of going in at the gate!" What a charming scene followed, you may guess.—But I must keep my other adventures till another

*A Mr. Lea, mentioned by name in Mrs. Carlyle's Narrative of this visit to Haddington, printed in *Letters and Memorials*, ii., 72, *et seq.* Mr. Froude's only contribution to the annotation of this Narrative is the misstatement that "Mrs. Carlyle had gone to Haddington for the first time since her marriage, twenty-three years before,"—only that and nothing more! See *ante*, p. 265 *n*.

opportunity. The post leaves as early as three, and I have two other Letters to write.—Love to them all.—You see I am not knocked up,—a little excited still, that's all!

Your affectionate

J. W. C.

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